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THE BANNATYNE MANUSCRIPT

T H E

B A N N A T Y N E

M A N U S C R I P T

COMPILED BY

G E O R G E B A N N A T Y N E

1568

V O L I I I

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CXL.

*Followis the Iusting and Debait vp at the Drum betuix
William Adamfone and Fohine Sym.*

Fol. 130.a.

THE grit debait and turnament,
Off trewth no young can tell,
Wes for a lusty lady gent,
Betuix twa freikis fell.
For Mars the god armipotent 5
Wes nocth fa ferfs him fell,
Nor Hercules, that aikkis vprent,
And dang the devill of hell, with hornis;
Vp at the Drum, that day.

Doutles wes nocth so duchty deidis 10
Amangis the dowfy peiris,
Nor yit no clerk in story reidis
Off fa tryvnmphand weiris;
To se so stowtly on thair steidis
Tha stalwart knychtis steiris, 15
Quhill bellyis bair for brodding bleidis,
With spurris als scherp as breiris, and kene;
Vp at the Drum that day.

Vp at the Drum the day wes fett,
And fixt wes the feild, 20
Quhair baith thir noble chistanis mett,
Enarmit vndir scheild.
Thay wer fa haifty and fa hett,
That nane of thame wald yeild,
Bot to debait or be doun bett, 25
And in the quarrell keild, or flane;
Vp at the Drum that day.

25

Thair wes ane bettir and ane worfs,
 I wald that it wer wittin,
 For William wichttar wes of cors
 Nor Sym, and bettir knittin.
 Sym said he fett nocth by his forfs,
 Bot hecht he fowld be hittin,
 And he micht counter Will on horsf,
 For Sym wes bettir sittin, nor Will;
 Vp at the Drum that day.

30

35

To fe the stryfe come yunkeirs stowt,
 And mony galyart man;
 All denteis deir wes thair but dowt,
 The wyne on broich it ran.
 Trumpetts and schalmis with a schowt
 Playid or the rink began;
 And eikwall juges fatt abowt
 To fe quha tynt or wan the feild;
 Vp at the Drum that day.

40

45

With twa blunt trincher speiris squair,
 It wes thair interpryifs,
 To fecht with baith thair facis bair
 For lufe, as is the gyifs.
 Ane freynd of thairis throw hap come thair,
 And hard the rumor ryifs,
 Quha stall away thair styngis bath clair,
 And hid in secreit wayifs, for skaith;
 Vp at the Drum that day.

Fol. 130. b.

50

55

Strangmen of armes and of micht
 Wer fett thame for to fidder;
 The harraldis cryd, God schaw the rycht;
 Syne bad thame go togidder.
 Quhair is my speir? sayis Sym the knycht,
 Sum man go bring it hidder;

60

Bot wald thay tary thair all nycht,
 Thair lancifs come to lidder, and flaw;
 Vp at the Drum that day.

Symc flew als fery as a fowne,
 Doun fra the horfs he flaid; 65
 Sayis, He fall rew my stalf hes stowin,
 For I falbe his deid.

William his vow plicht to the powin,
 For favour or for feid;
 Als gude the tre had nevir growin, 70
 Quhairof my speir wes maid, to just;
 Vp at the Drum that day.

Thir vowis maid to syn and mone,
 Thay raikit baith to rest,
 Thame to refress with thair difione, 75
 And of thair armour keft.
 Nocht knawing of the deid wes done,
 Quhen thay fuld haif fairin best,
 The fyre wes pischt out lang or none,
 Thair denniferis fuld haif dreft, and dicht; 80
 Vp at the Drum that day.

Than wer thay movit owt of mynd,
 Far mair than of besorne;
 Thay wist nocht how to get him pynd, 85
 That thame had drevin to skorne.
 Thair wes no deth mychit be devynd,
 Bot ethis haif thay fworne,
 He fuld deir by be thay had dynd,
 And ban that he wes borne, or bred;
 Vp at the Drum that day,

Than to Dalkeith thai maid thame boun,
 Reidwod of this reproche;

Fol. 131.a.

Thair wes baith wyne and vennisoun,
And barrellis ran on broche.
Thay band vp kyndnes in that toun
Nane fra his feir to foche;
For thair wes nowdir lad nor loun
Mycht cit ane baikin loche, for fownes;
Vp at Dalkeith that day.

95

Syne eftir denner raifs the din,
And all the toun on stear;
William wes wyifs and held him in,
For he wes in a feir.
Sym to haif bargan cowld nocht blin,
Bot bukkit Will on weir;
Sayis, Gife thou wald this lady win,
Cum furth and brek a speir, with me;
Vp at Dalkeyth that day.

100

105

This stille for bargan Sym abyddis,
And schowttit Will to schame;
Will saw his fais on bath the syddis,
Full fair he dred for blame.
Will schortly to his horfs he flydis,
And sayis to Sym be name,
Bettir we bath wer byand hyddis,
And weddir skynnis at hame, nor heir;
Vp at Dalkeyth that day.

110

115

Now is the growme, that wes so grym,
Rycht glaid to leif in lie;
Fy, theif, for schame! sayis littill Sym,
Will thou nocht fecht with me?
Thow art moir lerge of lyth and lym,
Nor I am be sic thre;

120

And all the feild cryd fy on him,
Sa cowardly tuk the fle, for feir;
Vp at Dalkeyth that day.

125

Than every man gaif Will a mok,
And said he wes our meik;
Sayis Sym, Send for thy broder Jok,
I fall nocht be to feik;
For wer ye foursum in a flok,
I compt yow nocht a leik;
Thocht I had rycht nocht bot a rok,
To gar your rumpill reik, behynd;
Vp at Dalkeith that day.

130

Fol. 131 b.

135

Thair wes rycht nocht bot haif and ga,
With lawchter lowd thay lewche,
Quhen thay saw Sym sic curage ta,
And Will mak it sa twche.
Sym lap on horfbak lyk a ra,
And ran him till a huche;
Sayis William, Cum ryd doun this bra,
Thocht ye fuld brek ane bwche, fo luse;
Vp at Dalkeith that day.

140

Sone doun the bra Sym braid lyk thunder,
And bad Will fallow fast;
To grund for fersness he did funder,
Be he midhill had past.
William saw Sym in sic a blunder,
To ga he wes agaft,
For he affcird it wes na winder
His curfour fuld him cast, and hurt him;
Vp at Dalkeith that day.

145

150

Than all the yungkerris bad Will yeild,
Or doun the glen to gang;

155

Sum cryd the koward fuld be keild,
 Sum doun the hewche he thrang.
 Sum ruscht, sum rummyld, sum reild,
 Sum be the bewche he hang;
 Thair avairis fyld vp all the feild,
 Thay wer fo fow and pang, with draf^e;
 Vp at Dalkeith that day.

160

Than gelly Johine come in a jak,
 To feild quhair he wes feidit;
 Abone his brand ane bucklar blak,
 Baill fell the bern thad bedit.
 He flippit swiftly to the flak,
 And rudly doun he raid it;
 Befoir his curpall wes a crak,
 Culd na man tell quha maid it, for lawchter;
 Vp at Dalkeith that day.

165

170

Be than the bowgill gan to blaw,
 For nyght had thame ourtane;
 Allaifs! said Sym, For falt of law,
 That bargan get I name,
 Thufs hame with mony crak and flaw,
 Thay passid every ane;
 Syne pairtit at the Potter raw,
 And findry gaitis ar gane, to rest thame;
 Within the toun that nyght.

175

180

L'envoy.

Fol. 132.a.

This Will was he begyld the may,
 And did hir marriage spill;
 He promeist hir to lat him play,
 Hir purpos to fulfill.

Fra fcho fell sow he fled away,
And come na mair hir till;
Quhairfoir he tynt the feild that day,
And tuk him to ane mill, to hyd him;
As coward fals of fey.

185

Finis quod Scott.

CXLI.

[*Thus I propone in my Carping.*]

THUS I propone in my carping,
All myne allone thus I propone;
Makand my mone to hevnis king,
This I propone in my carping.

Welcum be werd as evir God will,
Quhill I be berd welcum be werd;
In to this erd ay to fulfill,
Welcum be werd as evir God will.

5

I fall wey bath in ane ballance,
Wynnyng and skaith I fall wey beth;
As God will graith his purveance,
I fall wey bayth in ane ballance.

10

Eifs or disefs, quhilk God fall fend,
Allyk fall pleifs, eifs or difeifs;
Ay till obeyifs, till lyfe mak end,
Eifs or difeifs, quhilk God will fend.

15

Quhat mendis it ane man to mvrn,
In syte to sitt, quhat mendis it?

For or men witt this warlid will turn,
Quhat mendis it ane man to mvrn?

20

I falbe blyth and meik with all,
Kyndnes to kyth I falbe blyth;
For windir suth pryd hes ane fall,
I falbe blyth and meik with all.

My freindis deir, luk ye do so,
I yow requeir, my freyndis deir;
Ye mak gud cheir quhair evir ye go,
My frendis deir, luk ye do so.

25

Finis.

CXLII.

[*This Nyght in my Sleip I wes agast.*]

THIS nyght in my fleip I wes agast,
Me thocht the Devill wes tempand fast
The peple with aithis of crewaltie;
Sayand as throw the mercat he past,
Renunce thy God and cum to me.

Fol. 132. b.

5

Me thocht as he went throw the way,
Ane preift sveirit be God vercy,
Quhilk at the alter ressauit he;
Thow art my clerk, the Devill can say,
Renunce thy God and cum to me.

10

Than twoir ane courtyour mekle of pryd,
Be Chryftis windis bludy and wyd,

And be his harmes wes rent on tre;
Than spak the Devill hard him besyd,
Renunce thy God and cum to me.

15

Ane merchand, his geir as he did fell,
Renuncit his pairt of Hevin and Hell;
The Devill faid, Welcum mot thou be,
Thow falbe merchand for my fell,
Renunce thy God and cum to me.

20

Ane goldfmyth said The goldis fa fyne,
That all the workmanschip I tyne,
The Feind reffaif me gif I le;
Think on, quod the Devill, That thow art myne,
Renunce thy God and cum to me.

25

Ane tailyour said In all this toun
Be thair ane bettir weilmaid goun,
I gif me to the Feynd all fre;
Gramercy, telyour, said Mahoun,
Renunce thy God and cum to me.

30

Ane fowttar said In gud effek,
Nor I be hangit be the nek,
Gife bettir butis of ledder ma be;
Fy, quod the Feynd, Thow fairis of blek,
Ga clenge the clene and cum to me.

35

Ane baxstar sayd I forfaik God,
And all his werkis evin and od,
Gif fairar stuff neidis to be;
The Dyvill luche and on him qwoth nod,
Renunce thy God and cum to me.

40

Ane fleschour swoir be the sacrament,
And be Chrystis blud maist innocent,

Nevir fatter flesch saw man with e;
 The Devill faid, Hald on thy intent,
 Renunce thy God and cum to me.

45

The maltman fais I God forfaik,
 And that the Devill of Hell me taik,
 Gif ony bettir malt may be,
 And of this kill I haif inlaik;
 Renunce thy God and cum to me.

Fol. 133.a.

50

Ane browstar swoir the malt wes ill,
 Bath reid and reikit on the kill,
 That it will be na aill for me,
 Ane boll will nocht sex gallonis fill;
 Renunce thy God and cum to me.

55

The smyth swoir be rude and raip,
 In till a gallowis mot I gaip,
 Gif I ten dayis wan pennyis thre,
 For with that craft I can nocht thraip;
 Renunce thy God and cum to me.

60

Ane menstrall faid The Feind me ryfe,
 Gif I do ocht bot drynk and swyfe;
 The Devill faid, Hardly mot it be,
 Exers that craft in all thy lyfe;
 Renunce thy God and cum to me.

65

Ane dyfour faid with wirdis of stryfe,
 The Devill mot stik him with a knyfe,
 Bot he keft vp fair syisis thre;
 The Devill faid, Endit is thy lyfe,
 Renunce thy God and cum to me.

70

Ane theif faid, God, that evir I chaip,
 Nor ane stark widdye gar me gaip,

Bot I in Hell for geir wald be;
 The Devill faid, Welcum in a raip,
 Renunce thy God and cum to me.

75

The fische wyffis fiett and swoir with granis,
 And to the Feind, faule, flesch and banis,
 Thay gaif thame, with ane schowt on hie;
 The Devill faid, Welcum all att anis,
 Renunce thy God and cum to me.

80

Me thocht the Devillis, als blak as pik,
 Solistand wer as beis thik,
 Ay tempand folk with wayis fle;
 Rownand to Robene and to Dik,
 Renunce thy God and cum to me.

85

Quod Dumbar.

CXLIII.

[*Lucina schynnyng in Silence of the Nicht.*]

Ane vthir
ballat follow-
ing vpoun this
fame abbat in
the 117 leif.

L UCINA schynnyng in silence of the nicht,
 The hevin being all full of sternis bricht,
 To bed I went bot thair I tuke no rest;
 With havy thocht I wes so soir opprest,
 That fair I langit eftir dayis licht.

5

Off Fortoun I complenit hevely,
 That fcho to me stude so contrariowfly;
 And at the last quhen I had turnyt oft,
 For weirines on me ane slummer soft
 Come with ane dremyng and a fantesfy.

Fol. 133.b.

10

Me thocht Deme Fortoun with ane fremmit cheir
 Stude me beforne, and said on this maneir,
 Thow suffer me to wirk gif thow do weill,
 And preiss the nocht to ftryfe aganis my quheill,
 Quhilk every warldly thing dois turne and stear.

15

Full mony ane man I turne vnto the hicht,
 And makis als mony full law to doun licht;
 Vp on my staigis or that thou ascend,
 Trest weill thy truble neir is at ane end,
 Seing thir taikinis, quhairfoir thou mark thame rycht.

20

Thy trublit gaist fall neir moir be degeest,
 Nor thou in to no benifice beis possest,
 Quhill that ane Abbot him cleith in ernis pennis,
 And fle vp in the air amangis the crennis,
 And as ane falcone fair fro eist to west.

25

He fall ascend as ane horreble grephoun,
 Him meit fall in the air ane scho dragoun;
 Thir terrible monsteris fall togidder thirst,
 And in the cludis gett the Antechrist,
 Quhill all the air infeck of thair pvfoun.

30

Vndir Saturnus fyrie regiou
 Symone Magus fall meit him and Mahoun,
 And Merlyne at the mone fall him be bydand,
 And Jonet the weido on ane buffsome rydand,
 Off wichifs with ane windir garefoun.

35

And syne thay fall descend with reik and fyre,
 And preiche in erth the Antechrysts impyre,
 Be than it falbe neir this warldis end.
 With that this lady fone fra me did wend;
 [Sleipand and walkand wes frustrat my defyr.^{1]}

40

¹ This line, omitted in Ban. MS., is taken from Maitland folio MS.

Quhen I awoik my dreme it wes so nyce,
 Fra every wicht I hid it as a vyce;
 Quhill I hard tell be mony futhfast wy,
 Fle wald ane abbot vp in to the sky,
 And all his fethremie maid wes at devyce.

45

Within my hairt confort I tuke full sone:
 Adew, quod I, My drery dayis ar done;
 Full weill I wist to me wald nevir cum thrift,
 Quhill that twa monis wer sene vp in the lift,
 Or quhill ane abbot flew aboif the mone.

Fol. 134. a.

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Quod Dumbar.

CXLIV.

[*All to Luſe and nocht to Fenye.*]

ALL to lufe and nocht to fenye,
 All to pure and nocht to plenyie;
 Sic freitis I hald nocht wirth a faſs,
 Harkin and I fall tell yow fow it waſs.
 Befoir the evin, with licht of day,
 I hard ane ſweit full softly ſay,
 Ga way, my ioy, and latt me be,
 Put nocht your hand abone my kne.
 Ye hurt me now, ſchirro your fais,
 Quhy lift ye vp fa heiche my clais?
 My moder heiris ye gar me cry;
 Do away man for your courteſy.
 My heid gois to and all is bair;
 Be God, me think, na thing ye ſpair.

5

10

3 A

Is nocth this ane joly werk?
 Schirro your thowmis, ye ryfe my fark.
 Be God ye ar our leth to leif,
 Quhat devill is that in to your neif?
 Ye hurt me with your quhinyear heft,
 Will nocth yit this rippet be left?
 I wald nocth trewly for twenty pound,
 In to this place we twa wer found.
 He sayis, My luve, my joy, my blifs,
 Now all the warld will wit of this;
 Quhat garris yow cry me for to skar?
 Be God ye fall nocth be the war;
 Quha saw evir the maikis of yow,
 God latt nevir your hairet be fow.
 Quha saw evir a man fa thra?
 Hald vp your handis and latt me ga.
 And he said nevir a word agane,
 Bot ay he said, Latt me allane.
 I schro your hairet, ye hurt my theifs;
 Now all this toun this rippet feifs.
 Haill or haill quhat do ye now?
 Allace! allace! ye thirst me throw.
 Now, walloway, is thair no help?
 Yit fall I gif your cheik a skelp.
 I fall yow skart quhill that ye bleid.
 He said than, Ya, ya, God forbeid.
 Your bonat I fall kaft away,
 Bot gif ye ceifs your fowle deray,
 Wes nevir nane dreft on thiss wyifs.
 I cry yow mercy a thowfand syifs,
 A gentill man gif that ye be,
 Ye will me schaw sum courtasie;
 Your labour is nocth wirth a leik,
 Ye ar the war fen we wer meik.
 Do away, scho said, Or yie be band,

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40 Fol. 134.b.

45

The toder wurd is evin at hand. 50
 Be God I put yow out of weir,
 Ye did nocht of forfs this fevin yeir;
 Nor yit nocht ane of your breder,
 I schiro the feit that brocht yow hedder.
 Now, mon, I latt yow all allane, 55
 Sa help me God my end is gane;
 Yit I will nocht ga fla my fell;
 Bot, be yone kirk, I fall sure tell,
 Als fast as I fall cum hame.
 Sa help me God, Ifs tell my deme; 60
 And ony body fynd ws heir,
 We ar bath schamit all this yeir,
 That we haif dwelt heir so lang.
 Hame, in faith, I dar nocht gang;
 Go with me to yone yairdis end, 65
 Quhair we may pafs away vnkend.
 Than he and scho went on togidder;
 With that his hairt begowd to swidder;
 He tuke his leif and kist the bricht,
 And syne he went out of hir ficht. 70
 How it wes eftir I can nocht tell,
 For speiking spair I nocht to spell.

Explicit.

CXLV.

[*Mony Man makis Ryme and lukis to no Reffoun.*]

MONY man makis ryme and lukis to no reffoun.
 Ane king sekand tresoun
 He may fynd land. Trest nocht in the band

That is oft brokin. A fule quhen he hes spokkin
 He is all done. He fuld weir yrn schone
 Suld byd a manis deid. Quhen the falt is in the heid
 The menbaris ar feik. A woman thocht scho be meik
 Scho is ill to knaw. Men glofis the law
 Oft aganis the pure. Quha spendis his gud on a hure
 He hes bayth skayth and schame. He that can noct gang hame
 Is a pure man. Menis or thay began
 Suld think on the end. Prefs nocth to spend
 Bot gife thow think to win. Commounly auld syn
 Makis new schame. Bettir is gud name
 Nor evill win geir. He that vvis maist to sweir
 Is nocth best trowd. A tre is best bowd
 Quhen that it is young. Quha rewlis weill his toung
 He may be comptit wyifs. Gud win at the dyifs
 Riches nocth the air. And a woman that is fair
 Is nocth happin gude. Ane colt of a gud stude
 Happynnus to be best. Gud ma nocth lang leſt
 That is evill win. A work weill begon
 Hes thebettir end. Preifs nocth to spend
 Our mekle on a fule. It is dith to cry yule
 On ane vder manis coift. He fall hounger in frost
 In heit that will nocth wirk. Obey weill to the kirk
 And thow fall fair the better. A woman keipit in fetter
 Is ane ill treffour. Eit and drynk with mesfour
 And defy the leich. A man mekle of speiche
 Quhylomis mon lie. Think ay that thow mon de
 And thow fall nocth glaidly syn. A man may be of grit kin
 And rycht littill worth. A fule bidis job furth
 And hes baith spur and wand. Bettir is a man but land
 Nor land but man. He that cumis of evill clan
 Wyifs men suspeckis. A skabbit scheip infeckis
 All the haill flok. Quhairof ferwis the lok
 And the theif in the hous. It makis a perte mowfs
 Ane vnhardy catt. A swyne that is richt fatt

Caussis hir awin deid. Pairete nevir at feid
 Fra hame with thy wyfe. Fle ay fra stryfe,
 A sweit thing is peifs. All may nocht be leifs
 That every man sayifs. Thow ma mend twa nayifs
 With anis said ye. He is nocht fa waik a fae
 Bot he may quyhylome noy. It is esiar to distroy
 Befer, nor till big. He that is vfd to thig
 Is laith to leif the craft. Ane awld man is fow daft
 That weddis a young woman. Thow mon trow in sum man
 Or thou hes ill lyfe. Be thou jolousf of thy wyfe
 Scho will do the war. Quha handillis pik or tar
 He is nocht haisty clene. A wound quhen it is grene
 Is the soner heilit. A byle that is lang beilit
 Brekis at the last. Auld kyndnes past
 Suld nocht be foryett. Be blyth at thi meit,
 Devoit in distress. For littill mair or less
 Mak thou na debait. Bettir is the hie gait
 Nor the by rod. He that dowttis nocht God
 Sall nocht faill to fall. He that cuvatis all
 Is abill to tyne. About myne and thyne
 Ryfisis mekle stryfe. He hes a gratius lyfc
 That can be content. A bow that is lang bent
 It will wax dull. He that wattis quhen he is full
 He is na fule. Put mony to the scule,
 All will nocht be clerkis. At every dowg that berjis
 Men fuld nocht be movit.¹ A man weill luvit
 He is nocht pure. Grit lawbor and cure
 Makis a man auld. A gud taill evill talde
 Is spilt in the telling. In bying and sellung
 Is mony fals aith. Commounly gud cleth
 Is best cheip. Quha cuvattis farrest to leip
 Mon quhylumis gang abak.
 Thus schortnes of wit movit me to mak.

40

45

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55 Fol. 135. b.

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Explicit.

¹ *Crabit* first written and deleted.

CXLVI.

[*My Guddame wes ane gay Wyfe.*]

MY guddame wes ane gay wyfe, bot scho wes rycht gend,
 Scho dwelt far furth in France on Falkland fell;
 Thay callit hir Kynd Kittok sa quha weill hir kend;
 Scho wes lyk a caldrone cruk cleir vnder kell,
 Thay threipit scho deid of thirst and maid a gud end. 5
 Eftir hir deid scho dreidit nocht in Hevin to dwell,
 And so to Hevin the hie way dreiddles scho wend,
 Yit felio wanderit and yeid by to anc elrich well;
 And thair scho met, as I wenc,
 Ane ask rydand on ane snaill; 10
 Scho cryd, Ourtane fallow, haill, haill,
 And raid ane inch behind the taill,
 Quhill it wes neir ene.

Sua scho had hap to be horst to hir harbry,
 At ane ailhoufs neir Hevin it nycttit thame thair; 15
 Scho deit for thirst in this warld that gart hir be so dry,
 Scho eit nevir meit bot drank our misfouir and mair;
 Scho fleipit quhill the morne at none and raifs airly;
 And to the yettis of Hevin fast cowd scho fair,
 And by Sanct Petir, in at the yett scho stall prevely. 20
 God lukit and saw hir lattin in and luch his haift fair;
 And thair yeiris sevin
 Scho levit ane gud lyfe,
 And wes our Leddeis henwyfe,
 And held Sanct Petir in stryse, 25
 Ay quhill scho wes in Hevin.

Scho lukit owt on a day and thocht verrry lang,
 To se the ailhoufs befyd in till ane evill hour;

Fol. 136.

And out of Hevin the hie gait cowth the wyfe gang
For to gett ane fresche drink, the haill of Hevin wes four. 30
Scho come agane to Hevinis yet, quhen that the bell rang,
Sanct Petir hit hir with a club, quhill a grit clour
Raifs on hir heid behind, becaus the wyfe yeid wrang;
And than to the ailhoufs agane scho ran the pitscheris to pour,
Thair to brew and to baik. 35
Freyndis, I pray yow haiftfully,
Gife ye be thirsty or dry,
Drynk with my guddame, quhen ye gang by,
Anis for my faik.

Explicit.

CXLVII.

[*Man sen thy Lyfe is ay in Weir.*]

MAN sen thy lyfe is ay in weir,
And Deid is evir drawand neir,
The tyme vnicker and the place;
Thyne awin gude spend quhill thow hes spacc.

Gif it be thyne thy self it vvis, 5
Gif it be nocht the it refusis,
Ane vthir of it the proffeit hefs;
Thyne awin gud spend quhill thow hes spaifs.

Thow may to day haif gude to spend,
And heftely to morne fra it wend, 10
And leif ane vthir thy baggis to braifs;
Thyne awin gud spend quhill thow hes space.

Quhill thow hes space se thow dispone.
That for thy geir quhen thow art gone,

No wicht ane vder flay nor chace;
Thyne awin gud spend quhill thow hes space.

15

Sum all his dayis dryvis our in vane,
Ay gadderand geir with sorrow and pane,
And nevir is glaid at Yule nor Paifs;
Thyne awin gud spend quhill thow hes space.

20

Syne cumis ane vder glaid of his sorrow,
That for him prayit nowdir evin nor morrow,
And fangis it all with mirrynais;
Thyne awin gud spend quhill thow hes space.

Sum grit gud gadderis and ay it spairis,
And eftir him thair cumis yung airis,
That his auld thirst fettis on ane efs;
Man, thyne awin gud spend quhill thow hes space.

25

It is all thyne that thow heir spendis,
And nocht all that on the dependis,
Bot his to spend it that hes grace;
Thyne awin gud spend quhill thow hes spais.

30 Fol. 136.b.

Treft nocht aue vthir will do the to,
It that thy self wald nevir do,
For gife thow dois, strenge is thy cace;
Thyne awin gud spend quhill thow hes spais.

35

Luke how the bairne dois to the muder,
And tak example be nane vdder,
That it nocht eftir be thy cace;
Thyne awin gud spend quhill thow hes space.

40

Quod Dumbar.

CXLVIII.

[*In Tiberus tyme, the trew Imperiour.*]

IN Tiberus tyme, the trew Imperiour,
 Quhen Tynto hillis fra skraiging of toun henis wes keipit,
 Thair dwelt ane grit gyre carling in awld Betokis bour,
 That levit vpoun christiane menis flesche and rewth heidis vnleipit.
 Thair wynnit ane hir by, on the west fyd, callit Blasour, 5
 For lufe of hir lawchane lippis he walit and he weipit;
 He gadderit ane menyie of modwartis to warp doun the tour.
 The carling with ane yrne club, quhen that Blasour fleipit,
 Behind the heill scho hatt him sic ane blaw;
 Quhill Blasour bled ane quart 10
 Off milk pottage inward,
 The carling luche, and lut fart

North Berwik Law.

The king of Fary than come with elfis mony ane,
 And sett ane fege and ane salt with grit pensallis of pryd; 15
 And all the doggis fra Dumbar wes thair to Dumblane,
 With all the tykis of Tervey come to thame that tyd;
 Thay gnew doun with thair gomes mony grit stane.
 The carling schup hir in ane sow and is hir gaitis gane,
 Gruntlyng our the Greik sie, and durst na langer byd, 20
 For brukling of bargane and breking of browis.
 The carling now for dispyte
 Is mareit with Mahomyte,
 And will the doggis interdyte,
 For scho is quene of Jowis. 25

Sensyne the cokkis of Crawmound crew nevir a day,
 For dule of that devillisch deme wes with Mahoun mareit,
 And the hennis of Hadingtoun sensyne wald nocth lay,
 For this wyld wilroun wich thame widlit fa and wareit.
 And the same North Berwik Law, as I heir wyvis fay, 30

This carling with a fals cast wald away carreit,
 For to luk on quha sa lykis na langer scho tareit.
 All this langour for lufe befoirtymes fell,
 Lang or Betok wes born,
 Scho bred of ane accorne.
 The laif of the story to morne
 To yow I fall tell.

Fol. 137.a.

35

Explicit.

CXLIX.

[*Rycht airlie on Ask Weddinsday.*]

RYCHT airlie on Ask Weddinsday,
 Drynkand the wyne fatt cumenis tway;
 The tane cowth to the tother complene,
 Graneand and suppand cowd scho fay,
 This lang Lentern makis me lene.

5

On cowch besyd the fyre scho fatt,
 God wait gif scho wes grit and fatt,
 Yit to be feble scho did hir fene;
 And ay scho said, Latt preif of that,
 This lang Lentern makis me lene.

10

My fair, sweiit cummer, quod the tuder,
 Ye tak that nigirtnes of your muder;
 All wyne to teft scho wald disdane
 Bot mavasy, scho bad nane vder;
 This lang Lentern makis me lene.

15

Cummer, be glaid both evin and morrow,
 Thocht ye fuld bayth beg and borrow,

Fra our lang fasting ye yow refrene,
And latt your husband dre the sorrow;
This lang Lantern makis me lene.

20

Your counsale, cummer, is gud, quod scho,
All is to tene him that I do,
In bed he is nocht wirth a bene;
Fill sowf the glafs and drynk me to;
This lang Lentern makis me lene.

25

Off wyne owt of ane choppyne stowp,
They drank twa quartis, sowp and sowp,
Of drowth sic exefs did thame constrene;
Be than to mend thay had gud howp;
This lang Lentroun makis me lene.

30

Quod Dumbar.

CL.

The Wowing of Jok and Jynny.

ROBEYNS Jok come to wow our Jynny,
On our feist evin quhen we wer sowf;
Scho brankit fast and maid hir bony,
And said, Jok, come ye for to wow?
Scho birncift her, baith breift and brow,
And maid hir cleir as ony clok;
Than spak hir deme, and said, I trow
Ye come to wow our Jynny, Jok.

Fol. 137. b.
5

Jok said, Forfuth I yern full fane
To luk my heid, and sit down by yow;
Than spak hir modir and said agane,
My bairne hes tocher gud annwch to ge yow.

10

Te he, quod Jynny, Keik, keik, I se yow;
 Muder, yone man makis yow a mok.
 I schro the, lyar, full leis me yow,
 I come to wow your Jynny, quod Jok. 15

My berne, scho sayis, hes of hir awin,
 Ane gufs, ane gryce, ane cok, ane hen,
 Ane calf, ane hog, ane futebraid fawin,
 Ane kirn, ane pin, that ye weill ken,
 Ane pig, ane pot, ane raip thair ben,
 Ane fork, ane flaik, ane reill, ane rok,
 Dischis and dublaris nine or ten;
 Come ye to wow our Jynny, Jok? 20

Ane blanket, and ane wecht also,
 Ane schule, ane scheit, and ane lang flail,¹
 Ane ark, ane almry, and laidillis two,
 Ane milk syth, with ane swyne taill,
 Ane rowsty quhittill to scheir the kaill,
 Ane quheill, ane mell the beir to knok,
 Ane coig, ane caird wantand ane naill;
 Come ye to wow our Jynny, Jok? 25 30

Ane furme, ane furlet, ane pott, ane pek,
 Ane tub, ane barrow, with ane quheilband,
 Ane turf, ane troch, and ane meil sek,
 Ane spurtill braid, and ane elwand.
 Jok tuk Jynny be the hand,
 And cryd ane feift, and flew ane cok,
 And maid a brydell vp alland;
 Now haif I gottin your Jynny, quod Jok. 35 40

Now, deme, I haif your bairne mareit,
 Suppoifs ye mak it nevir fa twche,
 I latt yow wit schofs nocht miskareit,
 It is weill kend I haif annwch;²

¹ First written *four lang flailis*.
² Originally written *gud haif I annwch*.

Ane crukit gloyd fell our anc huch,
 Ane spaid, ane speit, ane spur, ane fok,
 Withouttin oxin I haif a pluche;
 To gang to giddir Jynny and Jok.

45

I haif ane helter, and eik ane hek,
 Ane cord, ane creill, and als ane cradill,
 Fyve fidder of raggis to stuff ane jak,
 Ane auld pannell of ane laid sadill,
 Ane pepper polk maid of a padill,
 Ane spounge, ane spindill wantand ane nok,
 Twa lusty lippis to lik ane laiddill;
 To gang to giddir Jynny and Jok.

50 Fol. 138.a.

55

Ane brechame, and twa brochis fyne,
 Weill buklit with a brydill renye,
 Ane fark maid of the lynkome twyne,
 Ane gay grene cloke that will nocht stenyne,
 And yit for mister I will nocht fenye,
 Fyive hundredth fleis now in a flok;
 Call ye that nocht ane joly menye?
 To go to giddir Jynny and Jok.

60

Ane trene truncheour, ane ramehorne spone,
 Twa buttis of barkit blasnit ledder,
 All graith that ganis to hobbill schone,
 Ane thrawcruk to twyne ane tedder,
 Ane brydill, ane girth, and ane swyne bledder,
 Ane maskene fatt, ane fetterit lok,
 Ane scheip weill keipit fra ill wedder;
 To gang to giddir, Jynny and Jok.

65

70

Tak thair for my pairte of the feist,
 It is weill knawin I am weill bodin;
 Ye may nocht say my pairte is leist.
 The wyfe said, Speid, the kaill are foddin,

75

And als the laverok is fust and loddin;
 Quhen ye haif done tak hame the brok.
 The roſt wes twche, fa wer thay bodin;
 Syne gaid to giddir bayth Jynny and Jok.

80

Explicit.¹

CLI.

[*O Gallandis all, I cry and call.*]

O GALLANDIS all, I cry and call,
 Keip strenth quhill that ye haif it;
 Repent ye fall quhen ye ar thrall,
 Fra tyme that dub be lavit.

With wantoun yowth thocht ye be cowth,
 With curaǵe he on loft,
 Suppois girt drowth cum in your mowth,
 Be war drynk nocth our oft.

5

Tak bot at lift suppois ye thirst,
 Your mowth at laſer cule;
 In mynd folist weill to refiſt,
 Langer leſtis yeir nor Yule.

10

Fol. 138.b

Thocht ye ryd soft, caſt nocth ouer oft
 Your ſpeir in to the reiſt;
 With ſtufe uncoft fett vpoun loft,
 Anwch is evin a feiſt.

15

In luvis grace suppois ye trace,
 Thinkand your fell abone,

¹ *Quod Clerk has been written here, but afterwards erased.*

Ye ma percais cast daweis es,
And fwa be lothit fone.

20

Fra tyme ye stank in to the bank,
And drypoynt puttis in play,
Ye tyne the thank, man, hald ane hank,
Or all be past away.

Fra thow ryn towme, als I prefowme,
Thow hes bayth skaith and skorn,
The to confowme with fir allowme,
That bord may be forborne.

25

Far in that play, gif I futh say,
Gud will is nocht allowit;
Gife thow nocht may, ga way, ga way,
Than art thow all forhowit.

30

Considerance hes no lovance,
Fra thow be bair thair ben;
At that semlance is no plesance,
Quhen pithless is thy pen.

35

Quhen thow hes done thy dett abone,
Forsochin in the feild,
Scho will say fone, Gett the ane spone,
Adew baith speir and scheild.

40

Fra thow inlaikis to lay on straikis,
Fra hyne, my fone, adew;
Than thy rowme waikis ane vder taikis,
That solace to persew.

Quhill branys ar big abone to lig,
Gud is in tyme to ceifs;
To tar and tig, fyne grace to thig,
That is ane petous preifs.

45

Thairfoir be war, hald the on far,
 Sic chaif wair for to prifys;
 To tig and tar, syne get the war,
 It is evill merchandyifs.

50

Mak thow na vant our oft to hant
 In places dern thair down;
 Fra tyme thow want, that stuff is skant,
 To borrow in the town.

Fol. 139.a.

55

Few honour wynnis in to that innys,
 For schutting at the schellis;
 Out of thair schynnis the substance rynnis,
 Thay gett no genyell ellis.

60

In tyme latt be, I counfall the,
 Use nocht that offerand stok;
 Quhen thay the se thay bleir thyne e,
 And makis at the ane mok.

65

Thocht thow suppoifs haif at thy choifs,
 I reid the for the nanis,
 Keip stuff in poifs, tyne nocht thy hoifs,
 Wair nocht all in that wanis.

70

Fra tyme scho fe vndir thyne e,
 The brawin away doun muntis,
 Than game and gle ganis nocht for the,
 Thow man, latt be sic huntis.

75

Fra thow luk chest, adew that faist,
 To hunt in to that schaw,
 Quhen on that beist at thy reueist,
 Thy kennettis will nocht kaw.

Within that stowp fra tyme thow sowp,
 And wirdis to be fweir,

And makis a stōp quhen they fuld hop,
Adew the thrissill deir.

80

Thairfoir albeid thy houndis haif speid,
To ryn our ost latt be;
In thy maist neid, sum tyme but dreid,
Thay will rebutit be.

Ouer ost to hound in vnkowth ground,
Thow ma tak vp vnbaittit;
Thairfoir had bound thocht scho be found,
Or dreid thy doggis be flaittit.

85

Scho is nocht ill that sittis still,
Perfewit in the fait;
That beist scho will gif the thy fill,
Quhill thow be evin chakmait.

90

Suppoifs thou renge our all the grenge,
And feik baith syk and swche,
Till will scho menge and mak it strenge,
And gif the evin anwche.

95 Fol. 139.b.

Thair with awyis suppoifs scho ryifs,
Laich vndir thy fute,
Bot thow be wyifs, scho will suppryifs
Thy houndis and thame rebute.

100

In tyme abyd, the feildis ar wyde,
I counfall the, gude bruder;
Evill is the gyd that saillis but tyde,
Syne rakleſſ is the ruder.

Hunttaris, adew, gif ye perfew
To hunt at every beift,
Ye will it rew, thair is anew,
Thairto haif ye no haift.

105

With ane O and ane I,
Ye huntaris all and sum,
Quhen best is play, pafs hame away,
Or dreid war eftir cum.

110

Quoth Balnevis.

The Flyting betuix the Sowtar and the Tailyour.

CLII.

[*Thow leiss, Loun, thow leiss.*]

THOW leiss, loun, thow leiss,
Yone are fowttaris that thow feils,
Law kneiland on thair kneifs,
Thair godis till adorne.
Be Sanct Garnega that grym gaifst,
To heir thair hairsnes in haist,
Of moltin tauche thay tak a test,
On Monundayis at morn.

5

To hald thame helfum at hairt,
Sum of vly spewis ane quairt,
Sum anc pynt to his pairt,
Off fowl fowttar blek.
Sum fittis and sum fewis,
Vthir sum vly spewis,
Bot he keipis weill his kewifs,
Spowttis in his marrowis nek.

10

15

Of moltin tawch quhen they want,
Sir Garnyga will gif ane gant,
And spew ane pynt at a pant,
Off fowl vly ba.

20

Wald every man do as I,
 Quhan evir we saw thame we fuld cry,
 Fy on thame, fy, fy,
 Out fowl Garniga.

Explicit.

CLIII.

[*Falss clatterand Kensy, kuckald Knaif.*]

FALSS clatterand kensy, kuckald knaif,
 Blasphemand baird in thy backbytting,
 Off me thou fall an answer haif;
 Cum furth, fowmart, and face thy flytting.
 War nor ane warlo in thy wrytting,
 Thow Sathanas feid ay fett to evill,
 Mandrag, mymmerkyn and mismaid mytting,
 I fall the counger lyk the Devill.

5 Fol 140.a

Fy on the telyour that never wes trew,
 Fra claih weill can thou clyth ane clownt;
 Of stowin stommokis baith reid and blew,
 Ane bagfow anis thou bur abowt.
 They fallowit the with cry and schowt,
 Ha, hald the theif that stall the claih;
 Thow wilbe hangit, haif thou no dowt,
 For mony presumptoufs forsworn aith.

10

15

Amangis the wyffis it falbe wittin,
 Thow wes ane knakcatt in the way,
 For lowfy seims that thou haft bittin,
 Thy gwmis are giltin quhair evir thou gay.

20

Thy cowche is on a fonk of stray,
 Peild priclouds of ane pudding pryce,
 Breik bowchour on ane sonny bray;
 Wa worth the, waiflour, wirriar of lyce.

Thow yeid with elwand, scheir and thymmill,
 Full mony a day feikand thy craft;
 For halfpennyis thy hand yeid nymmill,
 Gritt bladis and bittis thow stall full aft.
 Quha delt with the thay wer fow daft,
 For on thy bak, as all men kennis,
 Wer brokin full mony ane gud ax fshaft,
 For wrangus geir of vthir menis.

Thy wyif wount ane man scho gatt,
 Of the quhen that thow wes weill brankit,
 And scho gat but ane cur knakkatt,
 Ane fowl taid cairle, all tailyour fchankit.
 For clayis that thow mismaid and mankit,
 Thow dar nocht dwell quhair thow wes born;
 Yit estirwart thow falbe thankit,
 Betuix Kirkcaldy and Kingorne.

25

30

35

40

Explicit.

CLIV.

To the Sowtar.

THOU leis, loun, be this licht,
 Yone ar fowttaris be ficht,
 With hiddous hoist vpoun hicht,
 Herkin and heir.

Tha blaist, bla, bubly baggis,
 Tha monstrowfs mandraggis
 Wall myre ane studfull of staggis,
 And fle thame throw beir.

5 Fol. 140.b.

Thair brym beir and thair boist,
 To heir fa hairstly thay hoist,
 In to the cranra and frost,
 Tha freikis ar fa faint.

10

The fowttaris of this toun,
 Off vly blek and talloun,
 Ilk ane ane round galloun,
 Thay gif at ane gant.

15

Quhen thair ganting is gane,
 Thay gaip, thay glour, thay granc,
 To heir the mvnyng and the mane
 They mak quhen they meit.

20

Thair teith so bawthfs and bluntis,
 For cumring off cow cuntis,
 And fretting of yawd fruntis,
 Thay yowyll and thay greit.

Thay greit ay glewand in glitt,
 Thay host, thay spew, thay spitt,
 As thay war woid out of witt,
 Thay vary thair weird.

25

The laich ledder thay litt,
 Oft in tene thay it titt,
 And in sorrow ay thay sitt,
 Bowdin and bleird.

30

Thay boldin blerit bawch blobbis,
 Vncunnand catyvis, curst crobbis,
 Fast vnfrely fowl flobbis,
 And bubillis full lyk.

35

I dreid thir folkis do it fynd,
 Thay haif the hurle ay behind,
 The stynk that thay mak in the wind
 Will Flanderis infeck.

40

Infeck Flanderis and fyle,
 And abowt mony a myle,
 Kulrofs, Karrik and Kyle,
 Linlythgw and Lude.
 Fra fons and feill we thame syle,
 And givis thame ane hie style,
 Off all the warld the most vyle,
 Schortly to conclude.

45

Your girnand god, grit Garnega,
 For butis and schone that ye deir fell,
 In to this warld mot wirk yow wa,
 Syne haif yow harlottis vnto Hell,
 To fitt in to that futty fell,
 With Sathan in that deip dungeon.
 We fall pray for yow be the¹ bell,
 Sa that this derth ye will put doun;
 Do ye nocht this,
 Hairtly to pray,
 Be God verrey,
 That ye nevir gay
 To Hevins blifs.

50

Fol. 141

55

60

Quod Stewart.

Answer to this foirsaid in folio 144.

¹ M.S. has *the* repeated.

CLV.

[*In Somer quhen Flouris will smell.*]

IN somer quhen flouris will smell,
As I fure our fair feildis and fell,
Allone I wanderit by ane well,
On Weddinsday;
I met a cleir vndir kell,
A weilfaird may.

Scho had ane hatt vpoun hir heid,
Off claver cleir bayth quhyt and reid,
With catclukis strynklit in that steid,
And fynkill grene;
Wit ye weill to weir that weid
Wald weill hir feme.

Ane pair of beidis abowt hir thrott,
Ane Agnus Day with nobill nott,
Jyngland weill with mony joitt,
War singand doun;
It wes full ill to synd ane moit
Vpoun hir goun.

Alfs fone as I that schene cowth se,
I halsit hir with haire maist fre;
I luve yow leill, and nocht to le,
Wald ye me lane?
Out hay, quod scho, My joy, latt be,
Ye speik in vane.

Quhat is the thing that ye wald haif?
Na thing bot a kifs I craif,
As I that luvis yow our the laif,
Wald ye me trow.

5

10

15

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25

Gif that yow may of sorrow faif,
Cum tak it now.

30

Than kissit I hir ainis or twyifs,
And scho to gruntill as a gryifs;
Allace! quod scho, I am vnwyifs,
That is so meik;
It is¹ lyk that ye had eitin pyifs,
Ye are so fweit.

35

My hatt is youris of proper dett.
And on my heid scho cowth it sett,
Than in my armes I cowth hir plett,
And scho to throw.
Allace! quod scho, ye gar me fwett,
Ye wirk fo flaw.

40

Than doun we fell bayth in feir.
Allace! quod scho, that I come heir,
I trow this labour I may yow leir,
Thocht I be ying;
Yit I feir I fall by full deir,
Your sweet kissing.

45 Fol. 141. b.

Quhen I was grathit in hir geir,
Scho said scho comptit me nocth a peir.
Sen ye haif wonnyn me on weir,
Do furth at anis.
Thairwith I schot be neth hir scheir,
Deip to the stanis.

50

Than to ly still scho wald nocth blin.
Allace! said scho, my awin fweit thing,
Your courtly fukking garis me fling,
Ye wirk fo weill;

55

¹ MS. has *z* ss.

I fall yow cuver quhen that ye clyng,
So haif I scill.

60

Sen ye stumimer nocth for my skippis,
Bot hald your taikill by my hippis,
I byd a quafull of your quhippis,
Thocht it be mirk;
Bot and ye will, I schrew the lippis,
That first fall irk.

65

Als fone as we our deid had done,
Scho reifs fone vp and afkit hir schone,
Als tyrd as scho had weschin a spone.
To yow I say,
This aventur anis to me come,
On Weddinsday.

70

Explicit.

CLVI.

Sum Practysis of Medecyne.

GUK, guk, gud day, schir, gaip quhill ye get it,
Sic greting may gane weill gud laik in your hude;
Ye wald deir me, I trow, becaus I am dottit,
To ruffill me with a rymc, na, schir, be the rude,
Your faying I haif fene, and on syd set it, 5
As geir of all gaddring, glaikit nocth gude;
Als your medicyne by mesour I haif meit met it,
The quhilk I stand ford ye nocth vnderstude,
Bot wrett on as ye culd to gar folk wene;

5

For feir my lougis wes flaft,
Or I wes dottit or daft,
Gife I can ocht of the craft,
 Heir be it fene.

10

Becaus I ken your cunnyng in to cure
Is clowtit and clampit and nocht weill cleird,
My prettik in pottingary ye trow be als pure,
And lyk to your lawitnes, I schrew thame that leid;
Is nowdir fevir, nor fell, that our the feild fure,
Seiknes nor fairnes in tyme gif I seid,
Bot I can libthame and leiche thame fra lame and lcsure,
With fawis thame found mak: on your faule beid
That ye be sicker of this fedull I send yow,
With the futhfaſt feggis,
That glean all egeis,
With Dia and dreggis,

15

20

Fol. 142.a.

 25
Of malis to mend yow.

25

Dia Culcakit.

Cape cuk maid and crop the collerige,
Anc medecyne for the maw and ye cowth mak it,
With fuet fatlingis and sowrokis the fop of the fege,
The crud of my culome, with your teith crakit;
Lawrean and linget seid, and the luffage,
The hair of the hurcheoun nocht half deill hakkit,
With the snowt of ane felch, ane fwelling to fwage;
This cure is callit in our craft Dia Culcakkit.
Put all thir in ane pan with pepper and pik,
 35
Syne fottin to thiss,
The count of ane fow kifs,
Is nocht bettir I wifs,

30

35

 For the collik.

Dia Longum.

Recipe: thre ruggis of the reid ruke,
 The gant of ane gray meir, the claike of ane gufs,
 The dram of ane drekterfs, the douk of ane duke,
 The gaw of ane grene dow, the leg of ane lowfs,
 Fyve vnce of ane fle wing, the fyn of ane fluke,
 With ane fleisfull of flak that growis in the flus:
 Myng all thir in ane mafs with the mone cruke;
 This vntment is rycht ganand for your awin vfs,
 With reid nettill feid in strang wesche to steip,
 For to bath your ba cod,
 Quhen ye wald nop and nod,
 Is nocht bettir, be God,

To latt yow to sleip.

40

45

50

Dia Glaconicon.

This Dia is ryght deir and denteit in daill,
 Caufis it is treft and trew, thairfoir that ye tak
 Sevin sobbis of ane felche, the quhidder of ane quhaill,
 The lug of ane lempet is nocht to forsaik,
 The harnis of ane haddok, hakkit or haill,
 With ane bustfull of blude of the scho bak,
 With ane brewing caldrun full of hait caill,
 For it wilbe the softar and sweittar of the fmak;
 Thair is nocht sic ane lechecraft fra Lawdian to Lundin;
 It is clippit in our cannon
 Dia Glecolicon,
 For till fle awayc son,

Quhair fulis ar fundin.

60

65

Dia Cuſtrum.

The ferd feisik is fyne, and of ane felloun pryce,
 Gud for haſing, and hosting, or heit at the hairt.

Fol. 142. b

Recipe: thre sponfull of the blak spyce,
 With ane grit gowpene of the gowk fart;
 The lug of ane lyoun, the gufe of ane gryce; 70
 Ane vnce of ane oster poik at the nether parte,
 Annoyntit with nurice doung, for it is rycht nyce.
 Myngit with mysedirt and with mustard:
 Ye may clamp to this cure, and ye will mak cost,
 Bayth the bellox of ane brok, 75
 With three crawis of the cok,
 The schadow of ane yule stok,
 Is gud for the hofte.

Gud nycht, guk, guk, for fa I began,
 I haif no come at this tyme langer to tary, 80
 Bot luk on this lettir, and leird gif ye can,
 The prectik and poyntis of this pottingary;
 Sir, minister this medecyne at evin to sum man,
 And, or pryme be past, my powder I pary,
 They fall blifs yow or ellis bittirly yow ban;
 For it fall fle thame, in faith, out of the fary: 85
 Bot luk quhen ye gadder thir gressis and gerfs,
 Outhir fawrand or four,
 That it be in ane gud our;
 It is ane mirk mirrour, 90
 Ane vthir manis erfs.

Quod Mr. Ro^t Henryfone.

CLVII.

[*Sym of Lyntoun, be the Ramis Horn.*]

SYM of Lyntoun, be the ramis horn,
 Quhen Phebus rang in sing of Capricorn,

And the mone wes past the guffis cro,
 Thair fell in France ane jeperdie forlo,
 Be the grit kin of Babilon, Berdok,
 That dwelt in symmer in till ane bowkaill stok; 5
 And in to winter, quhen the frostis are fell,
 He dwelt for cauld in till a cokkil schell;
 Kingis vfit nocht to weir clayis in tha dayis,
 Bot yeid naikit as myne auctor fayis.
 Weill cowd he play in clarschocht and on lute,
 And bend ane aiprim bow, and nipschot schute,
 He wes ane stalwart man of hait and hand;
 He wowit the golk fevin yeir of maryland,
 Mayiola, and scho wes bot yeiris thre, 10
 Ane bony bird and had bot ane e;
 Neuirtheleſſ king Berdok luvit hir weill,
 For hir foirfute wes langar than hir heill.
 The King Berdok he fure our fe and land,
 To reveifs Mayok the golk of maryland, 15
 And nane with him bot ane bow and ane bowtt;
 Syne hapnit him to cum amang the nowtt,
 And as this Berdok about him cowd espy,
 He saw Mayok milkand his mvderis ky,
 And in ane creill vpoun hir bak hir keſt; 20
 Quilen he come hame it wes ane howlat nest,
 Full of ſkait birdis, and than this Berdok grett,
 And ran agane Meyok for to gett.
 The King of Fary hir fader than blew out,
 And focht Berdok all the land abowt, 25
 And Berdok fled in till a killogy;
 Thair wes no grace bot gett him or ellis die.
 Thair wes the kingis of Pechtis and Portingaill,
 The king of Naippillis and Navern alhaill,
 With bowis and brandis with ſegis they vmbefet him, 30
 Sum bad tak, sum flay, sum bad byd quhill thayget him;
 Thay ſtellit gunis to the killogy laich,

Fol. 143.a.

20

25

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35

And proppit gunis with bulettis of raw daich,
 Than Jupiter prayit to god Saturn,
 In liknes of ane tod he wald him turn;
 Bot sone the gratiouſs god Mercurius
 Turnit Berdok in till ane braikane buſs;
 And quhen thay ſaw the buſs waig to and fra,
 Thay trowd it wes ane gaift, and thay to ga;
 Thir fell kingis thus Berdok wald haif flane,
 All this for lufe, luveris ſufferis pane;
 Boece ſaid, of poyettis that wes flour,
 Thocht lufe be ſweit, aft fyis it is full four.

40

45

Explicit.

CLVIII.

[*I met my lady weil arrayit.*]

I MET my lady weil arrayit,
 I halfit hir all vnaffreyit;
 Scho wald nocht ſpeik to me, as than
 Scho blenkit on fyd and ſone scho ſayit,
 Quhois aw yone man?

5

I ſaid to hir, my lady deir,
 I am and wes your prefoneir,
 With all the feruice that I can.
 At ane besyd syn cowth scho ſpeir,
 Ken ye yon man?

10

Haif ye ſo ſone foryet¹ my name,
 And all my feruicc tynt bygane?

¹ MS. has *foryet*.

Allace! the tyme I may fair ban.
Be still, quod scho, greit nocth for schame;
Quhat wald ye, man?

Fol. 143.b.

15

Your strangenes fair dois truble me,
Quhill that I am in poynt to de;
Sen first to lufe yow I began,
I ken your wirdis ar fals and fle;
Ga glaik yow, man.

20

Quha is this in my ledder so lait,
A strange man gane by the gait?
I schrew yow, for na gud ye cam;
Ye handill me, quhill I am hait;
Quhair ar ye, man?

25

Quhat neids yow girtly for to speir,
Feill ye nocth me and I so neir?
I am nocth fra your haire a fpan,
I knew your labour is soft and sweir;
Put fra yow, man.

30

He sayis, maistres, I haif gon mifs,
And I durst tell yow how it is.
Quoth scho, Me thocht ye dwelt to lang;
Now tak yow all that evir thair is;
Be blyth, yung man.

35

Trow ye thus gait me to tranc?
I fe your labour is all in vane.
I man hald to als a woman,
Or ye haif endit ye wilbe gane;
Haif at yow, man.

40

Quhen he had done he lichtit doun,
To ryd his way he maid him boun.

Scho sayis to him, Be sfeit Sanct An,
Me think ye ar in poynt to foun;
Ye dow nocht, man.

45

Explicit.

CLIX.

[*I saw, me thocht, this hindir Nycht.*]

I SAW, me thocht, this hindir nycht,
A squyar and ane madin bricht,
Vn till a chalmer fast thame sped,
Bot ony vthir erdly wicht,
Allone to mak the lairdis bed.

5

Quhen that the bed wes reddy maid,
He braist hir in his armes, and said,
Wald ye your schankis lat me sched,
Ye fuld be myne, and thairin laid,
And we durst spill the lairdis bed.

10

He put his hand in at hir spair,
And graipit dounwart, ye wait quhair.
Quoth he, This mowth wald fane be fed;
He ficht and his hairet was fair,
And durst not spill the lairdis bed.

15

To spill the bed it war a pane,
Quoth he, the laird will nocht be fane,
To fynd it towtit and ourtred.
Quod scho, I fall mak it agane,
And ye wald spill the lairdis bed.

Fol. 144. a.

20

And I had yow in sum vthir place,
 That I nicht speik, and no thing spair.
 Quod scho, Ye ma haif me vnled,
 Suppoiss it war ane myill and mair,
 With yow to spill the lairdis bed.

25

Yit I wald draw yow doun, he sayis,
 Wer nocht for syling of your clayis.
 Quhat rek? quod scho, I am weill cled;
 Ye ar our red for windil strayis,
 That dar nocht spill the lairdis bed.

30

Thair wes na bowk in till his breik;
 His doingis wes nocht wirth a leik.
 Fy on him, fowmart, now is he fled,
 And left the madin swownyng feik,
 And durst nocht spill the lairdis bed.

35

Explicit.

CLX.

[*Rycht fane wald I my Quentans mak.*]

RYCHT fane wald I my quentans mak
 With Schir Penny; and wat ye quhy?
 He is a man will vndertak
 Landis for to sell and by;
 Thairfoir, me think, rycht fane wald I,
 With him in felloschip to repair,
 Becaus he is in cumpany
 Ane noble gyd bayth laid and air.

5

Sir Penny for till hald in hand,
 His cumpany thay think so fweit,
 Sum givis na cair to fell his land,
 With gud Schir Penny for to meit;
 Becaufs he is a noble spreit,
 Ane firthy man, and ane foircand;
 Thair is no mater to end compleit,
 Quhill he sett to his feill and hand.

10

15

Sir Penny is a vailyeant man,
 Off mekle strenth and dignitie,
 And evir sen the warld began,
 In to this land autoreist is he;
 With King and Quene may ye nocth se,
 Thay treit him ay so tendirly,
 That thair can na thing endit be,
 Without him in thair cumpany.

20

Fol. 144. b.

Sir Penny is a man of law,
 Witt ye weill, bayth wyifs and war.
 And mony reffonis can furth schaw,
 Quhen he is standand at the bar;
 Is nane so wyifs can him defar,
 Quhen he proponis furth aye ple,
 Nor yit sa hardy man that dar
 Sir Penny tyne or diffobey.

25

30

Sir Penny is baith scherp and wyifs,
 The kirkis to steir he takkis on hand;
 Disponar he is of benefyifs,
 In to this realme, our all the land;
 Is non so wicht dar him ganestand,
 So wyifly can Schir Penny wirk,
 And als Schir Symony his ferwand,
 That now is gydar of the kirk.

35

40

Gif to the courte thou makis repair,
 And thou haif materis to proclaime,
 Thow art vnable weill to fair,
 Sir Penny and thou leif at hame;
 To bring him furth thynk thou na schame, 45
 I do the weill to vndirstand;
 In to thy bag beir thou his name,
 Thy mater cumis the bettir till hand.

Sir Penny now is maid ane owlle,
 Thay wirk him mekle tray and tene, 50
 Thay hald him in quhill he hair mowle,
 And makis him blind of baith his ene;
 Thairewt he is bot feyndill fene,
 Sa fast thairin thay can him steik,
 That pure commownis can noct obtene 55
 Ane dey to byd with him to speik.

CLXI.

The Sowtar inveyand aganis the Telyeour sayis.

Q UHEN I come by yone telyeouris stall,
 I saw ane lowifs creipand vp his wall;
 Snop, quod the telyeour, fnap, quod the scheiris,
 Cokkis bownis, quod the lowifs, I haif loft mine ciris.

Aue vder.

Betuix twa foxis a crawling cok, 5
 Betuix two freiris a maid in hir smok,
 Betuix twa cattis a mowifs,
 Betuix twa telyeouris a lowifs;

Schaw me, gud schir, nocht as a stranger,
Quhilk of thais four is grittest in denger?

10

Ansuer.

Fol. 145. a.

Foxis ar fell at crawling cokkis,
Freiris ar ferfs at maidis in thair smokkis,
Cattis ar cawtelus in taking of myifs,
Telyeouris ar tyrranis in kelling of lyifs.

Explicit.

CLXII.

[*He that hess na Will to wirk.*]

HE that hess na will to wirk;
Nor luvis nocht God nor haly kirk;
And hes no gudis for to spend;
Nor yit no freyndis, that will him mend;
And als no rentis, quhairon to leif; 5
And will nocht beg, thocht men wald geif;
And fyne is fund bayth fatt and fair;
How fall he byde the iustice air?

5

Explicit.

CLXIII.

[*And thou be drunkin thou fuld nocht think.*]

AND thou be drunkin thou fuld nocht think,
To fett the wytt vpoun the drynk;

Nor sett nocth the blame vpoun the wyne,
Gif thow it drinkis the wytt is thyne.

Explicit.

CLXIV.

[*Thair wes ane Channone in this Town.*]

THAI R wes ane channone in this toun,
He had ane kaip and that wes broun;
He gaif it ane ja hir for to jaip,
And scho wes yaip, and tuk the kaip,
And of the same scho maid ane goun.

5

Explicit.

CLXV.

[*Quha hes gud Malt and makis ill Drynk.*]

QUHA hes gud malt and makis ill drynk,
Wa mot be hir werd;
I pray to God scho rott and stynk,
Sevin yeir abone the erd;
Abowt hir beir na bell to clynk,
Nor clerk sing, lawid nor lerd;
Bot quytt to hell that scho may sink,
The taptre quhyll scho steird.

5

This beis my prayer
For that man fleyar,

Quhill Christ in Hevin fall heird.

10

Quha brewis and gevis me of the best,
 Sa it be stark and stail,
 Quhyt and cleir, weill to degeſt,
 In Hevin meit hir that aill.
 Lang mot scho leif, lang mot scho leſt,
 In lyking ane gude faill;
 In Hevin or erd that wyſe be best,
 Without barcett or bail.

15

Fol. 145.b.

Quhen scho is deid,
 Withowttin pleid,
 Scho pafs to Hevin all haill.

20

Quod Allanis subdert.

Followis Sym and his Brudir.

CLXVI.

[*Thair is no Story that I of heir.*]

THAI R is no story that I of heir
 Of Johine nor Robene Hude,
 Nor yit of Wallace wicht but weir,
 That me thinkis half so gude,
 As of thir palmaris twa but peir,
 To heir how thay conclude;
 In to begginc, I trow, fyve yeir
 In Sanct Androis thay stude
 Togidder,
 Bayth Sym and his bruder.

5

10

Thocht thay war wicht, I warrand yow
 Thay had no will to wirk;

Thay maid thame burdownis nocht to bow,
 Twa bewis of the birk,
 Weill stobbit with steill, I trow,
 To stik in to the mirk;
 Bot fen thair bairdis grew on thair mow,
 They saw nevir the Kirk
 Within,
 Nowthir Sym nor his bruder.

15

20

Syne schupe thame vp to lowp our leifs,
 Twa tabartis of the tartane;
 Thay comptit nocht quhat thair cloutis weis,
 Wes fewit thair on incertane;
 Syne clampit vp Sanct Peteris keifs.
 Bot of ane auld reid gartane;
 Sanct James schellis on the tothir syd fleuis,
 As pretty as ony pertane

25

Ta,
 On Sym and his bruder.

30

Thus quhen thai had reddit thair ragis,
 To Rome thay war infpyrit;
 Tuk vp thair jaipis and all thair jaggis,
 Fure furth as thay war hyrit;
 And ay the cldeft bure the baggis,
 Quhen that the yungeſt tyrit;
 Tuk counſall at Kinkellis craggis,
 Come hame as thay war hyrit

35

Agane,
 Bath Sim and his bruther.

3.c

Than held thay houſs, as men me tellis,
 And ſpendit of thair feis;
 Quhen meit wes weit thay flew our fellis,
 Als biffy as ony beis;

Fol. 140.a.

Syne clengit Sanct Jameis schellis,
And pecis of pahme treis;
To se quha best the pardone spellis.
I schrew thame that ay leifs
 But lauchter,
Quod Syme to his bruder.

45

Quhen thay wer welthfull in thair wynning,
Thay puft thame vp in pryd,
Bot quhair that Symy levit in fynnyng,
His bruder wald haif ane bryd.
Hir wedoheid fra the begynnning
Wes neir ane moneth tyd;
Gif scho wes spedy ay in spynning,
Tak witnes of thame besyd
 Ilk anc,
Baith Sym and his bruder.

55

60

The carlis thay thikkit fast in cludis,
Agane the man was mareit,
With breid and beif and vthir budis,
Sym to the kirk thay kareit;
Bot or thay twynd him and his dudis,
The tymc of none wes tareit;
Wa worth this wedding, for be thir widis,
The meit is all miskareit
 To day,
Quod Sym and his bruder.

65

70

Our all the houfs, be lyne and levall,
The ladis come to luk him,
To tak a justing of that javell,
The bryd wount nocth to bruk him;
Thay maneist him with mony nevell,
Than Symme raifs and schuk him;

75

I cleme to clergy, quod the cavell,
How dar thow cum to luk him
Yondir,
Quod Sum and his bruder.

80

With that the carle begowth to crak,
Glowrit vp and gaf a gluse;
His beird it wes als lang and blak,
That it hang our his moif;
He wes als lang vpoun the bak,
As evir wes Angus Dufe;
He sayis, This justing I vndirtak,
My coit is of gud stufte,
Call to,

85

Quod Sym and his bruder.

90

He hoppit sa mycht na man hald him,
Said, Blame me bot I bind him;
I fall ourtak him, and that I tald him,
In yone feild, gife I fynd him.
On his gray meir fast furth thay cald him,
The flokis flew furth behind him,
Thay daschit him doun, the dirt ourhaild him,
Than start thay to and tird him

Fol. 146.b.

Tycht,
Baith Sym and his bruder.

95

100

Than brak he lowfs, the horfs that bair him
Ran startling to Stratyrum,
And he gat vp, and Symme fwair him,
Ye meit nocht bot ye myr him;
Off that fowl courſs for to declair him,
The cairlis come to requyr him,
Than all the laddis tryd with a lairrum,
To flud him and to flyr him

105

Bayth,
Quod Syme and his bruder.

110

This was no bourdene to brown Hill,
 That gatt betwene the browis,
 And had no thing ado thairtill,
 As mony vder trowis;
 Bot come furth on his awin gud will,
 To squyar Johine of Mowis,
 He gatt ane fit vp in the fchill,
 And that the laddis allowis
 Ilk ane,
 To Syme and his bruder.

115

120

Yob Symmer was the stirrepman,
 Was nolthird of the toun,
 He said, I will just as I can,
 Sen he is strickin doun.
 He gatt twa plaitis of ane awld pan,
 Ane breistplait maid him boun;
 The first rynk raif his mowth a span,
 And thair he fell in fwoun
 Almaist,
 Bayth Sym and his bruder.

125

130

Doun fra the leggis quhen he wes laist,
 He maid a peteouſſ panting,
 He fwownit and he fwelt almaist,
 For gaping and for ganting.
 Abyd, quod the leich, I sc a waift,
 His wrangtwth is in wanting,
 God faif him, and the Haly Gaift,
 And keip the man fra manting
 Mekle,
 Quod Suym and his bruder.

135

140

His mowth wes schent and fa forschorne,
 Held nowdir wind nor watter,
 Fair weill all blast of blawing horne,
 He mycht nocht do bot blatter.

Fol. 147.a.

He endis the story with harme forlorne:
 The nolt begowth till skatter,
 The ky ran startling to the corne;
 Wa worth the tyme thou gat hir
 Now,
 Quod Symme till his bruder.

145

150

Explicit.¹

CLXVII.

[*It that I gife I haif, it that I len I craif.*]

IT that I gife I haif, it that I len I craif,
 It that I fpend is myne, it that I leif I tyne;
 Gett and faif, and thou fall haif;
 Len and grant, and thou fall want.
 Quha in welth takis no heid,
 He fall haif falt in tyme of neid;
 Quhen I len I am a freynd,
 And quhen I craif I am vnkynd;
 Thus of my freynd I mak a fo,
 I schrew me and I moir do fo.
 A yong man chiftane, witles;
 A pure man spendar, getles;
 A auld man trechour, trewhleſs;
 A woman lowpar, landleſs.
 Be Sanct Jeill, fall nevir ane of thir do weill.
 Tak tyme in tyme, and nocht diffar;
 Quhen tyme is past ye ma do war.
 Almighty God, grant till our king,
 Sic grace that he in vertew ring,

5

10

15

¹ The author's name has been effaced here.

Sa that this realme ay gydit be
With justice, peax and dignite.
Bettir is to suffer, and fortoun abyd,
Than haistely to clym, and foddonly to flyd.

20

Quod quhay to quhome.

CLXVIII.

*The Flyting of Dumbar and Kennedie.
Heir after followis jocound and mirrie.*

[*Dumbar to Kennedy.*]

SCHIR Johine the Rofs, anc thing thair is compild,
In generale be Kennedy and Quinting,
Quhilk hes thame self aboif the sternis styld;
Bot had thay maid of mannace ony mynting,
In speciall sic stryfe sould ryss but stynting; 5
Howbeit with boſt thair breiftis wer als bendit,
As Lucifer that fra the Hevin discendit,
Hell sould nocht hyd thair harnis fra harmis hynting.

5

Fol. 147.b.

The erd sould trymbill, the firmament sould schaik,
And all the air in vennaum fuddane stink, 10
And all the diuillis of hell for redour quaik,
To heir quhat I fuld wryt with pen and ynk;
For and I flyt, sum sege for schame sould sink,
The fe sould birn, the mone sould thoill ecclippis,
Rochis sould ryfe, the warld sould hald no grippis, 15
Sa loud of cair the commoun bell sould clynk.

10

15

Bot wondir laith wer I to be ane baird,
Flyting to vſe, for gritly I eschame,

For it is nowthir wynnynge nor rewarde,
 Bot tinsale baith of honour and of fame,
 Incess of sorrow, sklander and evill name;
 Yit mycht thay be sa bald in thair bakbytting,
 To gar me ryme and raifs the Feynd with flytting,
 And throw all cuntreis and kinrikis thame proclaime.

20

Quod Dumbar to Kennedy.

[*Kennedy to Dumbar.*]

Dirtin Dumbar, quhome on blawis thow thy boist, 25
 Pretendand the to wryte sic skaldit skrowis?
 Ramowd rebald, thow fall doun att the roist,
 My laurcat lettres at the and I lowis.
 Mandrag, mymmerkyn, maid maister bot in mowsf,
 Thryfs scheild trumpir with ane threid bair goun; 30
 Say, Deo mercy, or I cry the doun,
 And leif thy ryming, rebald, and thy rowis.

Dreid, dirtfaist dearch, that thow hes diffobeyit
 My couising Quintene, and my commissar;
 Fantastik fule, trest weill thow falbe fleyit; 35
 Ignorant elf, aip, owll irregular,
 Skaldit skaitbird, and commoun skamelar,
 Wan fukkit funling that natour maid ane yrle,
 Baith Johine the Ross and thow fall squeill and skirle,
 And evir I heir ocht of your making mair. 40

Heir I put sylence to the in all pairtis,
 Obey and ceiss the play that thow pretendis;
 Waik walidrag, and werlot of the cairtis,
 Se fone thow mak my commissar amendis,
 And lat him lay fax leichis on thy lendis, Fol. 148.a.
 Meikly in recompansing of thi scorne;

45

Or thou fall ban the tyme that thou wes borne,
For Kennedy to the this cedull fendis.

*Quod Kennedy to Dumbar.
Fuge in the next quha gat the war.*

[*Dumbar to Kennedy.*]

Ierfche brybour baird, wyle beggar with thy brattis,
Cuntbittin crawdoun Kennedy, coward of kynd, 50
Evill farit and dryit, as denseman on the rattis,
Lyk as the gleddis had on thy gulesnowt dynd;
Mismaid monstour, ilk mone owt of thy mynd,
Renunce, rebald, thy ryming, thou bot roysis,
Thy trechour tung hes tane ane Heland strynd, 55
Ane Lawland erfs wald mak a bettir noyis.

Revin, raggit ruke, and full of rebaldrie,
Scarth fra scorpione, scaldit in scurrilitie,
I se the haltane in thy harlotrie,
And in to vthir science no thing flie; 60
Off every vertew woyd, as men may sie,
Quytclame clergie, and cleik to the anc club,
Ane baird blasphemar, in brybrie ay to be,
For wit and woisdome ane wisps fra the may rub.

Thow speiris, daftard, gif I dar with the fecht;
Ye dagone, dowbart, thairof haif thow no dowt,
Quhair evir we meit thairto my hand I hecht,
To red thy rebald ryming with a rowt;
Throw all Bretane it falbe blawin owt,
How that thow, poysnit pelour, gat thy paikis; 70
With ane doig leich I schep to gar the schowt,
And nowthir to the tak knyfe, fwerd nor aix.

Thow crop and rute of traitouris treffonable,
The fathir and moder of morthour and mischeif,

Dissaitfull tyrand, with serpentis tung, vnstable,
Cukcald cradoun, coward, and commoun theif;
Thow purpest for to vndo our Lordis cheif
In Paislay, with ane poyfone that wes fell,
For quhilk, brybour, yit fall thow thoill a breif;
Pelour, on the I fall it preif my fell.

Thocht I wald lie, thy frawart phisnomy
Dois manifest thy malice to all men;
Fy! traitour theif, fy! glengoir loun, fy! fy!
Fy! feynly front, far fowlar than ane fen,
My freyindis thow reprovit with thy pen;
Thow leis, tratour, quhilk I fall on the preif;
Suppois thy heid war armit tymis ten,
Thow fall recryat, or thy croun fall cleif.
Fol. 148.b.
85

Or thou durst move thy mynd malitius,
Thow saw the faill abone my heid up draw;
Bot Eolus full woid, and Neptunus,
Mirk and monelesfs, wes met with woundis waw;
And mony hundredreth myll hyne cowd ws blaw,
By Holland, Seland, Zetland and Northway coift,
In desert quhair we wer famist aw;
Yit come I hame, fals baird, to lay thy boift.

Thow callis the rethory with thy goldin lippis;
Na, glowrand, gaipand fule, thow art begyld;
Thow art bot gluntoch with thy giltin hippis,
That for thy lounry mony a leisch hes syld;
Wan wifaged widdefow, out of thy wit gane wyld,
Laithly and lowfy, als lathand as ane leik,
Sen thow with wirscep wald fa fane be styld,
Haill, souerane senyeour, thy bawis hingis throw thy breik
100

Forworthin fule, of all the warlde reffuse,
Ouhat ferly is thocht thou reioys to flyte?

Sic eloquence as thay in Erschry vse,
 In sic is sett thy thraward appetyte,
 Thow hes full littill feill of fair indyte;
 I tak on me ane pair of Lowthiane hippis
 Sall fairar Inglis mak, and mair parfyte,
 Than thow can blabbar with thy Carrik lippis.

110

Bettir thow ganis to leid ane doig to skomer,
 Pynit pykpuris pelour, than with thy maister pingill.
 Thow lay full prydles in the peiss this somer,
 And fane at evin for to bring hame a singe,
 Syne rabbit at ane vthir auld wyfis ingle;
 But now in winter, for purteth thow art traikit,
 Thow hes na breik to latt thy bellokis gyngill;
 Beg the ane club, for, baird, thow fall go naikit.

115

120

Lenc larbar, loungeour, baith lowfy in liske and lonye,
 Fy! skolderit skyn, thow art bot skyre and skrumple;
 For he that rofit Lawarance had thy grunye,
 And he that hid Sanct Johnis ene with ane wimple,
 And he that dang Sanct Augustine with ane rumple,
 Thy fowl front had, and he that Bartilmo flaid;
 The gallowis gaipis eftir thy graceles gruntill,
 As thow wald for ane haggeis, hungry gled.

Fol. 149.a.

125

Commirwald crawdoun, na man comptis the ane kerfs,
 Sueir swappit fwanky, swynckepir ay for swaittis;
 Thy commissar Quintyne biddis the cum kifs his ers,
 He luvis nocht sic ane forlane loun of laittis;
 He fayis, Thow skaffis and beggis mair beir and aitis,
 Nor ony cripill in Karrik land abowt;
 Vthir pure beggaris and thow ar at debaittis,
 Decrepit karlingis on Kennedy cryis owt.

130

135

Matir annwche I haif, I bid nocht fenyie,
 Thocht thow, fowl trumpour, thus vpoun me leid,

Corruptit carioun, he fall I cry thy fenyie;
 Thinkis thou nocht how thou cum in grit neid, 140
 Greitand in Galloway, lyk to ane gallow breid,
 Ramand and rolpand, beggand koy and ox;
 I saw the thair, in to thy wachmanis weid,
 Quhilk wes nocht worth ane pair of auld gray fox.

Ersch Katherene, with thy polk breik and rilling, 145
 Thow and thy quene, as gredy gleddis ye gang
 With polkis to mylne, and beggis baith meill and schilling.
 Thair is bot lyfs, and lang nailis yow amang:
 Fowl heggarbald, for henis thus will ye hang,
 Thow hes ane perrellus face to play with lambis; 150
 Ane thowsfand kiddis, wer thay in faldis full strang,
 Thy lymmerfull luke wald fle thame and thair damis.

In till ane glen thow hes, owt of repair,
 Ane laithly luge that wes the lippir menis;
 With the ane fowtaris wyfe, off blis als bair; 155
 And lyk twa stalkaris steilis in cokis and henis,
 Thow plukkis the pultre, and scho pullis off the penis;
 All Karrik cryis, God gif this dowsy be drownd;
 And quhen thow heiris ane guse cry in the glenis,
 Thow thinkis it swetar than sacrand¹ bell of sound. 160

Thow Lazarus, thow laithly lene tramort,
 To all the warld thow may example be,
 To luk vpoun thy gryslie peteous port, Fol. 149. b.
 For hiddowis, haw, and holkit is thyne e,
 Thy cheik bane bair, and blaiknit is thy ble; 165
 Thy choip, thy choll garris men for to leif chest;
 Thy gane it garris ws think that we mon de:
 I coniure the, thow hungert Heland gaist.

The larbar lukis of thy lang lene craig,
 Thy pure pynt thrott, peilit and owt of ply, 170

¹This word is very indistinct.

Thy skolderit skin, hewd lyk ane saffrone bag,
 Garris men dispyt thar flesche, thow spreit of Gy:
 Fy! feyndly front, fy! tykis face, fy! fy!
 Ay loungand lyk ane loikman on ane ledder;
 [Thy ghaistly luke fleys folkis that pas the by,¹] 175
 Lyk to ane stark theif glowrand in ane tedder.

Nyse nagus, nipcaik with thy schulderis narrow,
 Thow lukis lowfy, loun of lownis aw;
 Hard hurcheoun, hirpland, hippit as ane harrow,
 Thy rigbane rattillis, and thy ribbis on raw; 180
 Thy hanchis hirklis, with hukebanis harth and haw,
 Thy laithly lymis ar lene as ony treis;
 Obey, theif baird, or I fall brek thy gaw;
 Fowl carrybald, cry mercy on thy kneis.

Thow purchippit, vgly averill,
 With hirkland banis, holkand throw thy hyd,
 Reifitit and crynit as hangitman on hill,
 And oft beswakkit with ane ourhie tyd,
 Quhilk brewis mekle barret to thy bryd;
 Hir cair is all to clenge thy cabroch howis,
 Quhair thow lyis sawfy in saphron, bak and syd,
 Powderit with prymrofs, sawrand all with clowifs. 190

Forworthin wirling, I warne the it is wittin,
 How, skyttand skarth, thow hes the hurle behind;
 Wan wraiglane wasp, ma wormiss hes thow beschittin, 195
 Nor hair is gerfs on grund, or leif on lind;
 Thocht thow did first sic foly to my fynd,
 Thow fall agane with ma witnes than I;
 Thy gulsoch gane dois on thy back it bind,
 Thy hostand hippis lattis nevir thy hofs go dry. 200

Thow held the burcht lang with ane borrowit goun,
 And ane caprowsy barkit all with fweit,

¹ This line, wanting in Bannatyne MS., is taken from Maitland MS.

And quhen the laidis saw the fa lyk a loun,
 Thay bickerit the with mony bae and bleit:
 Now vpaland thow leivis on rabbit quheit,
 Oft for ane caus thy burdclaith neidis no spredding,
 For thou hes nowthir for to drink nor eit,
 Bot lyk ane berdles baird, that had no bedding.

Fol. 150.a.
205

Straight Gibbonis air, that nevir ourstred ane hors,
 Bla berfute berne, in bair tyme wes thow borne;
 Thow bringis the Carrik clay to Edinburgh cors
 Vpoun thy botingis, hobland hard as horne;
 Stra wispis hingis owt, quhair that the wattis ar worne.
 Cum thow agane to skar ws with thy strais,
 We fall gar scale our sculis all the to scorne,
 And stanc the vp the calsay quhair thow gais.

210
215

Off Edinburcht the boyis as beis owt thrawis,
 And cryis owt, Ay, heir cumis our awin queir clerk;
 Than fleis thow, lyk ane howlat chest with crawis,
 Quhill all the bichis at thy botingis dois bark;
 Than carlingis cryis, Keip curches in the merk,
 Our gallowis gaipis, lo, quhair ane greceles gais;
 Ane vthir sayis, I see him want ane fark,
 I reid yow, cummer, tak in your lynning clais.

220

Than rynis thow doun the gait, with gild of boyis,
 And all the toun tykis hingand in thy heilis;
 Of laidis and lownis thair ryssis sic ane noyis,
 Quhill runfyis rynnis away with cairt and quheilis,
 And cager aviris castis bayth coillis and creilis;
 For rerd of the, and rattling of thy butis,
 Fische wyvis cryis, Fy! and castis doun fkillis and skeilis;
 Sum clafchis the, sum cloddis the on the cutis.

225
230

Loun, lyk Mahoun, be boun me till obey,
 Theif, or in greif, mischeif fall the betyd;

Cry grace, tykis face, or I the chece and sley; 235
 Oule, rare and yowle, I fall defowll thy pryd;
 Peilit gled, baith fed, and bred of bichis fyd,
 And lyk ane tyk, purspyk, quhat man settis by the.
 Forflittin, countbittin, beschittin, barkit hyd,
 Clym ledger, fyle tedder, foule edder, I defy the. 240

Mauch muttoun, byle buttoun, peilit glutton, air to Hilhou[fs];
 Rank beggar, ostir dregar, foule fleggar, in the flet; 245
 Fol. 150. b.
 Chittir lilling, ruch rilling, lik schilling in the milhoufs;
 Baird rehator, theif of nator, fals tratour, feyindis gett;
 Filling of tauch, rak fauch, ery crauch, thou art our sett; 250
 Muttoun dryver, girnall ryver, yadfwyvar, fowl fell the;
 Herretyk, lunatyk, purspyk, carlingis pet,
 Rottin crok, dirtin dok, cry cok, or I fall quell the.

Quod Dumbar to Kennedy.

[*Kennedy to Dumbar.*]

Dathane diuillis sone, and dragone dispitous,
 Abironis birth, and bred with Beliall; 255
 Wod werwoif, worme, and scorpion vennemous,
 Lucifers laid, fowl Feyindis face infernall;
 Sodomyt, syphareit fra sanctis celestials,
 Put I nocht sylence to the, schipbird knaif,
 And thou of new begynis to ryme and raif, 260
 Thou falbe maid blait, bleir eit bestiall.

How thy forbearis come, I haif a feill,
 At Cokburnis peth, the writ makis me war,
 Generit betuix ane echo beir and a deill,
 Sa wes he callit Dewlbeir, and nocht Dumbar: 265
 This Dewlbeir, generit of a meir of Mar,
 Wes Corspatrik, Erle of Merche; and be illusioun,
 The first that evir put Scotland to confusioune
 Wes that fals tratour, hardely say I dar.

Quhen Bruce and Balioll differit for the croun, 265
 Scottis lordis could nocht obey Inglis lawis;
 This Corspatrik betrasit Berwik toun,
 And flew vij thowfand Scottismen within thay wawis;
 The battall fyne of Spottismuir he gart causis,
 And come with Edwart Langschankis to the feild, 270
 Quhair xij thowfand trew Scottismen wer keild,
 And Wallace cheft, as the carnicle schawis.

Scottis lordis chifstanis he gart hald and cheffone
 In firmance fast, quhill all the feild wes done,
 Within Dumbar, that awld spelunk of tressoun; 275 Fol. 151.a.
 Sa Inglis tykis in Scotland wes abone:
 Than spulyeit thay the haly stane of Scone,
 The croce of Halyrudhoufs, and vthir jowellis.
 He birnis in hell, body, banis and bowellis,
 This Corspatrik that Scotland hes vndone. 280

Wallace gart cry ane counsale in to Perth,
 And callit Corspatrik tratour be his style;
 That dampnit dragone drew him in diserth,
 And sayd he kend bot Wallace king in Kyle.
 Out of Dumbar that theif he maid exyle 285
 Vnto Edward, and Inglis grund agane:
 Tigiris, serpentis and taidis will remane
 In Dumbar wallis, todis, wolffis and beiftis wyle.

Na fowlis of effectis amangis thay binkis
 Biggis, nor abydis for no thing that may be; 290
 Thay stanis of tressone as the bruntstane stinkis.
 Dewlbeiris moder, cassin in by the se,
 The wariet apill of the forbiddin tre,
 That Adame eit quhen he tint paradyce,
 Scho eit invennomit lyk a cokkatryce, 295
 Syne marreit with the Diuill for dignite.

Yit of new treffone I can tell the tailis,
 That cumis on nycht in visioun in my fleip;
 Archbard Dumbar betrafsd the houfs of Hailis,
 Becaus the yung lord had Dumbar to keip; 300
 Pretendand throw that to thair rowmis to creip,
 Rycht crewaly his castell he perfewit,
 Brocht him furth boundin, and the place reskewit,
 Sett him in fetteris in ane dungeon deip.

It war aganis bayth natur and gud reffoun 305
 That Dewlbeiris bairnis wer trew to God or man;
 Quhilikis wer baith gottin, borne and bred with treffoun,
 Belgebubbis oyis, and curst Corpatrikis clan:
 Thow wes prestyt, and ordanit be Sathan,
 For to be borne to do thy kin defame, 310
 And gar me schaw thy anteceffouris schame;
 Thy kin that leivis may wary the and ban.

Sen thow on me thus, lymmer, leis and trattillis,
 And fyndis sentence foundit of invy, Fol. 151.1
 Thy elderis banis ilk nycht ryfis and rattillis,
 And on thy corfs, Vengance, vengence, thay cry.
 Thow art the caufs thay may noth rest nor ly;
 Thow fayis for thame few falptaris, falmis or creidis,
 Bot garis me tell thair rentellis and misdeidis,
 And thair auld syn with new schame certefy. 315
 320

Insenfwat fow, ceifs fals Ewftace air,
 And knaw, kene skald, I hald of Alathia,
 And caufs me nocht the caufs lang to declair
 Of thy curst kin, Dewlbeir and his Allia:
 Cum to the corfs on kneis and mak a cria; 325
 Confess thy cryme, hald Kennedy thy king,
 And with ane authorne skurge thy self and ding;
 Thus dre thy pennance, Delequisti quia.

Past to my commissar, and be confess,
Cour befoir him on kneis, and cum in will; 330
And syne gar Stobo for thy life protest;
Renunce thy rymis, baith ban and birn thy bill,
Heive to the hevin thy handis, and hald the still.
Do thow nocht thus, brigane, thow falbe brint,
With pik, fyre, ter, gun powder and lint, 335
On Arthowr Sait or on ane hiear hill.

I perambulat of Pernaso the montane,
Enspyrit with Mercury fra his goldin spheir;
And duely drank of eloquence the fontane,
Quhen it wes purefeit with frost, and flowit cleir:
And thou come, fule, in Merche or Februeir,
Thair till ane pule, and drank the paddok rude,
That garris the ryme in to thy termis gude,
And blabbaris that novis menis heiris to heir.
340

Thow Iuvis name Ersche, elf, I vndirftand,
Bot it fowld be all trew Scottismennis leid; 345
It wes the gud langage of this land,
And Scota it causit to multeply and spreid;
Quhill Corpatrik, that we of tressoun reid,
Thy forfader, maid Ersche and Erschmen thin.
Throw his tressoun brocht Inglis rumpillis in,
Sa wald thy self, mycht thow to him succeid. 350

Ignorant fule, in to thy mowis and mokkis,
It may be verifeit that thy wit is thin;
Quhair thou wryttis Densmen dryit on the rattis, 355
Densmen of Denmark ar of the kingis kin.
The wit thou sould haif had, wes cassin in
Evin at thy ers, bakwart, with ane stalf flung.
Heirfoir, fals harlott, hurfone, hald thy tung:
Dewlbeir, thou deivis the Devill, thy eme, with din. 360
Fol. 152.a.

Quhair, as thow faid, I staw henis and lammis,
 I lat the wit, I haif landis, stoir and stakkis.
 Thow wald be fane to knaw, laird with thy gamis,
 Vndir my burde, snoch banis behind doggis bakkis:
 Thow hes ane tome purfs, I haif steidis and takkis, 365
 Thow tynt coulter, I haif culter and pluch;
 For substance and geir thow hes a widdy twch,
 On Mont Falcone, abowt thy craig to rax.

And yit Mont Falcone gallowis is our fair,
 For to be fylit with sic ane frutles face, 370
 Cum hame, and hing vndir our gallowis of Air;
 To erd the vndir it I fall purches grace;
 To eit thy flesch the doggis fall haif na space,
 The revynis fall ryfe na thing bot thy tung ruttis,
 For thow sick malice of thy maister mutis, 375
 It is weill fett that thow sic barret brace.

Small fynance amangis thy freyndis thow beggit,
 To stanche thy scorne, with haly muldis thow lost;
 Thow salit to get a dowkar for to dregg it,
 It lyis clofit in ane clowt on Northway cost: 380
 Sic rewll garris the be seruit with cauld rost,
 And fitt onswpit oft beyond the se,
 Cryand at durris, Carritas amore Dei,
 Bairfute, breikles, and all in duddis vpdoft.

Dewllbeir hes nocht ado with ane Dumbar, 385
 The Erle of Murray bure that surname rycht,
 That evir trew and constant to the King grace war,
 And of that kin come Dumbar of Westfeild knycht:
 That successioun is hardy, wyse and wicht,
 And hes na thing ado now with the, diuill; 390
 Bot Dewllbeir is thy kin, and kennis the weill,
 And hes in Hell for the ane chalmer dycht.

Curst cropand craw, I fall gar crop thy young,
 And thou fall cry, Cor mundum, on thy kneis;
 Derch, I fall ding the, quhill thou bayth dryt and doung, 395
 And thou fall lik thy lippis, and fueir thou leifs:
 I fall degraid the, graceleſſ, of thy greis;
 Scale the for scorne, and scar the of thy fwle,
 Gar round thy heid, transforme the as a fule,
 And with tressone gar trone the on the treis. 400

Rawmowd rebald, rannegald rehatour,
 My lynnage and forbearis wer ay leill;
 It cumis oft to the to be ane tratour,
 To ryd on nycht, to rin, to reif, to steill.
 Quhen thou putis poysone to me, I appeill
 The in that pairte, and preif it on thy persoun;
 Cleme nocht to clergy, for I defy the, garfoun,
 Thow falby it deir annuch, derch, of the deill.

Fol. 152.b.

In Ingland, owle, sowld be thy habitatioun,
 Homage to Edward Langschankis maid thy kin, 410
 In Dumbar ressauit him thy fals natioun,
 Thay sowld be exylit Scotland mair and myn.
 Ane stark gallowis, ane widdy and ane pin,
 The heid poynt of thy elderis armis ar;
 Writtin in poysic abone, Hang Dumbar; 415
 Quartar and draw, and mak that surname thin.

I am the kingis blude, his trew speciall clerk,
 That nevir yit imogenit his offence,
 Constand in mynd, in thocht, wird and werk,
 Only dependand vpoun his excellencie: 420
 Treſtand to haif of his magnificence,
 Gwairdoun, reward and benefyce bedene;
 Quhair that the revynis fall ryfe out bayth thy enc,
 And on the rattis falbe thy residence.

Fra Atrik Forrest furthward to Drumfreifs, 425
 Thow beggit, with ane perdoun in all kirkis,
 Collapps, crudis, meill, grottis, gryce, and geifs;
 And vndir nycht quhylis thow stall staigis and stirkis.
 Becaups Scotland of thy begging irkis,
 Thow schaipis in France to be knyght of the feild; 430
 Thow hes thy clam schellis and thy burdoun keild,
 Vnhonest wayis all, wolrun, that thow wirkis.

Thow may nocht pafs Mont Bernard for wyld beiftis,
 Nor win throw Mont Scarpy for the snaw;
 Mont Nicholace, Mont Godard the arreiftis, 435
 Sic beis of briggand blindis thame with ane blaw.
 In Paris with thy maister burreaw
 Abyd, and be his prenteifs neir the bank,
 And help to hang the pece for half ane frank,
 And at the last thy self man thoill the law. 440

Haltand harlott, the diuill a gude thow heis,
 For falt of pussance, pelour, thow ma pak the;
 Thow drank thy thirst, and als wedsett thy clais,
 Thair is na lord in seruice that will tak the.
 Ane pak of flaskynis, fynance for to mak the, 535
 Thow fall ressaif, in Daneskyn, of my tailye;
 With De profundis fett the, and that felye,
 And I fall send the blak Deill for to bak the.

Fol. 153.a.

445

In to the Katherene thow maid ane fowl kahute,
 For thow bedrait hir, doun fra stern to steir;
 Vpoun hir syddis wes fene that thow cowd schute,
 The dirt cleivis till hir towis this twenty yeir:
 The firmament nor firth wes nevir cleir,
 Quhill thow, deuillis birth, Dewlbeir, wes on the fee,
 The fawlis had fuckin throw the fin of thee, 450
 War nocht the pepill maid sic grit prayer. 455

Quhen that the schip was sanit and vndir faill,
 Soule brow in hoill thow purpofst for to pafs,
 Thow schott and wes nocht sicker of thy taill,
 Beschait the steir, the cumpafs and the glafs; 460
 The skippar bad gar land the at the Bafs;
 Thow spewit and keft owt mony laithly lump,
 Faster nor all the marineirs cowd pump;
 And yit thy wame is war nor evir it wafs.

Had thay bene fa prowydit of schott of gvn, 465
 Be men of weir but perrell thay had past;
 As thow wes lowfs, and reddy of thy bun,
 Thay micht haif tane na tollum at the last;
 For thow wald cuke ane cairtfull at the cast:
 Thair is no schip that the will now reffaif; 470
 Thow fylit faster nor fyntenesum mycht laif,
 And myr thame with thy mvk to the midmaist.

Throw England, theif, and tak the to thy fute,
 And boun to haif with the ane fals botwand;
 Ane horfmerchell thow call the at the mute, 475
 And with that craft convoy the throw the land;
 Be na thing airch, tak ferely on hand;
 Happin thow to be hangit in Northumber,
 Than all thy kyn ar weill quyt of thy cummer,
 For that mon be thy dome, I vndirstand. 480

Hie souerane lord, lat nevir this sinfull fote
 Do schame fra hame vnto your natioun;
 Lat nevirnane, sic ane, be callit a Scott,
 Ane rottin crok, lowfs of the dok, thairdoun.
 Fra honest folk devoyd this laithly loun; 485
 On sum desert, quhair thair is no repair,
 For fylling and infecking of the air,
 Caufs¹ cary this cankerit corruptit carioun.

Fol. 153.b.

¹ *Caufs* has been afterwards inferted.

Thow wes confauit in the grit ecclippis,
 Ane monstour maid be grit Mercurius;
 Na hald agane, nor ho is at thy hippis,
 Infortunat, false and furius.

490

Evill schrevin, wan threvin, nocht clene nor curius;
 Ane myting, fule of flyting, the flurdome maist lyk,
 Ane rabbit, skabbit, evil faicit messane tyk;
 Ane schitt, but witt, schrewit and injurius.

500

Grit in the glaikis gud Maistir Gwilliane gukkis,
 Our impersyte in poetrie and in profs,
 All cloffis vndir clud of nycht thow cukkis.
 Rymifs thow of me, of rethory the rofs,
 Lunatyk, lymmar, luschbald, loufs thy hoifs,
 That I may twich thy young with tribulatioun,
 In recompanisng of thy conspiratioun,
 Or turfs the owt of Scotland: tak thy choifs.

505

Ane benefice quha wald gif sic ane beift,
 Bot gif it war to jyngill Judas bellis;
 Tak the ane fiddill or floyit to jeift,
 Vndocht, thow art ordanit to nocht ellis.
 Thy clowtit cloik, thy crip, and thy clamischellis,
 Cleik on thy croce, and fair on in to France,
 And cum thow nevir agane but ane mischance,
 The Feyind fair with the fordwart our the fellis.

510

515

Cankerit cayne, tryd trowane, tutevilloufs,
 Marmadin, mymmerkin, monstour of all men,
 I fall gar bak the to the laird of Hilhoufs,
 To swelly the in steid of ane pullit hen.
 Fowmart, fazart, fosterit in filth and fen,
 Fowle fownd, fleird fule, vpoun thy phisnomy;
 Thy dok ay drepis of dirt, and will nocht dry,
 To twme thy tvn it wald tyre carlingis ten.

520

525

Conspiratour, curst kokatrice, hellis ka,
 Turk, trumpour, tratour, tirrane intemperat;
 Thow yrfull attircop, Pylat appostata,
 Judafs, jow, juglour, Lollard lawreat;
 Sayarene, symonyte, prowd paganc pronounceat, 530
 Mahomeit, manesworne, bugrist abhominable;
 Devill, dampnit doig, sodomyt vnsfaciable,
 With Gog and Magog greit glorificat.

Nero thy nevoy, Golias thy grantschir,
 Pharo thy fadeir, Egippa thy dame, 535
 Deulbeir, thir ar the caussis that I confypyre,
 Termegantis temptis and Vespasius thy eme;
 Belzebub thy full broder will clame
 To be thy air, and Cayphass thy feſtour;
 Pluto the heid of thy kin, and proteſtour, 540
 To leid the to hell, of licht day and lemie.

Herod thy vthir eme, and grit Egeafs,
 Martiane, Mahomeit, and Maxentius,
 Thy trew kynifmen, Antenor and Eneafs,
 Throip thy neir neice, and awſterne Olibrius, 545
 Pettedew, Baall and Eubulus;
 Thir freyndis ar the flour of thy foir braynchis,
 Steirand the pottis of hell, and nevir ſtenchis;
 Dout nocht, Deulbeir, tu es Diabolus.

Deulbeir, thy ſpeir of weir, but feir, thow ycild, 550
 Hangit, mangit, eddirstangit, ftryndic ſtultorum,
 To me, maift he Kennedie, and flie the feild,
 Pickit, wickit, ſtickit, convickit, lamp Lullardorum,
 Diffamit, ſchamit, blamit, primas Pagaorium.
 Out, out, I ſhowt, vpoun that ſnovt that ſnevillis; 555
 Taill tellar, rebelliar, indwellar with the diuillis,
 Spink, ſink with ſtink, ad Tertara termagorum.

Quod Kennedy to Dumbar.
Juge ye now heir quha gat the war. Finis.

CLXIX.

[*I, Maister Andro Kennedy.*]

I MAISTER Andro Kennedy,
 Curro quando sum vocatus,
 Gottin with sum incuby,
 Or with sum freir infatuatus;
 In faith I can nocht tell redly,
 Vnde aut vbi fui natus,
 Bot in trewth I trow trewly,
 Quod sum diabolus incarnatus.

5

Cum nichill sit certius morte,
 We mone all de quhen we haif done,
 Nescimus quando vel qua forte,
 Nor blynd allane wait of the mone.
 Ego patior in pectore,
 This nyght I micht nocht sleip a wink;
 Licet eger in corpore,
 Yit wald my mowth be watt with drink.

10

15 Fol. 154.b.

Nunc condo testamentum meum;
 I leif my faule for evirmair,
 Per omnipotentem Deum,
 In to my lordis wyne fellair;
 Semper ibi ad remanendum,
 Quhill domisday without dissauer,
 Bonum vinum ad bibendum,
 With sueit Cuthbert that lufit me nevir.
 Ipse est dulcis ad amandum,
 He wald oft ban me in his breth;
 Det michi modo ad potandum,
 And I forgaif him laith and wreth.

20

25

Quia in cellario cum ceruicia,
 I had lever ly baith air and lait,
 Nudus folus in camisia,
 Nor in my lordis bed of stait.
 Ane barrell bung ay at my bosum,
 Off warldis gud I bad na [mair¹;]²
 Et corpus meum ebriosum,
 I leif in to the toun of Air.
 In ane draff mydding for evir and ay,
 Vt ibi sepeliri queam,
 Quhair drink and draff may ilka day
 Be cassin super faciem meam.

30

35

40

I leif my haire that nevir wes ficker,
 Sed semper variabile,
 That nevir mair wald flow and flicker,
 Conforti meo Jacobe.
 Thocht I wald bind it with a wicker,
 Verum Deum renui;
 Bot and I hecht to teme a bicker,
 Hoc pa&ctum semper tenui.

Syne leif I the best aucht I bocht,
 Quod est Latinum propter cape,
 To the hede of my kin, bot wait I nocht
 Quis est ille, than schro my skape.
 I tald my lord my heid but hiddill,
 Sed nulli alii hoc sciuerunt;
 We wer als fib as seif and riddill,
 In vna filua que creuerunt.

45

Fol. 155.a.

55

Omnia mea solatia,
 Thay wer bot lesingis all and ane;
 Cum omni fraude et fallacia,
 I leif the Maistir of Sanct Anthane,

60

¹ Cut away when the MS. was inlaid.² This line has been first written *In flexil of ane braid bostair*, and afterwards erased.

William Gray, sine gratia,
 My awin deir coufing, as I wene,
 Qui nunquam fabricat mendacia,
 Bot quhen the holene growis grene.

My fenyeing and my fals wynning.
 Relinquo falsis fratribus;
 For that is Goddis awin bidding,
 Disparfis dedit pauperibus.
 For menis faulis thay fay and sing,
 Mentientes pro mvneribus;
 Now God gif thame ane evill ending,
 Pro suis prauis operibus.

To Jok Fule, my foly fre,
 Lego post corpus sepultum;
 In fayth I am mair fule than he,
 Licet ostendo bonum vultum.
 Off corne and cattell, geir¹ and fie,
 Ipse habet valde multum,
 And yit he bleiris me lordis e,
 Fingendo eum fore stultum.

To Maister Johine Clerk syne,
 Do et lego intime
 Godis braid malefome and myne,
 Nam ipse est causa mortis mee.
 Wer I a doig and he a fwyne,
 Multi mirantur super me,
 Bot I sould gar that lurdoun quhryne,
 Scribendo dentes sine de.

Residuum omnium bonorum
 For to dispone my lord fal haif,
 Cum tutela puerorum,
 Baith Ade, Kittie and all the laif.

¹ Changed by another pen to *gold*.

65

70

75

80

85

90

Fol. 155.b.

I faith I will no langar raif,
Pro sepultura ordino,
On the new gyſſ, fa God me saif, 95
Non sicut more folito.

In die mee sepulture
I will haif nane bot our awin ging,
Et duos rusticos de rure
Berand ane barrell on a ſting; 100
Drinkand, and playand cop out evin,
Sicut egomet solebam;
Singand and greitand with he ſtevin,
Potum meum cum fletu miscebam.

I will no preiftis for me ſing,
Dies illa, dies ire; 105
Nor yit na bellis for me ring,
Sicut ſemper folet fieri;
Bot a bagpyp to play a ſpring,
Et vnum ailwisp ante me,
In ſtcid of torchis for to bring 110
Quatuor laginas ceruicie;
Within the graif to ſett ſic thing,
In modum crucis juxta me;
To fle the feyndis than hardly ſing, 115
De terra plafnasti me.

Heir endis the Tesment of Maifir Andro Kennedy,
Maid be Dumbar, quhen he wes lyk to dy.

CLXX.

[*I yeid the Gait wes nevir gane.*]

I YEID the gait wes nevir gane;
 I fand the thing wes nevir fund;
 I saw vnder ane tre bowane,
 A lowfs man lyand bund;
 Ane dum man hard I full lowd speik; 5
 Ane deid man hard I sing;
 Ye may knaw be my talking eik,
 That this is no lesing.
 And als ane blindman hard I reid,
 Vpoun a buke allane; 10 Fol. 156.a.
 Ane handles man I saw but dreid.
 In caichepule fast playane.
 As I come by yone Forrest flat,
 I hard thame baik and brew; 15
 Ane rattoun in a window fatt,
 Sa fair a feme coud schew.
 And cumand by Loch Lomont huth,
 Ane malwart tred a maw;
 Gife ye trow nocth this sang be futh, 20
 Speir ye at thame that faw;
 I saw ane gufs virry a fox,
 Rycht far doun in yone flak;
 I saw ane lavrock flay ane ox,
 Richt he vp in yone stak. 25
 I saw a weddir wirry [ane]¹ wouf,
 Heich vp in a law;
 The killing with hir mekle mowth,
 Ane stoir horne cowd scho blaw;
 The partane with hir mony feit, 30
 Scho spred the mvk on feild;

¹ In MS. *wirry* is repeated instead of *ane*.

In frost and snaw, wind and weit,
 The lapstar deip furris teild.
 I saw baith buck¹ da and ra,
 In mercat skarlet fell;
 Twa leisch of grew hundis I saw alswa, 35
 The pennysis doun cowd tell;
 I saw ane wran ane watter waid,
 Hir clais wer kiltit hie;
 Vpoun hir bak ane milstane braid
 Scho bure, this [is] no lie. 40
 The air come hirpland to that toun,
 The preiftis to leir to spell;
 The hurchoun to the kirk maid boun,
 To ring the commoun bell;
 The mowfs grat that the cat wes deid, 45
 That all hir kin mycht rew;
 Quhen all thir tailis are trew in deid,
 All wemen will be trew.

Finis.

C L X X I.

Of May.

Fol. 156. b.

MAY is the moneth maist amene,
 For thame in Venus seruice bene,
 To recreat thair havy hartis;
 May cauissis curage frome the splene,
 And every thing in May revartis. 5

In May the plesant spray vpspringis;
 In May the mirthfull maveiss singis;

¹ This word is very indistinct.

And now in May to madynnis fawis,
With tymmer wechtis to trip in ringis,
And to play vpcoil with the bawis.

10

In May gois gallandis bring in symmer,
And trymly occupyis thair tymmer,
With Hunts vp, every morning plaid;
In May gois gentill wemen gymmer,
In gardynnis grene thair grumis to glaid.

15

In May quhen men yeid everich one,
With Robene Hoid and Littill Johne,
To bring in bowis and birkin bobbynis;
Now all sic game is fastlingis gone,
Bot gif it be amangis clovin robbynis.

20

Abbotis by rewll, and lordis but reffone,
Sic fenyeouris tymis ourweill this sessone,
Vpoun thair vyce war lang to waik,
Quhais falsatt, fibilnes and tressone,
Hes rung thryis oure this zodiak.

25

In May begynnis the golk to gaill;
In May drawis deir to doun and daill;
In May men mellis with famyny,
And ladeis meitis thair luvaris laill,
Quhen Phebus is in Gemyny.

30

Butter, new cheis, and beir in May,
Comamis,¹ cokkillis, curdis and quhay,
Lapstaris, lempettis, muffillis in schellis,
Grene leikis and all sic men may say,
Suppois sum of thame fourly smellis.

Fol. 157.a.

35

In May grit men within thair boundis,
Sum halkis the walteris, sum with houndis

¹ Indistinct in MS., possibly *Condatis*.

The hairis owtthrowch the forrestis cachis,
Syne efter thame thair ladeis foundis,
To sent the rynnyng of the rachis.

40

In May frank archeris will affix
In place to meit, syne marrowis mix,
To schute at buttis, at bankis and brais;
Sum at the reveris, sum at the prikkis;
Sum laich and to beneth the clais.

45

In May sowlid men of amouris go,
To serf thair ladeis and no mo,
Sen thair releis in ladeis lyis;
For sum may cum in favouris fo,
To kifs his loif on Buchone wyis.

50

In May gois dammosalis and dammis,
In gardyingis grene to play like lammis;
Sum at the baireis thay brace like billeis;
Sum rynis at barlabreikis like rammis;
Sum round abowt the standand pilleis.

55

In May gois madynis till La reit,
And hes thair mynyonis on the streit,
To hors thame quhair the gait is ruch;
Sum at Inchebukling bray thay meit,
Sum in the middis of Muffilburgh.

60

So May and all thir monethis thre,
Ar hett and dry in thair degre;
Heirfoir ye wantoun men in yowth,
For helth of body now haif e,
Nocht oft till mell with thankless mowth.

65

Sen every pastyme is at pleasure,
I counsale yow to mel with mesure,

Fol. 157.b.

And namely now, May, June and Julij,
Delyt nocht lang in luvaris lefure,
Bot weit your lippis and labor hully.

70

Quod Scott.

CLXXII.

*The nyne Ordour of Knavis,
Thair vse and thair feir.
In mynd quha thame havis,
Lo, heir thame heir.*

Troll Trotter.

TROLL Trotter on befoir and takis no heid;
Ane myle his maistir fra the way that loun will him leid;
He spairis nocht his maistiris hors be the spurris his awin,
With prickin and with pransing that knaif wald be knawin.
He is als gay in his hart as ane bryd grome,
For to speik with ane man he takkis him no tome;
He is so glaid, and so licht and full of parramouris,
He will nocht wait on his maistir the space of sex houris:
He will thryve, wat ye quhen?¹ Be God I trow nevir,
For to be ane verry knaif that shrew schupis evir.

5

10

Troll By.

Troll By be his maistir frakly will ryd,
And with ane hude on his heid hovis him besyd;
Cheik for cheik also and fakfallow lyk;
And with ane quarrell to riche and to pure ay reddy to pyk.

¹ Written *quen* in MS.

And with ane knavis contenance his hand on his knyfe, 15
 With all maneris but mair as he fowld nevir thryfe;
 He is als hie in his hart as ane warriour,
 And he and proud as ane vane woustour;
 He is a coward weill kend ammangis the rawis; 20
 He wald be oft in the stokkis gife he had ryght lawis.

Troll Hafart.

Troll Hafart of the trace he trottis on soft,
 Ane myle behind his maistir he cumis full oft;
 Bydis noppand and noddand, and takkis na keip, Fol. 158.a.
 For ony aw of his maistir that schrew fallis on sleip;
 Ay lichtand and pischeand the knave cumis behind, 25
 And bydis abak at the bank as he wer stane blind;
 And quhen his maistir him missis thair mon be keiking,
 For to gett that said schrew for he is oft a feiking.
 He is ane rekles boy in preiss and in neid,
 To his maistir nor his geir he takkis no heid; 30
 Pairt is tynt, pairt is stowin, quhair he can noct tell,
 Ane vthir pairt lyis in wed, and pairt will he fell:
 And he wer to be hung vp this dastard than war wrangit,
 Bot gif he wer hiest of all on the gallowis hangit.

Troll of the Tre Trace.

Troll of the tre trace is reddy ay drukkin, 35
 He is als evill to fynd as he in Hell war fuckin;
 And quhen his maistir cryis hors and to the fair will mynt,
 Then the kie of the stable dur is with the knaif tynt;
 The dur mon be brockin, the maistir may noct byd,
 The diuill a thing of his geir is reddy then to ryd. 40
 Quhair hes thow bene, hurfoun, thow fals cursit loun?
 Sir, I was on the baxstar spoungeland your goun.

With ilk lesing ma then vthir that knaif will put ammangit,
 And his countenance than is as he wer to be hangit;
 All this he will foryet lang or it be ewin,
 Thair is na mendis for that millegant he is sa wan theyv[in].

45

Fidofragus.

He comptis on his maistiris horfs in come and in hay,
 All that him self drinkis and at the dyce will play;
 And so of his maistiris purfs no thing will he fpair,
 And all his for the horfs faik thay have fo gud a fair.
 The tapstar and the fals knave haldis on ane mene;
 He comptis on his horfs fair baith him and his quene;
 And quhen his maistir plenyeis on his horfs cheir,
 And wonderis oft in his mynd thair cost is so deir,
 He sayis thay ar feik within, or then hes the stule,
 And thus he bleiris his maistiris ee, and makis him ane fule.
 And so he standis in ane pleid with ane hie fair,
 And will fecht with ony man that fayis the contrair.
 Bot in schort, at ane word, mendis is thair name,
 Quhill that this falss knaif be to gallois gane.

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55

60

Chaiſt Luter.

Fol. 153. b.

Chaiſt Luter gois to bed and syne rubbis his tais,
 He will nocht ryſs to the pott, bot pischis amang the strais,
 And lyis still lounderand as he had nocht to done;
 He will nocht get vp on fute quhill it be neir none.
 His clais is oft in wanting and sic is his gyifs,
 He throwis and he puttis fast at his vly pyifs;
 His faice als stiff is for fcleip and his ene fowin,
 His heid ay vnkemunt is, and with hair ovir growin.
 Be his hois be pointtit vp and schone on his feit,
 He gois to fkemmill vp and doun, to drynk he is evir meit;

65

70

To the aill and the wyne glaidly will he gang;
 He will fecht that fals knaif with wylis and with wrang.
 With the butis he will fyle the bed and all the array,
 And ay on his maistiris spurris he levis the awld clay;
 And thus he fairis quhan he cumis in everilk place; 75
 Sic ane boy may ye wene fall nevir cum to grace.

Gillie Hatchatt.

This Gilly Hatchett in his bed cowthis at his eiss,
 And fyndis ane mene to ly still and his maistir pleiss.

Haill Harlott.

Haill Harlott in hall to ryiss he is richt laith,
 Quhill it be none past he drawis him nocth a clraith; 80
 And quhen it is fo he seikis for his fark;
 Ay to skart and to claw is his first wark.
 He is lang in lasing and bueling vp his geir,
 And arrayis him richt so as he wer new to leir;
 His clais ar nocth weill on quhen it is ewin; 85
 He is ane verry loffinger and ane wanthrevin,
 And ilk day ane new maistir that harlot will haif;
 He governis ay with sfeirnes as a fals knaif.

Fathir Abbott.

Fathir Abbott of this ordour is sett in his hie stall,
 To be maistir as Schir Malapairt and chosin our thame all, 90
 And dreidles and schameles his chaiplanis ar furth socht,
 Nowdir can thay sing weill nor yit reid thay ocht;
 Rekleflely on thair fawll religioun can thay tak,
 Priour and suppriour sone thay thame mak; Fol. 159.a.
 3 K

And all thair officiaris thay are lyk vthir,
In govirnance and misgyding lyk vthiris bruthir.
Pykharnes to be ficker it becumis best,
He will talk mekle thing and nevir be confest.

95

Finis.

CLXXIII.

Epigrammis of Maistir Haywod.

ON blyndman to supper an vder bad:
Quhilk tway fitting at sic meit as thay had,
Me think, quod the blynd host, this candle burne dyme;
So think me, schir, quod the blynd gaist to him.
Wyfe, said the gudman, with sorrow mend this lycht: 5
Scho put owt the candle, quhilk brunt verry bricht,
And set doun empty chandleris two or thre;
So, lo, now eit and welcome, nechtbour, quod hie.

5

A Witty Wyfe.

Jane, quod James, to ane schort demand of myne,
Ansuer nocht with a lie frome that mowth of thyne, 10
And tak the a noble; quhilk, quhen scho had tane;
Is thy husband, quod he, a cokcald, Jane?
Scho stoid still, and to this wold no word speik;
Fromie quhilk dum deling, quhen he cowld hir nocht breik,
He axt his noble agane. Quhy, quod schee, 15
Maid I lie to the? nay, quod hie.
Than weill fill, quod sche, this wage I win cleir,
And thow of my counsale no moir the weir.

10

15

Godis fawle, sayis he, and flong away in tene,
 I will nevir wod with that woman agane;
 For as scho in speich can revyle a man,
 So man in fylence scho begyle can.

20

Of a evill Governoour callit Jude.

A rewlar thair was in cuntry a far,
 And of peple a grit extortianar,
 Quho by name, as I vndirstand, wes callit Jude. 25
 On gaif him an ase, quhilk quhen he had vewd,
 He askit the gever, for quhat intent
 He brocht him that ase for a present.
 I bring it, Maistir Jude, quod he, to yow hither,
 To joyne Maistir Jude and the ase togither; 30
 Quhilk two joint in on thus it bringis to pafs,
 I may bid yow gudday, Maistir Judas.
 Macabeus or Iscariot, thow knaif, quod he?
 Quhome it pleifs your maistirschip, so lat it be.

Fol. 159. b.

A Man of Law.

Twanty clyantis to on man of law, 35
 For counfale in xx^{tie} diuerss materis did draw:¹
 Ilk on praying at on instant to speid,
 As all attains wald haif speid to proceid.
 Freyndis all, quod the lernit man, I will speik with none,
 Till on barbour haif schavin all on by on. 40
 To a barbour thay went altogether,
 And being schavin thay returnd agane hither;
 Ye haif, quod the lawer, tareid long hence.
 Sir, quod on, twenty cowld nocht be schavin fence,
 Off on barbour, for ye weill vndirstand, 45
 On barbour can haif bot on schaving hand.

40

45

¹ First written *schaw*.

Nor on laweir, quod he, bot [on] talking tung;
 Lerne, clientis, this lessone off the lawer sprung:
 Lyk as the barbour on estir on most fchaine,
 So clyentis off counsalouris counsalc most haive.

50

Of a Presoner condempnit.

In prefone a presoner condempnit to die,
 And for executiou wating on daylie;
 In his handis for wormes loking on a day,
 Smyling to him self thir wordis did say;
 Sen my four quarteris in four quarteris fal stand,
 Quhy harme I thir silly wormes eiting my hand?
 Nocht ellis in this doing bot my self I schaw
 Ennemy to the worme and freynd to the craw.

55

Finis quod Maistir Haywod.

CLXXIV.

[*Be mirry Bretherene ane and all.*]

BE mirry bretherene ane and all,
 And fett all sturt on syd,
 And every ane togidder call
 To God to be our gyd.
 For als lang leivis the mirry man,
 As dois the wrech for ocht he can;
 Quhen Deid him strekis he wait nocht quhan,
 And chairgis him to byd.

Fol. 160.a.

5

The riche than fall nocht sparit be,
 Thocht thay haif gold and land,
 Nor yit the fair for thair bewty
 Can nocht that chaire geane stand.
 Thocht wicht or waik wald fle away,
 No dowt bot all mon ranfone pay;
 Quhat place or quhair can no man fay,
 Be sie or yit be land.

10

15

Quhairfoir my counfaill, brethir, is
 That we togidder sing;
 And all to loif that Lord of blifs,
 That is of hevynis King;
 Quha knawis the secreit thochtis and dowt,
 Off all our hairtis round about;
 And he quha thinkis him nevir sa stout,
 Mone thoill that pvnissing.

20

Quhat man but ftryf in all his lyfe
 Doith test moir of deidis pane,
 Nor dois the man quhilk on the sie
 His leving feikis to gane?
 For quhen distrefs dois him oppress,
 Than to the Lord for his redrefs,
 Quha gaif command for all exprefs,
 To call and nocht refrane.

25

30

The mirryest man that leivis on lyfe,
 He failis on the sie,
 For he knawis nowdir sturt nor ftryfe,
 Bot blyth and mirry be.
 Bot he that hes ane evill wyfe
 Hes sturt and sorrow all his lyfe,
 And that man quhilk leivis ay in ftryfe,
 How can he mirry be?

35

40

Ane evill wyfe is the werst aucht,

Fol. 160. b.

That ony man can haif,

For he may nevir fit in faucht,

Onles he be hir fklafif.

Bot of that fort I knaw nane vder,

45

Bot owtir a kukald or his bruder;

Cuntlairdis and cukkaldis all togidder

May wifs thair wyfis in graif;

Becaufs thair wyfis hes maiftery,

50

That thay dar nawayiss cheip,

Bot gif it be in priuity,

Quhan thair wyfis ar on fleip.

Ane mirry in thair cumpany

Wer to thame worth baith gold and fie,

55

Ane menstrall could nocht bocht be,

Thair mirth gif he could beit.

Bot of that fort quhilk I report,

60

I knaw nane in this ring,

Bot we may all, baith grit and small,

Gladly baith dance and sing.

Quha lift nocht heir to mak gud cheir,

Perchance his gudis ane vthir yeir

Be spent quhen [he] is brocht to beir,

Quhen [h]is wyfe takis the fling.

It hes bene fene that wyfe wemen,

65

Eftir thair husbandis deid,

Hes gottin men hes gart thame ken,

Gif thay mycht beir grit laid;

With ane grene fling hes gart thame bring

70

The geir quhilk won wes be ane dring,

And sync gart all the bairnis sing

Ramulloch in thair beddis.

Than wad scho say, Allace this day,

For him that wan this geir,

Quhen I him had, I skairfly said,

My hairt anis mak gud cheir:

Or I had lettin him spend a plak,

I lever haif wittin him brokin his bak,

Or ellis his craig had gottin a crak,

Our the heicht of the stair.

75

Fol. 161, a.

80

Ye neigartis than example tak,

And leir to spend your awin;

And with gud freyndis ay mirry mak,

That it may be weill knawin,

That thou art he quha wan this geir;

85

And for thy wyfe se thou nocht spair,

With gud freyndis ay to mak repair,

Thy honesty may be knawin.

Finis, quod I, quha fettis nocth by

90

The ill wyffis of this toun,

Thocht for dispyt with me wald flyt,

Gif thay micht put me doun.

Gif ye wald knaw quha maid this fang,

Quhiddir ye will him heid or hang,

Flemyng is name quhair evir he gang,

95

In place or in quhat toun.

Explicit quod Flemyng.

CLXXV.

[*Epigrammis of Maistir Haywod.*]

*A Number of Rattis mistakin for a Number of
Diuillis.*

A BIG bricht man fering a deir yeir to cum,
Beiftowd in his breik a cheife hard by his bun; 5
And leving of theis hoifs dayis two or thre,
Rattis two or thre crop in that breik thay be,
Poynting thame selffis of that cheife to be keiparis,
In quhilk war wache be sure thay war no slepars; 10
No wicht ryding man from Sandwich to Sarum
Cowld win that cheife frome thame withoutt a larum.
At thre dayis end this man putting theis hoifs on,
Having tyid his poyntis, the rattis began annone 15
To start and to stur that breiche round abowt,
To seik and fynd sum flicht quhat way to win owt;
Bot that breik was bolstird fo with suche brod barris,
Suche crankis, suche connyng hoillis, suche cuttis and suche carris,
With ward within ward, that the rattis wer alfs fast, 20 20
As thocht in Newgait with thevis thay had benc cast.
Bot this man in his breik feiling suche fvmbling,
Suche rolling, suche rumbling, justing and jvmbling,
He was thairwith strickin in a frenatik feir,
Thinking sure to him self sum spreitis war thair, 25 25
He cryit owt, he ran owt, withoutt coit or cloik;
Thois rattis in thais raggis quhrynd lyk piggis in a p[oi]¹ k.
A coniurer, cryid he, in all haist I beseik,
To coniure the Diuill, the Diuill is in my breik.
Running and turning in and owt as he flong, 30
On of the rattis by the ribbis he fo wrong,
That the rat in a rege to his buttok gat hir,

5

10

15

Fol. 161.b.

20

25

¹ Cut off by inlaying of MS.

Scho set in hir teith, his eis ran a watter,
 Scho bait, he cryid, doggis barkit, the peple show[tid,¹]
 Hornis blew, bellis rong, the Diuill dred and dowtid, 30
 Thocht he wer in his breik to bring strecht to Hell.
 At last to see quhat buggis in his breik frayid him,
 Foure and fyve manfull men manfully stayid him;
 The rattis hopping owt at his hoiss pulling of,
 All this sayd matir turnd to a mirry skofe. 35
 Quhen he saw theis rattis bythis cheifs brocht this [feir,¹]
 Reiosing the skaip, he solempdly did sweir,
 That in his breik fowld cum no cheifs eftir that,
 Except in his breik he war sure of a catt.

Finis quod Maistir Haywod.

Jak and his Father.

Jak, quod his fader, how fall I eiss tak? 40
 Gif I stand my leggis irk, and gif I kneill
 My kneis irk; gif I go than my feit ake;
 Gif I ly my bak irk; gif I fitt I feill
 My hippis irk, and lene I nevir so weill
 My elbowis irk. Sir, quod Jak, pane to exyle, 45
 Sen all thais eiss nocht, best ye hang a quhyle.

Finis Idem.

Of One aſkin for Scheip at Maidyins.

Come thair ony scheip this way, yow scheipisch maidis? Nay,
 Bot evin as ye come, thair come a calf this way.

Finis quod Haywod.

3 L

¹ Cut off by inlaying of MS.

CLXXVI.

*Ane Discriptioun of Peder Coffeis, having no Regaird
till Honestie in thair Vocation.*

Fol. 162.a.

IT is my purpoiss to discryve
This holy perfyte genolagie,
Off pedder knavis superlatyve,
Pretendand to awtoretie,
That wait of nocht bot beggartie.
Ye burges sonis, prevene thir lownis,
That wald distroy nobilitie,
And baneifs it all borrow townis.

5

Thay ar declarit in fevin pairtis.
Ane scroppit cofe, quhen he begynnis,
Sornand all and sindry airtis,
For to by hennis reidwod he rynnis;
He lokis thame vp in to his innis
Vnto ane derch, and sellis thair eggis,
Regraitandly on thame he wynnis,
And secondry his meit he beggis.

10

Ane fwyngeour coife amangis the wyvis,
In landwart dwellis with subteill menis,
Exponand thame auld sanctis lyvis,
And fanis thame with deid menis banis;
Lyk Romerakaris with awsterne granis,
Speikand curlyk ilk ane till vder,
Peipand peurly with peteoufs granis,
Lyk fenyeyit Symmye and his bruder.

15

Thir cur coffeis that failis oure sone,
And thretty sum abowt ane pak,

25

With bair blew bonattis and hobbeld schone,
 And beir bonnokkis with thame thay tak;
 Thay schamed schrewis, God gif thame lak,
 At none quhen merchantis makis gud cheir,
 Steilis doun and lyis behind ane pak,
 Drinkand bot dreggis and barmy beir.

30

Knaifatica coff misknawis him fell,
 Quhen he gettis on a furrit goun,
 Grit Lucifer, maistir of Hell,
 Is nocht fa helie as that loun;
 As he cumis brankand throw the toun,
 With his keis clynkand on his arme,
 That calf, clovin futtit, fleid custroun,
 Will mary nane bot a burgesſ bairne.

35

40

Ane dyvour coffe, that wirry hen,
 Distroyis the honor of our natiououn,
 Takis gudis to frist fra fremmit men,
 And brekis his obligatioun;
 Quhilk dois the marchandis defamatioun,
 Thay ar reprevit for that regratour,
 Thairfoir we gif our declaratioun,
 To hang and draw that commoun tratour.

Fol. 102. b.

45

Ane curloreousſ coffe, that hege skraper,
 He fittis at hame quhen that thay baik,
 That pedder brybour, that scheipkeipar,
 He tellis thame ilk ane caik by caik;
 Syne lokkis thame vp and takis a faik,
 Betuix his dowbett and his jackett,
 And eitis thame in the buith, that smaik;
 God, that he mort in to ane rakkett.

50

55

Ane cathedrall coff, he is ovir riche,
 And hes na hap his gude to spend,
 Bot levis lyk ane wareit wreche,
 And trestis nevir till tak ane end;
 With falshid evir dois him defend,
 Proceeding still in avice,
 And leivis his fawle na gude commend,
 Bot walkis ane wilsome wey, I wifs.

60

I yow exhort, all that is heir,
 That reidis this bill, ye wald it schaw
 Vnto the profeſt, and him reueir
 That he will geif thir coffis the law;
 And baneifs thame the burges raw,
 And to the scho ſtreit ye thame ken;
 Syne cutt thair luggis, that ye may knaw
 Thir peddir knavis be burges men.

65

70

Finis quod Linſdſay.¹

CLXXVII.

*How the firſt Helandman, of God was maid
 Of ane Horſs Turd, in Argylle, as is ſaid.*

GOD and Sanct Petir was gangand be the way,
 Heiche vp in Ardgyle quhair thair gait lay;
 Sanct Petir ſaid to God in a ſport word,
 Can ye nocht mak a Heilandman of this horſs tourd?
 God turnd owre the horſs turd with his pykit ſtaff,
 And vp ſtart a Helandman blak as ony draff.

5

¹ The author's name is inserted in a different hand.

Quod God to the Helandman, Quhair wilt thou now? Fol. 163.a.
 I will doun in the Lawland, Lord, and thair steill a kow.
 And thou steill a cow, cairle, thair thay will hang the.
 Quattrack, Lord, of that, for anis mon I die? 10
 God than he lewch, and owre the dyk lap,
 And owt of his scheith his gowly owtgatt.
 Sanct Petir focht this gowly fast vp and doun,
 Yit cowld not find it in all that braid rownn.
 Now, quod God, heir a mervell, how can this be, 15
 That I sowld want my gowly, and we heir bot thre?
 Humff, quod the Helandman, and turnd him abowt,
 And at his plaid nuk the guly fell owt.
 Fy, quod Sanct Petir, thou will nevir do weill,
 And thou bot new maid fa fone gais to steill. 20
 Vmff, quod the Helandman, and swere be yon kirk,
 Sa lang as I may geir gett to steill, will I nevir wirk.

Finis.

CLXXVIII.

*Ane Answier to ane Helandmanis Invectiue, maid be
 Alexander Montgomry.*

FYNNDLAY McConnoquhy, fuf McFadyan,
 Cativilie geilyie with the poik berik,
 Smoir ennary takin trewis breikles McBradyan,
 Yeill fart fast in Baquhiddir or the corne fchaik.
 In steid of grene gynger ye eit gray gradyan, 5
 For lyce in your limschoch ye haif na inlaik;
 Mony muntir moir in mvggis of mvre madyan

Sawis feindill saffroun in fawt for thair sarkis faik.
 Ocknewling, Occonnoquhy, Ocgreigry, McGrane,
 With fallisty montir moy,
 Soy in scho forle boy,
 Callin feanc aggis endoy,
 Firry braldich ilk ane.

10

Finis quod Montgummary.

CLXXIX.

*Ane Ansuer to ane Ingliss Railar praysing his awin
Genalogy.*

YE Inglische hurfone, suntyme will avant
 Your progeny frome Brutus to haif tane,
 And sumtyme frome ane angell or ane sanct,
 As Angelus and Anglus bayth war ane;
 Angellis in erth yit hard I few or nane,
 Except the feyndis with Lucifer that fell.
 Avant yow, villane, of that lord allane;
 Tak thy progeny frome Pluto, prence of Hell,
 Becaufs ye vse in hoillis to hyd your sell;
 Angluſſ is cum frome Angulus in deid.
 Aboive all vderis Brutus bure the bell,
 Quha flew his fader howping to succeid;
 Than chufs yow ane of thais, I rek not ader,
 Tak Beelzebub or Brutus to your fader.

5

Fol. 163. 1

10

Finis.

CLXXX.

*Heir begynnis the Proclamatioun¹ of the Play, made
be Dauid Lynsayis, of the Month, Knicht in the
Playfeild, in the Moneth of , the yeir of God
155 Yeiris.*

Fol. 164.a.

Proclamatioun maid in Cowpar of Fyffe.

RIHT famous pepill, ye fall vndirstand
How that ane Prince, richt wyis and vigilant,
Is schortly for to cum in to this land,
And purposis to hald ane parliament,
His thre estaitis thairto hes done consent, 5
In Cowpar toun in to thair best array,
With support of the Lord omnipotent,
And thairto hes affixt ane certane day.

With help of him that rewlis all abone,
That day falbe within ane litill space; 10
Our purpos is on the fevint day of June,
Gif weddir serve, and we haif rest and pece,
We fall be fene in till our playing place,
In gude array, abowt the hour of fevin;
Off thirstinesf that day I pray yow ceifs, 15
But ordane ws gude drink aganis allevin.

Faill nocht to be vpone the Castell hill,
Befyd the place quhair we purpois to play;
With gude stark wyne your flaconis fee ye fill,
And hald your self the myrieast that ye may. 20
Be not displeisit quhatevir we sing or say,
Amang sad mater howbeid we sumtyme relyie:
We fall begin at feuin houris of the day,
So ye kcip tryist, forswth we fall nocht felyie.

¹ MS. has *Ploramatioun*.

Cotter.

I falbe thair with Goddis grace, 25
 Thocht thair war nevir so grit ane prese,
 And formest in the fair,
 And drink ane quart in Cowpar toun,
 With my gossep Johine Willamsoun,
 Thocht all the nolt fowld rair.
 I haif ane quick divill to my wyfe, 30
 That haldis me evir in sturt and stryfe;
 That warlo, and scho wilst
 That I wald cum to this gud toun,
 Scho wald call me fals ladrone loun,
 And ding me in the duft.
 We men that hes sic wicket wyvis,
 In grit langour we leid our lyvis,
 Ay dreifland in diseifs;
 Yc preiftis hes grit prerogatyvis, 40
 That may depart ay fra your wyvis,
 And cheiss thame that ye pleifs.
 Wald God I had that liberty,
 That I micht pairt als weill as ye,
 Withoutt the constry law;
 Nor I be sticket with a knyfe,
 For to wad ony vder wyfe,
 That day fowld nevir daw.

Nuntions.

War thy wyfe deid I see thow wald be fane.

Cotter.

Ye, that I wald, sweit sir, be Sanct Fillane. 50

Nuntius.

Wald thou nocht mary fra hand ane vder wyfe?

Cotter.

Na, than the dum Divill stik me with ane knyfe;
 Quha evir did mary agane the Feind mot fang thame,
 Bot, as the preiftis dois, ay stryk in amang thame.

Nuntius.

Than thou mon keip thy cheftety as effeiris.

55

Cotter.

I fall leif cheft as abbottis, monkis and freiris.
 Maifter, quhairto fowld I my felf miskary,
 Quhair I, as preiftis, may fwyve and nevir mary?

Wyfe.

Quhair hes thou bene, fals ladrone loun?
 Doyttand and drinkand in the toun?
 Quha gaif the leif to cum fra hame?

60

Cotter.

Ye gaif me leif, fair lucky dame.

Wyfe.

Quhy hes thou taryit heir fa lang?

Cotter.

Fol. 165.a.

I micht not thirst owtthrow the thrang,
 Till that yone man the play proclamit.

65

Wyfe.

Trowis thou that day, fals cairle defamit,
 To gang to Cowpar to see the play?

Cotter.

Ye, that I will, deme, gif I may.

Wyfe.

Na, I fall cum thairto fickerly,
And thou salt byd at hame and keip the ky.

70

Cotter.

Fair lucky dame, that war grit schame,
Gif I that day sowld byid at hame;
Byid ye at hame, for cum ye heir,
Ye will mak all the toun a steir.
Quhen ye ar fow of barmy drink,
Befyd yow nane may stand for stink;
Thairfoir byid ye at hame that day,
That I may cum and see the play.

75

Wyfe.

Fals cairle, be God that fall thou nocth,
And all thy crackis fall be deir coft.
Swyth cairle, speid the hame speidalys
Incontinent, and milk the ky,
And mvk the byre, or I cum hame.

80

Cotter.

All falbe done, fair lucky dame;
I am fa dry, dame, or I gae,
I mon ga drink ane penny or twae.

85

Wyfe.

The divill a drew fall cum in thy throte;
Speid hand,¹ or I fall paik thy cote;
And to begin, fals cairle, tak thair ane plate.

¹ May be read *hand*.

Cotter.

The feind ressaif the handis that gaif me that; 90
 I besek yow for Goddis faik, lucky dame,
 Ding me na mair this day till I cum hame,
 Than fall I put me evin in to your will.

Wyfe.

Or evir I stynt, thow fall haif straikis thy fill.

*Heir fall the wyfe ding the carle, and he fall cry
 Goddis mercy.*

Cotter.

Now wander and wa be to thame all thair lyvis, 95 Fol. 165.b.
 The quhilk ar maryit with sic vnhappy wyvis.

IVyfe.

I ken foure wyvis, fals ladrone loun,
 Baldar nor I, dwelland in Cowpar toun.

Cotter.

Gif thay be war, ga thow and thay togidder, 100
 I pray God nor the Feind ressaif the fidder.

Fynlaw of the Fute Band.

Wow, mary, heir is ane fellone rowt;
 Speik, schiris, quhat gait may I get owt?
 I rew that I come heir.
 My name, schiris, wald ye vndirstand,
 They call me Findlaw of the Fute Band; 105
 A nobill man of weir;
 Thair is na fyfty in this land,
 Bot I dar ding thame hand for hand;
 Se sic ane brand I beir.
 Nocht lang fensyne besyd ane fyik, 110
 Vpoun the sonny fyd of ane dyk,
 I flew with my richt hand

Ane thowfand, ye, and ane thowfand to;
My fingaris yit ar bludy, lo,

And nane durst me ganestand. 115

Wit ye it dois me mekill ill,
That can nocht get fechting my fill,

Nowdir in peax nor weir.

Will na man, for thair ladyis saikis,
With me stryk twenty markit straikis,

With halbart, swerd or speir? 120

Quhen Inglismen come in to this land,
Had I bene thair with my bricht brand,

Withowttin ony help

Bot myn allane, on Pynky Craiggis,
I fowld haif revin thame all in raggis,

And laid on skelp for skelp. 125

Sen nane will fecht, I think it best
To ly doun heir and tak me rest,

Than will I think nane ill; 130

I pray the grit God, of his grace
To send ws weir and nevir peace,

That I may fecht my fill.

Heir fall he ly doun.

The Fule.

My lord, be him that ware the croun of thorne,
A mair cowart was nevir sen God was borne;

135 Fol. 166.a.

He lovis him self, and vthir men he lakkis,

I ken him weill for all his boiftis and crakkis.

Howbeid he now be lyk ane captane cled,

At Pynky Clewch he was the first that fled;

I tak on hand, or I steir of this steid,

140

This crakkand cairle to fle with ane scheip heid.

*Here fall the auld man cum in leidand
his wyfe in ane dance.*

[Auld Man.]

Beffy, my hairet, I mon ly doun and sleip,
 And in myne arme se quyetly thow creip;
 Beffy, my hairet, first lat me lok thy cunt,
 Syne lat me keip the key as I was wount.

145

Beffy.

My gud husband, lock it evin as ye pleifs,
 I pray God send yow grit honor and eifs.

*Heir fall he lok his cunt, and lay the key vnder
 his heid; he fall sleip and echo fall fit besyd him.*

The Courteouer.

Lusty lady, I pray yow hairstfully,
 Gif me licence to beir yow cumpany;
 Ye sie I am ane cumly courteour,
 Quhilk nevir yit did woman dishonour.

150

Marchand.

My fair maistres, sweitar than the lammer,
 Gif me licence to luge in to your chalmier;
 I am the richest marchand in this toun,
 Ye fall of silk haif kirtill, hude and goun.

155

Clerk.

I yow beseik, my lusty lady bricht,
 To gif me leif to ly with yow all nicht;
 And of your quoman lat me schut the lokkis,
 And of fyne gold ye fall reffaif ane box.

Fwill.

Fair dameffell, how pleifs ye me.
 I haif na mair geir nor ye sic;

160

Swa lang as this may stear or stand,
It fall be ay at your command;
Na, it is the best that evir ye saw.

Beffy.

Now welcome to me aboif thame aw.
Was nevir wyf sa straitly rokkit,
Se ye not how my cunt is lokkit.

165

Fol. 166.b.

Fule.

Thinkis he nocht schame, that brybor blunt,
To put ane lok vpoun your cunt?

Beffy.

Bot fe gif ye can mak remeid,
To stell the key fra vndir his heid.

170

Fule.

That fall I do, withowttin dowt,
Lat se gif I can get it owte;
Lo, heir the key, do quhat ye will.

Beffy.

Na, than lat ws ga play our fill.

175

Heir fall thay go to sum guyet place.

Fynlaw of the Fute Band.

Will nanc with me in France go to the weiris,
Quhair I am captane of ane hundreth speiris?
I am sa hardy, sturdy, strang and stowt,
That owt of Hell the Divill I dar ding owt.

Clerk.

Gif thou be gude or evill I can not tell,
Thay ar not sonfy that so dois ruse thame fell;

180

At Pyncky Clewch, I knew richt woundir weill,
 Thow gat na credence for to beir a creill.
 Sen sic as thow began to brawll and boist,
 The commoun weill of Scotland hes bene loist: 185
 Thow cryis for weir, bot I think peax war best;
 I pray to God till fendl ws peice and rest,
 On that conditioun, that thow and all thy fallowis,
 War be the craiggis heich hangit on the gallowis.
 Quha of this weir hes bene the foundament, 190
 I pray to the grit God omnipotent,
 That all the warld, and mae, mot on thame wounder.
 Or ding thame deid with awfull fyre of thunder.

Fynlaw.

Domine doctör, quhair will ye preiche to morne?
 We will haif weir and all the warld had sworne; 195
 Want we weir heir, I will ga pafs in France,
 Quhair I will get ane lordly governance.

Clerk.

Sa quhat ye will, I think feuer peax is best:
 Quha wald haif weir God fendl thame littill rest.
 Adew, crakkar, I will na langar tary. 200
 I trest to see the in anc firy fary;
 I trest to God to see the and thy fallowis,
 Within few dayis hingand on Cowpar gallowis. Fol. 167, a.

Fyndlaw.

Now art thou gane the dum Divill be thy gyd.
 Yone brybour was fa fleit he durst not byid; 205
 Be woundis and passionis, had he spokkin mair ane word.
 I sowlid haif hackit his heid af with my swerd.

*Heir fall the gudman ualkin and cry
for Beff.*

Auld Man.]

My bony Beffy, quhair art thou now?
 My wyfe is fallin on sleip I trow;
 Quhair art thou, Beffy, my awin sweit thing,
 My hony, my haire, my dayis darling?
 Is thair na man that saw my Befs?
 I trow scho be gane to the mess;
 Beffy, my haire, heiris thou not me?
 My joy, cry peip, quhairevir thou be.
 Allace, for evir now am I fey,
 For of hir cunt I tynt the key;
 Scho may call me ane jufflane jok,
 Or I swyve I mon brek the lok.

210

215

Beffy.
 Quhat now, gudman, quhat wald ye haif?

220

Awld Man.

No thing, my haire, bot yow I craif;
 Ye haif bene doand sum biffy wark?

Beffy.
 My haire, evin fewand yow ane fark,
 Of Holland claih baith quhyt and tewch;
 Lat pruve gif it be wyid annewch.

225

*Heir fall scho put the fark over his heid,
 and the fuill fall sleill in the key agane.*

Awld [Man].

It is richt verry weill, my haire,
 Oure Lady lat ws nevir depart.
 Ye ar the farest of all the flok;
 Quhair is the key, Befs, of my lok?

Beffy.

Ye reve, gudman, be Goddis breid,
I saw yow lay it vndir your heid.

230

Awld Man.

Be my gud faith, Befs, that is trew.
That I suspechtit yow, fair I rew;
I trow thair be no man in Fyffe,
That evir had fa gude ane wyfe;
My awin sweit hairt, I had it best,
That we fitt doun and tak ws rest.

Fol. 167.b.

235

Fyndlaw.

Now is nocht this ane grit dispyte,
That name with me will fecht nor flyte?
War Golias in to this steid,
I dowt nocht to stryk of his heid.
This is the swerd that flew Gray Steill,
Nocht half ane myle beyond Kynneill;
I was that nobill campioun,
That flew Schir Bewas of Sowth Hamtoun;
Hector of Troy, Gawyne or Golias,
Had nevir half fa mekle hardinefs.

240

245

*Heir fall the suile cum in with ane scheip heid
on ane slaff, and Fynlaw fall be fleit.*

Wow, wow, braid Benedictie,
Quhat ficht is yone, schiris, that I fee?
I[n] nomine Patris et Filij,
I trow yone be the spreit of Gy;
Na, faith, it is the spreit of Marling,
Or sum scho gaist or gyrgarling.
Allace for evir, sow fall I gyd me?
God sen I had anc hoill till hyd me;

250

255

But dowt my deid yone man hes fworne,
 I trow yone be grit Gow Mak Morne;
 He gaippis, he glowris, howt welloway,
 Tak all my geir and lat me gay.

Quhat fay ye, schir, wald ye have my fwerd?

260

Ye mary, fall ye, at the first word;

My gluvis of plait and knapskaw to;

Your preffonar I yield me, lo;

Tak thair my purfs, my belt and knyfe,

For Goddis faik, maister, save my lyfe.

265

Na, now he cumis, evin for to fla me;

For Godis faik, schiris, now keip him fre me;

I see not ellis bot tak and flae;

Wow, mak me rowme and lat me gae.

Nuntius.

As for this day I haif na mair to fay yow;

270

On Witfone Tyfday cum fee our play, I prey yow;

That famyne day is the sevint day of June,

Thairfoir, get vp richt airly and disiune.

Fol. 168.a.

And ye ladyis, that hes na skant of leddir,

Or ye cum thair, faill nocht to teme your bleddir;

275

I dreid, or we haif half done with our wark,

That sum of yow fall mak ane richt wait sark.

*Heir begynnis Schir Dauid Lyndsay Play, maid
in the Grenesyd, besyd Edinburgh; quhilk
I writtin bot schortly be Interludis, levand
the grave mater thairof, becaus the samyne
avise is weill reformit in Scotland, prayst
be God; quhairthrow I omittit that principall
mater, and writtin only certane mirry
Interludis thairof verray plesand, begynnning
at the first part of the Play.*

[Diligence.]

The Fader, foundar of faith and felicitie,
That your fassone formit to his similitude;
And his Sone your Saluiour, scheild in neceffitie,
That bocht yow frome bailis, ransonit on the rude,
Replegeing his prifsonaris with his pretious blude;
The Haly Gaift, governour and grundar of grace,
Of wisdome and weilfair baith fontane and flude,
Save yow all that I fe feisit in this place,

280

Fol. 168. b.

285

And scheild yow fra syn;

And with his spreit yow enspyre,
Till I haif schawin my defyre.
Scilence, soveranis, I requyre,
For now I begyn.

290

Pausa.

Pepill tak tent to me, and hald yow coy,
Heir am I fent to yow, ane messingeir
Frome ane nobill and richt redowttit roy,
The quhilk hes bene absont this mony ane yeir;
Humanitie, gif ye his name wald speir;
Quha bad me schaw to yow, but variance,
That he intendis amang yow to compeir,
With ane trivphant awfull ordinance;

295

With croun and swerd and sceptour in his hand,
 Temperit with mercy, quhen penitence appeiris;
 Howbeit that he hes bene langtyme fleipand,
 Quhairthrow misrewill hes rung thir mony yeiris;
 And innocentis bene brocht vpoun thair beiris,
 Be fals reportaris of this natioun;
 Thocht yung oppressouris at the elderis leiris,
 Be now weill feur of reformatioune.

300

305

Se no misdoaris be so bawld,
 As to remane in to this hawld,
 For quhy, be him that Judas fawld,
 Thay will be heich hangit.

310

Faithfull folk now may sing,
 For quhy, it is the bidding
 Off my soverane the king,
 That na man be wrangit.

315

Thocht he ane quhyle now in his flowris,
 Be governit be trumpouris,
 And sumtyme to lufe parramowris,
 Hald him excusit.

For quhen he meitis with Correctioun,
 With Verety and Discretioun,
 Thay will be baneist of the toun,
 Quhilk hes him abusit.

320

And heir, be oppin proclamatioun,
 I warne, in name of his magnificence,
 The Thre Estaitis of this natioun,
 That thay compeir, with detfull diligence,
 And till his grace mak thair obedience.
 And first I warne the spritualitie,
 And see the burges spair noct for expence,
 Bot speid thame heir, with temporalitie.

325 Fol. 169.a.

330

Als I befeik yow, famous awditouris,
 Convenit in to this congregatioun,
 To be patient the space of certane howris,
 Till ye haif hard our schort narratioun;
 And als we mak yow supplicatioun, 335
 That noman tak our wordis in disdane,
 Howbeid ye heir be lamentatioun,
 The commoun weill richt petoufly complane.

Richt so the verteous lady Veretye
 Will mak ane peteous lamentatioun, 340
 And for the trewth scho will imprifonit bee,
 And banissit a tyme owt of the toun.
 And Chestety will mak hir narratioun,
 How scho can get na lugeing in this land,
 Till that the hevinly knyght Correc*tioun* 345
 Meit with our king and commoun hand till hand.

Prudent pepill, I pray yow all,
 Tak noman greif in speciall;
 For we fall speik in generall,
 For pastyme and for play. 350
 Thairfoir till our rymes be rung,
 And our mistonit songis be fung,
 Lat every man keip weill his tung,
 And every woman tway.

King.

O Lord of lordis, and King of kingis all, 355
 Omnipotent off power, Prince but peir,
 Eterne rignand in gloir celestiall,
 Vnmaid makar, quhilk havand no mateir
 Maid hevin and erth, fyre, air and watter cleir,
 Send me the grace with peax perpetuall, 360

That I may rewile my realme to thy plesir;
Syne bring my fawill to joy angelicall.

Sen thow lies gevin me dominatioun,
And rewile of pepill subiect to my ceur,
Be I nocht rewlit be counsale and resloun,
In dignitie I may nocht lang indeur.
I grant my stait my self may nocht affeur,
Nor yit conserve my lyfe in fickernes;
Haif pety, Lord, of me thy createur,
Supportand me in all my bissines.

365

Fol. 169.b.

370

I the reueist, quhilk rent was on the rude,
Me till defend frome deidis of defame,
That my pepill report of me bot gude,
And be my faisgaird boith fra syn and schame.
I knew my dayis indeuris bot a drame,
Thairfoir, O Lord, haurtly I the exhort,
Till gif me grace till vse my diadame
To thy plesour, and to my grit confort.

375

*Heir fall the King pafs to royll faiſt, and ſit
with ane grave countenance till Wantones cum.*

[Wantones.]

My soverane lord, and prince but peir,
Quhat garris yow mak fa dreiry cheir?
Be glaid fa lang as ye ar heir,
And pafs tyme with plesour.
For als lang leivis the mirry man,
As the fory for ocht he can;
His banis bittrily fall I ban,
That dois yow displesour.
Sa lang as Placebo, and I,
Remanis in to your cumpany,

380

385

Your grace fall leif richt mirrely,
 Haiff ye na dowt.
 So lang as your grace hes ws in ceure,
 Your prudence fall want na plefeur;
 War Sollace heir, I yow affeure,
 He wald reioifs this rowt.

390

Platebo.

Gude bruder, quhair is Solace,
 The mirror of all mirrenes?
 I haif mervell, be the mefs,
 He taryis so lang.
 Byd he away we ar bot schent,
 I ferly how he fra ws went;
 I trow he hes impediment,
 That lattis him to gang.

395

400

Wantones.

I left Sollace, that loun,
 Drinkand doun in to the toun;
 It will coift him half ane croun,
 Thocht he had na mair.
 And als he said he wald gang fee
 Fair lady Sensualitie,
 The beriall of bewtie,
 And portratour preclair.

405

Fol. 170. a.

410

Placebo.

Be God, I se him at the last,
 As he war chessit, rynnand fast,
 He glowris, evin as he war agast,
 Or fleid for ane gaist.
 Na, he is druckin I trow,

415

I perfaive him weill fow;
 I ken be his creishe mow,
 He hes bene at ane feist.

Sollace.

Wow, quha fa evir sic ane thrang?
 Me thocht sum said I had gane wrang; 420
 Had I help I wald sing ane fang,
 With ane mirry noyifs.

I haif sic plesour at my haift,
 That garris me sing the tribill pairt;
 Wald sum gude fallow fill the quairt, 425
 That wald my haift reioysfs.

Howbeid my coit be schort and nippit,
 Thankit be God, I am weill hippit,
 Thocht all my gold may fone be grippit
 In till ane penny pursf. 430

Thocht I ane servand lang hes bene,
 My purchesf is nocht worth ane prene;
 I may sing Peblis on the Grene,
 For ocht that I may turfs. 435

Quhat is my name can ye nocht gesf?
 Ken ye nocht Sandy Sollace?
 Thay callit my moder bony Befs,
 That dwelt betwene the bowis. 440

Off twelf yeir awld scho leird to swyve;
 Thankit be the grit god of lyve,
 Scho maid me faderis four or fyve,
 But dowt this is na mowis; 445

Quhen ane was deid I gat ane vder;
 Was nevir man had sa gud ane moder,
 For scho hes maid me freindis ane fudder,
 Off lawlit and leirit.
 Scho is baith wyifs, worthy and wicht,
 For scho spairis nowdir cuik nor knicht,

Ye, four and twenty vpoun ane nicht,
 Thair enc scho bleirit;
 And gif I ley, schiris, ye ma speir.
 Bot saw ye nocht the king cum heir?
 I am ane sportour and playfeir,
 To that yung king.
 He said he wald, within schort space,
 To pafs his tyme cum to this place;
 I pray to God to gif him grace,
 And lang to ring.

450
Fol. 170. b.

455

Placebo.

Sollace, quhy tareit thow fo lang?

Sollacc.

The feind a faster I micht gang; 460
 I micht not thrift owtthrow the thrang.
 Off wyvis fyftene fuder.
 Than for to ryn I tuik ane rink,
 Bot I felt nevir sic ane stink;
 For our Lordis luve, gif me ane drink, 465
 Placebo, my bruder.

Heir fall Placebo gif Sollace ane drinck.

King.

My fervand Sollace, quhat gart yow tary?

Sollace.

I wait nocht, schir, be fweit Sanct Mary;
 I haif bene in ane feryfary,
 Or ellis in till ane trans.
 Schir, I haif fene, I yow affeur,

470

The farest erdly ciateure,
That evir was formit be nateur,
And moist till advance.

To luik on hir is grit delyte,
With lippis reid and cheikis quhyte;
I wald gif all this warld quyte,

To stand in hir grace.
Scho is wantone and scho is wyifs,
And cled vpoun the new gyifs;

It wald gar all your flesche arryifs,

To luik on hir face.
Wer I ane king it sould be kend,
I sould not spair on hir to spend,

And this same nicht for hir till fend,

For my plesour.

Quhatraik of your prosperetie,

Gif ye want Sensualitie?

I wald not gif ane flane fle

For your tresour.

475

480

485

490

King.

Forwth, my freind, I think ye ar nocht wyifs,

Till counsale me to brek commandiment,

Fol. 171.a.

Directit be the Prince of Parradyifs;

Considering ye knew that myne entent

Is for till be to God obedient,

Quha dois forbid men to be licheruſs,

Do I nocht so, perchance I fall repent,

Thairfoir I think your counsale odiuſs,

The quhilk ye gif me till;

Becaufs I haif bene to this dae,

495

Tanquam tabula rasa,

Quhilk is als mekle for till fae,

Rady for gud and ill.

500

Placebo.

Beleif ye that we will begyle yow,
 Or frome your vertew for till wyil yow,
 Or with evill counsale for till fyle yow,
 Bot in to gude and evill?
 To tak your Gracis pairt we grant,
 In all your deidis participant,
 So ye be nocth ane ouir yung sanct,
 And syne ane awld divill.

505

510

Wantones.

Beleif ye, Schir, that lichery be syn?
 Na, trow nocth that; this is my reasone quhy.
 First at the Romane court will yc begyn,
 Quhillk is the lenand lamp of lichery;
 Quhair cardinallis and bischoppis generaly,
 To luve ladyis thay think ane plesand sport;
 And owt of Rome hes baneift Chestety,
 Quha with our prellattis can get na refort.
 Schir, quhill ye get ane prudent quene,
 515
 I think your maiesty serene
 Sowld haif ane lusty concubene,
 To play yow with all;
 For I ken be your qualtie,
 Ye want the gift of chestetie;
 520
 Fall to in nomine Domini,
 525
 For this is my counsalt.

Placebo.

Schir, send furth Sandy Sollace,
 Or ellis your mynycoun Wantounes,
 And pray my lady pryores
 The swth till declarie;
 Gif it be syn to tak ane katy,
 Or to leif lyk ane bummill baty.

530

The buik fayis, schir, Omne probate,
And noctl for to spair.

535

Sollace.

I speik, schir, vndir protestatioun,
That none at me haif indignatioun ;
For all the prelattis of this natioun,
For the maist pairt,
Thay think na schame to keip ane heuir,
And sum hes thre vnder thair ceuir;
How this bene trew, I yow affeuir,
Ye fall wit estirwart.

Fol. 171.b.

Schir, knew ye all the matar thrwch,
To play ye wald begyn ;
Speir at the monkis of Balmirrynoch,
Gife lichery be slyn.

540

545

*Heir fall entir Dame Sensualitie, with her madynnis
Hamelines and Denger.*

Sensualitic.

O luvaris walk, behald the fyrie speir,
Behald the naturall dochter of Venus ;
Behald, luvaris, this lusty lady cleir,
The fresche fontane of knichtis amorus.
Quhat thay defyre in laitis delitius,
Or quha wald mak to Venus observance,
In my mirthfull chalmer mellodious,
Thair fall thay fynd all pastyme and plesance.

550

555

Behald my heid, behald my gay intyre,
Behald my hals, luffsum and lilly quhyte ;
Behald my visage flammand as the fyre,
Behald my palpis of portratour perfyte.
To luik on me lovaris hes grit dellyte,
Richt so hes all the kingis of Christindome ;

560

To thame I haif done plesouris infynyte,
And specialy vnto the court of Rome.

Ane kiss of me war worth, in ane morrowing,
Ane mylyeoun of gold to knicht or king, 565
And yit I am of nateur so towart,
I latt no lovaris pass with sorry haint.
Of my name wald ye witt the verretye,
Forswth thay call me Senfualitye;
I hald it best now, or we forder gang, 570
To Dame Venus latt ws go sing ane fang.

Hamelines.

Madame, but tayreing
For to serve Venus deir,
We fall pass in and sing,¹ 575
Cum on sister Dengeir.

Danger.

Sister, I was nevir sweir
To Venus observance.
Howbeit I mak Dangeir,
Yit be continewance,
Men may haif thair plesance; 580 Fol. 172.a.
Thairfoir lat na man fray,
We will tak it perchance,
Howbeit that we say nay.

Hamelynes.

Sister, cum on ouir way,
And lat ws not think lang, 585
In all the haist we may,
To sing Venus ane fang.

Danger.

Sistir, to sing this fang we mannot,

¹ MS. has *ling.*

Without the help of gud Fund Jonnet;
Fund Jonet, how, cum tak a pairt.

590

Fund Jonnat.

That fall I do with all my hart;
Sister, howbeit that I am hefs,
I am content to beir ane befs.
Ye twa sowld luf me as your lyif,
Ye knaw I leird yow baith to swyif,
In my chalmer, ye wait weill quhair;
Sen sync the feind a man I spair.

595

Hamelines.

Fund Jonat, sy, ye ar to blame;
To speik sowill wordis think ye na schame?

Fund Jonatt.

Thair is ane hunder heir sittand by,
That luvis japing als weill as I,
Micht thay get it in prevetie.
Bot quha begynnis the fang lat sie?

600

Wantounes.

I trow, schir, be the Trinitie,
Yone fame is Senfualite;
Gif it be scho, sone fall I see
That soverane serene.

605

Heir fall Wantones ga f spy thame, and cum agane to the King.

King.

Quhat war thay yone, to me declar.

Wantounes.

Dame Senfualitie baith gude and fair.

Placebo.

Schir, scho is mekill till advance, 610
 For scho can baith sing and dance;
 That patronē of plesance,
 The perle of pulchritude.
 Soft as silk is hir lyre,
 Hir hair lyk the gold wyre; 615
 My haire birnys in ane fyre,
 Schir, be the rude.
 I think that fre sa woundir fair,
 I wait weill scho hes na compair;
 War ye weill lernit at luvis lair, 620
 And fyne had hir fene,
 I wate, be cokkis passioun, Fol. 172, b.
 Ye wald mak supplicatioun,
 And spend on hir ane milyeoun,
 Hir lufe till obtene. 625

Sollace.

Quhat say ye, schir, ar ye content,
 That scho cum heir incontinent?
 Quhat waillis your kingdome and your rent,
 And all your grit tressour,
 Withoutt ye haif ane mirry lyfe, 630
 And cast assyd all sturt and stryfe?
 And so lang as ye want ane wyfe,
 Schir, tak your plesour.

King.

Gif it be trew that ye me tell,
 I will na langer tary; 635
 I will gang preif that play my fell,
 Howbeit the world me wary.

Als fast as ye may cary,
 Speid yow with diligence,
 Bring Sensualitie
 Fra hand to my presence.
 Forwth I wait not how it standis,
 Bot sen I hard of your tythandis,
 My body trymblis feit and handis,
 And sumtyme het as fyre.
 I trow Cupido, with his dart,
 Hes woundit me owtthrwe the hart;
 My spreit will fra my body part,
 Get I nocth my defyre.
 Pas on away with diligence,
 And bring hir heir to my presence;
 Spair nocth for travell nor expence,
 I cair for na coift.
 Pafs your way, Wantounes,
 And tak with yow Sollace,
 And bring that lady to this place,
 Or ellis I am loist.
 Command me to that sweit thing,
 And hir present this riche ring;
 And say I ly in languissing,
 Bot scho mak remeid.
 With sicing soir I am bot schient,
 Without scho cum incontinent,
 My grit langour for to relent,
 And saif me fra deid.

640

645

650

655

660

665

Wantounes.

Or ye tuik skaith, be Godis croun,
 I leir thair was not vp and doun,
 Ane tvme cunt in all this toun,
 Nor ten mylis abowt.
 Dowt not, schir, bot ye will get hir,

670 Fol. 173.a.

We falbe fery for to fet hir,
 Bot we wald speid far the bettir,
 To gar our purfs rowt.

Sollace.

Schir, lat na forrow in yow sink,
 Bot gif ws duccattis for to drink,
 And we fall nevir fleip a wink,
 Till it be bak or age;
 Ye knew weill, fir, we haif na cunyie.

675

King.

Sollace, that falbe na funyie;
 Beir thow that bag vpoun thy lunyie,
 And win weill thy wage;
 I pray yow speid yow fone agane.

680

Wantounes.

Ye, of this fang, fchir, we ar fane,
 We fall nowdir fpair for wind nor rane,
 Till our day wark be done;
 Fairweill, for we ar at the flicht.
 Placebo, rewill ouir roy at richt;
 We falbe heir, man, or midnicht,
 Thocht we merche with the mone.

685

Heir fall thay depairt fingand mirrelly.

Pastymc, with plesour and grit prosperitie,
 Be to yow, loverane Sensualitie.

690

Sensualitie.

Sirfs, ye ar wyldcum: quhair go ye, eist or west?

Wantounes.

In faith, I trow we be at the farrest.

Sensualitie.

Quhat is your name, I pray yow that declair?

Wantounes.

Mary, Wantounes, the kingis secretaire.

695

Sensualitie.

Quhat king is that, quhilk hes sa gay ane boy?

Wantounes.

Humanitie, that richt redowttit royst,
 Quha dois commend him to yow hairtfully,
 And sendis yow heir a ring with ane ruby.
 In takin that, abufe all creatour,
 He hes chofin yow to be his paramour:
 He bad ws say, that he wilbe bot deid,
 Withowt that ye mak hestelly remeid.

700

Sensualitie.

Quhat can I help, howbeit he fowld forfair?
 Ye ken richt weill I am na medcynnair.

705

Sollace.

Yis, lusty laidy, thocht he war nevir so feik,
 I wait ye beir his helth in to your breik:
 Ane kifs of yow in to ane morrowing,
 Till his feiknes micht be grit conforting;
 And als he makis yow supplicatioun,
 This nicht to mak with him collatioun.

710 Fol. 173. b.

Sensualitie.

I thank his grace of his benivolence;
 Gude schiris, I fall be reddy evin fra hand;
 In me thair falbe fund na negligence,
 Boith nicht and day, quhen his grace will demand.

715

Paſſ ye beſoir, and ſay I am cumand,
 And thinkis richt lang to haif of him ane ficht,
 And I to Venus makis ane faythfull band,
 That in his armes I think to ly all nicht.

Wantones.

That falbe done, bot yit or I hyne paſſ,
 Heir I protest for Hamel[in]es, your laſſ. 720

Sensualitie.

Scho falbe at command, ſchir, quhen ye will;
 I treft ſcho fall fynd yow flynging your fill.

Wantonnes.

Hay for joy, now I dance,
 Tak thair ane gawmond of France;
 Am I not wirdy till avance, 725

And ane gud page,
 That fa ſpedely can rin,
 To tyift my maifter to ſin?
 The diuill anc groit he will win

Off this mariage.

I rew, be ſweit Sanct Michaell,
 Nor I had previt hir my fell;
 For quhy? yone king, be Brydis bell,

Kenis na mair ane cunt,

Nor dois the noveis of ane freir.

It war almoouſſ to pull my eir,
 That wald not preive yone gayis geir:

Fy, that I am fa blunt.

I think this day to win thank;
 Hay, as ane brydlit catt I brank,
 I haif wreiftit my ſchank,

Be Sanct Michaell.

Quhilk of my leggis, as ye trow,

730

730

735

740

Was it that I hurt now?
Quhairto fowld I speir at yow?
Me think thame baith haill.
Gude morrow, maistir, be the mess.

745

King.
Wylcum, my mynyeoun, Wantounes;
How hes thow fairin in thy travell?

750

Wantounis.

Richt weill, be him that herreit Hell;
Your eirand is weill done.

Fol. 174.a.

King.
Than, Wantounes, full weill is me,
For thow hes faird beth meit and fee,
Be him that maid the mone.
Thair is ane thing that I wald speir;
How fall I do quhen scho cumis heir?
For I knaw nocht the craft perqueir,
Of luvis gyn;
Thairfoir at lenth ye mon me leir,
How to begyn.

755

760

Wantounes.

Kifs hir and clap hir, and be nocht affeird,
Scho will not hurt, thocht ye hir kifs a span within the beird;
And gif ye fe scho thinkis schame, than hyid the bairnis ene,
With hir taill, and tent hir weill, ye wat quhat I mene.
Will ye gif me leif, schir, first till go to,
And I fall ken yow the kewis how ye fall do.

765

King.

God forbid, Wantounes, that I gif the leif;
Thow art ouir perrellus ane pege sic practikkis to preif.

Wantounnes.

Now, schir, preve as ye pleiss, I se hir cummand; 770
 Ordour yow with gravity, and we fall be yow stand.

Heir fall Sensualitie cum to the king and fay:

[*Sensualitic.*]

O, Venus goddes, vnto thy celstitude
 I gife lawid, gloir, honour and reverence,
 Quhilk granttit me sic perfyte pulchritude,
 That princis of my persone hes plesance. 775
 I mak ane vow, with humill observance,
 Richt reverently thy tempill to visie,
 With sacrifice vnto thy deitie.

To every stait I am so agreable,
 That few or none refusis me at all; 780
 Paipis, patriarkis nor prellattis venerable,
 Commoun pepill nor princis temporall,
 Bot subiect all to me, Dame Senfull;
 So fall it be ay quhill the world enduris,
 And specially quhair yowtheid hes the curis. 785

Quha knawis the contrair?
 I trest few in this cumpany,
 Wald thay declair the verety,
 Vnthrald to Sensualitie,
 Bot with me makis repair. 790

Bot now my way I mon advance
 Till ane prince of piffance,
 Quhilk yung men hes in govirnance, Fol. 174.b.
 Rolland in his rage.

I am richt glaid, I yow asfeuir,
 That potent prince to get in ceuir,
 Quha is of lustines the luir,
 And moist of curage. 795

Heir fall scho mak reverence and fay:

O potent prince, of pulchritude preclair,
God Cupido preserve your celsitude;
And Dame Venus mot keip your cors fra cair,
As I wald fcho did keip my awin haitr blude.

800

King.

Wylcum to me, perles of pulchritude,
Wylcum to me, thow fweittar nor the lammer,
Quhilk hes me maid of all dollour denude.
Sollace, convoy this lady to my chalmer.

805

Heir fall scho pafs to the chalmer and say:

[Senfualitie.]

I ga this gait with richt gude will;
Sir Wantounes, tary ye still,
Lat Hamelenes the cop fill,
And beir yow cumpany.

810

Hamelines.

That fall I do withowttin dowt,
For he and I fall play cop owt.

Wantounes.

Now, lady, len me thy batty towt,
Fill in, for I am dry.
Your dame, be this trewly,
Hes gottin vpoun the gwmmis;
Quhatraik thocht ye and I
Go jone our justing lwnies?

815

Hamelines

I am content, with richt gud will,
Quhen evir ye er reddy,
All your plefour to fulfill.

820

Wantounes.

Now weill said, be our Leddy;
 I will beir my maistir cumpany,
 Till that I may endeur;
 Gife he be wiskand wantonly, 825
 We fall fling on the fleuir.

*Heir fall thay pass all to the chalmer,
 and Gude Counsale fall say:*

[*Gude Counsale.*]

Immortall God, moist of magnificence,
 Quhois maestly no clerk can comprehend,
 Saif yow, my senyeouris, that givis sic awdience;
 And grant yow grace never till him offend, 830
 Quhilk on the croce did wilfully ascend,
 And sched his pretious bluid on every syde;
 Quhois petious passioun frome feindis yow defend,
 And be your gratius gove[r]nour and gyd.

Fol. 175.a.

Confidder, my soveranis, I yow befeik, 835
 The caussis most principall of my heir cuming;
 Princis nor potestatis ar not worth a leik,
 Be thay nocth gyddit be grace and governyng.
 Thair was nevir empriour, conquerour or king,
 Withowt my wisdome, micht availl thair weill to awance: 840
 My name is Gude Counsale withowt fenyeing,
 Lordis, for lack of my law, ar brocht till mischance.

And so for conclusioun,
 Quho gydis thame not be Gud Counsale,
 All in vane is thair travell, 845
 And fynally fortoun fall thame faill,

And bring thame to confusioun.
 And this I vndirstand,

For I haif maid residence,
 With princis of piffance, 850

In Ingland, Italy and France,
And mony vthir land.
Bot owt of Scotland, allace,
I haif bene benneist lang space,
That gart ouir gydaris want grace, 855
And dy lang or thair day.
Becaups thay lichtlyit Gude Counsale,
Fortoun turnit on thame hir fail,
Quhilk brocht this realme to mekill baill;
Quha can the contrair say? 860
My lordis, we come not heir to lye;
Wayis me for King Humanitie,
Ouirsett with Sensualite,
In his first begynning,
Thruche vicious counsale insolent. 865
So thay may get riches or rent,
Of his weiffair thay tak no tent,
Nor quhat fall be the ending.
Yit in this realme I wald mak sum repair,
Gif I belevit my name fowld not forsfair; 870
For wald this king be yit gyddit with ressoun,
And of misdoaris mak pvnissioun,
Howbeid that I langtyme hes bene exylit,
I treft in God my name fowld yit be stylit;
So till I fe God fend mair of his grace, 875
I purpois till repoiss me in this place.

*Heir I omit the nixt mater following, becaups it is writtin heir-
eftir in the leifquhair Flattery enterris. Now enteris
Dame Chefletie.*

*Heir fall Dame Cheflety pass and seik lugeing athort
all the Sprituall Eſtait and Temporall Eſtait, quhill
ſcho cum to the Sowtlar and Teilyeour and jay:*

Fol. 175. b.

Cheflety.

Ye men of craft, of grit ingyne,

Gif me harbry, for Chryftis pyne,
 And win Goddis bennyffone and myne,
 And help my hungry haint.

880

Sowttar.

Wylcum, be him that maid the mone,
 Till dwell with ws till it be June;
 We fall mend baith your hoifs and schone,
 And planely tak your pairt.

Tailycour.

Is this fair ledy Chestety?
 Now wylcum, be the Trinitie,
 I think it war a grit pitie,
 That ye sowld ly thairownt.
 Your grit displisour we forthink;
 Sit doun, madame, and tak a drink,
 And lat na sorrow in yow fink,
 Bot lat ws play cop owt.

885

890

Sowttar.

Fill in and drink abowt,
 For I am wounder dry;
 The Divill snyp of thair snowt,
 That haitis this cumpany.

Heir fall thay gar Chestety sit doun and drink.

Jynny.

Mynny, how, mynny, mynny.

Tailyouris Wyfe.

Quhat wald thow, my deir dochter Jenny?
 Jenney, my joe, quhat dois thy daddy?

Jenny.

Mary, drinkand with a lusty laiddie,
 Ane fair yung madin, cled in quhyt,
 Off quhome my daiddie takkis delyt;
 I treft, gif I can rakin richt,
 Scho schaipis to luge with thame all nicht.

900

Sowttaris Wyfe.

Quhat dois the Sowttar, my gudman?

905

Jenny.

Mary, fillis the cop and temifs the can;
 Or ye cum hame, be God I trow,
 He falbe druckin lyk a fow.

Tailycouris Wyfe.

This is ane grit dispyt, I think,
 For to ressaif sic ane cowclynk:
 Quhat is your counfall that we do?

910

Sowttaris Wyfe.

Cummar, this is my counfall, lo;
 Ding ye the ane and I the vder.

Fol. 176.a.

Tailycouris Wyfe.

I am content, be Goddis moder;
 I think for me, thay hurfoun fmaikis,
 Thay serve richt weill to get thair paikis.
 Quhat maister feind neidis all this haist,
 For it is half a yeir almaist,
 Sen evir that loun laborit my leddir?

915

Sowttaris Wyfe.

God, nor my trucour mens a tedder,
 For it is mair nor fourty dayis,

920

Sen evir he cleikit vp my clayis;
 And laſt quhen I gat chalmer glew,
 That fowill Sowttar began to ſpew.
 And now thay will fitt doun to drink,
 In cumpany with ane yung cowclink:
 Gif thay haif done ſic diſpyte,
 Lat ws go ding thame quhill thay dryte.

925

Tailyeouris Wyfe.

Go hence, harlot, how durft thou be fo bawld,
 To luge with oure gudmen but our licence?
 I mak ane vow till him that Judas fawld,
 This rok of myne falbe thy recompence.
 Schaw me thy name, duddroun, with diligence.

930

Chaisfety.

Mary, Cheſtety is my name, be Sanct Blayis.

Tailyeouris Wyfe.

I pray God nor he wirk on the vengence,
 For I luvit nevir cheſtety all my dayis.

935

Sowttaris Wyfe.

Bot my gudeman, the trewith I fay the till,
 Garris me keip cheſtety fair aganis my will;
 Becaus that monſtour he hes maid ſic ane mynt,
 With my bedſtaff that daſtard beiris ane dynt;
 And als I vow, cum thou this gait agane,
 Thy buttokkis falbe beltit, be Sanct Blane.

940

Tailyeouris Wyf.

Fals hufone cairle, but dowt thou fall forthink,
 That evir thou eit or drank with yone cowclink.

Sowttaris Wyfe.

I mak ane vow to Sanct Crispynane,
I falbe wrockin on thy graces gane;
And to begin the play tak thair a platt.

945

Sowttar.

The Feind ressaif the handis that gaif me that.

Sowttar[is] Wyfe.

Quhat now, hurfone, begynnys thow for to ban?
Tak thair ane vddir vpoun thy peild harne pan.
Quhat now, cummer, will thow not tak a pairt?

950

Tailyeouris Wyfe.

That fall I do, cummer, be Goddis haire.

Heir thay fall ding thair gudmen.

Tailyeour.

Fol. 176.b.

Allace, goffop, allace, how standis it with yow?
Yone cankert carling, allace, hes brokin my brow.
Now weilis yow, preiftis, weilis yow in all your lyvis,
That ar nocht waddit with sic wicket wyvis.

955

Sowttare.

Bischopis ar blift, howbeit that we be wareit,
For thay may fuck thair fill and nocht be mareit:
Goffop, allace, that blak band we may wary,
That ordanit sic peur men as we to mary.
Quhat may be done but tak in pacience,
And on all wyvis to cry ane lowid vengence?

960

Heir fall the wyvis stand be the water syd and say:

Sowttaris Wyfe.

Sen of our cairlis we haif the victory,
Quhat is your counsale, cummar, that be done?

Tailycouris Wyfe.

Send for gude wyne, and hald ws blyth and mirry; 965
 I hald that best, gude cummar, be Sanct Clone.

Sowttaris Wyfe.

Cummar, will ye draw of my hoiss and schone;
 To fill the quart I fall ryn to the toun.

Tailycouris Wyfe.

That fall I do, be him that maid the mone,
 With all my haire, thairfair, cummar, fit doun; 970
 Kilt vp your clais abone your waist,
 And speid yow hame agane in haist,
 And I fall provyd for a paist,
 Our corfis to confort.

Sowttaris Wyfe.

Than help me for to kilt my clais; 975
 Quhat and the paddois nipt my tais?
 I dreid to droun heir, be Sanct Blais,
 Withoutt I get support:
 Cummar, I will nocht droun my fell,
 I will go be the Castell Hill. 980

Tailycouris Wyfe.

I am content, be Bryddis bell,
 Sa ye haist yow, go quhair ye will.

Heir fall thay depart and Diligence fall say:

[*Diligence.*]

Madame, quhat garris yow gang fa lait?
 Tell me how ye haif done debait,
 With the Temporall and Sprituall Stait? 985
 Quha did yow maist kyndnes?

Chaiſtetie.

In faith, I fand bot ill and war,
That gart me stand frome thame a far,
Evin lyke a beggar at the bar,

And flemit me moir and leſs. 990

*Finis of this firſt Interlude,
and followis the Peur Man and the Pardonar.*

*Heir followis ceriane mirry and ſportſum
Interludis, contenit in the Play maid be Schir
Dauid Lindsay of the Month, Knycht, in the
Playfeild of Edinburcht, to the mocking of Abusionis
vſit in the Cuntrē be diuerſs ſortis of Eſtait.¹*

Fol. 177.a.

Heir fall entir the Peur Man.

[*Peurman*].

Off your almons, gude folkis, for Goddis luve of Hevin,
For I haif moderles bairnis owtir ſex or fevin;
Gife ye will gif na gude, for luve of ſweit Jefus,
Wifs me the richt way to Sanctandrus.

Diligence ſayis.

Quhair haife we gottin this gudly companyoun? 995
Swyth, furth of the feild, thow fals raggit loun.
God wait, gif heir be ane weill keipit place,
Quhen ſic ane wyld beggar kerle may get entreſ.
Fy on yow, officiaris, that mendis not thir failyeis,
I gif yow all to the Diuill, baith proveſt and baileis: 1000
Withouſt ye cum ſone and chace this cairle away,
The diuill a word ye get of ſport or play.
Fals hufone, raggit carle, quhat is that thow ruggis?

¹ In the blank ſpace above this title has been written Heywood's Epigram "Of Seing and Feiling Money."—See Appendix.

Peurman.

Quhae devill maid yow a gentillman wald nocth stow your lu ggis?

Diligence.

Quhat now, methink this cullroun cairle begynnis to crak; 1005
Swyth, kerle away, or be this day, I fall brek thy bak.

Heir fall the carle clym vp and fit in the King[is] chy[re.]

Cum doun, or be Godis croun, theif loun, I fall slay the.

Peurman.

Fol. 177. b.

Now fweir be thy brunt schynnis, the Divill ding thame fray the.
Quhat say ye, be thir court knavis? Be thay gett haill clais,
Sa sone thay leir to ban, to fweir and tap on thair taifs. 1010

Diligence.

Methocht the cairle me callit knave, evin in my face.
Be Sanct Fillane, thow salt be flane, bot gife thow ask grace;
Lowp, or be the gode Lord, thow salt loiss thy heid.

Peurman.

Yit fall I drink or I ga, thocht thou had sworne my deid.

Heir he takkis away the ledder.

Diligence.

Lowp now, gif thow list, for thow hes loist the ledder. 1015

Peurman.

It is full weill thy kynd to lowp and licht in a tedder;
Thow falbe fane to fetche agane the ledder, or I lowp;
I fall fitt heir in to this chyre, till I haif towmit this stowp.

Heir fall the karle lowp of the caffald.

Diligence.

Swyth, beggir bogill, haist the away,
Thow art our perte to spill the proces of our play.

1020

Peurman.

I will not gif for your play nocht a fulis fart,
For thair is littill play this day at my hungry hart.

Diligence.

Quhat diuill allis the cowid carle?

Peurman.

Mary, mekle forrow,
I can not get, thocht I gasp, to beg nor to borrow.

1025

Diligence.

Quhair dwellis thow, dyvour, or quhat is thyn entent?

Peurman.

I dwell in to Lowthiane, a myle bot fra Tranent.

Diligence.

Quhair wald thow be, karle, the fwth to me schaw?

Peurman.

Schir, evin at Sanctandrus, for to seik law.

Diligence.

To seik law in Edinburgh is the narrest way.

1030

Peurman.

Schir, I haif socht law thair this mony a deir day,
Bot I cowld nevir find law at fessioun or senyie,
Thairfoir the mekle dun Divill droun all that menyie.

Diligence.

Schaw to me thy mater, man, with all sircumstance,
How thow hes hapinit this vnhappy chance.

1035

Peurman.

Fol. 178.a.

Gude man, will ye gife me of your chirretie,
And I fall declair to yow the blak veritie.
My fader was ane awld man and ane hair,
And was of aige fourscoir yeiris and mair,
And Mald my moder was fourscoir and fyiftene; 1040
And with my labour I did thame baith sustene.
We had a meir that careit salt and coill,
And everilk yeir scho brocht ws hame a foill;
We had thre ky that was baith fatt and fair,
Nane tydiar hyne to the toun of Air. 1045
My fader was fa waik of bluide and bane,
He dyit, quhairfoir my moder maid grit mane;
Than scho deit to, within ane olk or two,
And thair began my poverty and wo.
Our gud gray meir was baitand on the feild, 1050
Oure landis laird tuik hir for his hereyeild;
Oure Vicar tuik the best kow be the heid
Incontinent, quhen my fader was deid;
And quhen the vicar hard how that my moder
Was deid, fra hand he tuke fra me ane vther. 1055
Than Meg my wyfe did mvrne baith evin and morrow,
Till at the last scho deit for verry sorrow;
And quhen the vicar hard tell my wif was deid,
The thrid kow than he cleikit be the heid.
Thair vmuest clais, qubilk was of roploch gray, 1060
The vicar gart his clark cleik thame away;
Quhen that was gane I micht mak no debait,
Bot with my bairnis past for to beg my mait.
Now haif I tal'd yow the blak verritie,
How I am brocht to this miseritie. 1065

Diligence.

How did the perfone, was he not thy gud freind?

Peurman.

How? the Diuill stik him, he curst me for my teind,
And haldis me yit vndir the fame proces,
That gart me want my sacrament at Pefs.
In gudfaith, fchir, thocht ye wald cutt my thrott, 1070
I haif no geir except ane Inglis grott,
Quhilk I purpois to gif ane man of law.

Diligence.

Thow art the daftest fule that evir I saw.
Trewis thow, man, be the law to gett remeid,
Of men of kirk? na, nevir till thow be deid. 1075

Fol. 178.b.

Peurman.

Schir, be quhat law, tell me, quhairfoir or quhy,
That our vicar sowld tak fra me thre kye?

Diligence.

Thay haif na law, except ane confwetude,
Quhilk law to thame is sufficient and gude.

Peurman.

Ane confwetude aganis the commoun weill,
Sowld be no law, I think, be sweit Sanct Jeill. 1080
Quhair will ye find that law, tell gif ye can,
To tak thre ky fra ane peur husbandman?
Ane for my fader, and for my wyfe ane vder,
And the thrid cow he twke for Meg my moder. 1085

1085

Diligence.

It is thair law, all that thay haif in vse,
Thocht it be kow, fow, ganar, gryce or gwfe.

Peurman.

Sir, I wald speir at yow ane questioun.
 Behald sum prellattis of this regioun;
 Manifestly during thair lusty lyvis,
 Thay fwyve ladeis, madinis and menis wyvis,
 And so thair cuntis thay haif in confwetude;
 Quhidder fay ye that law is evill or gude?

1090

Diligence.

Hald thy tung, man, it semis that thou art mangit;
 Speik thou of preiftis, but dowt thou wilt be hangit.

1095

Peurman.

Be him that beure the crewall croun of thorne,
 I cair not to be hangit evin the morne.

Diligence.

Be sure of preiftis thou will get na support.

Peurman.

Gif that be trew, the Feind ressaif the fort;
 So sen I fe I get non vther grace,
 I will ly doun and rest me in this place.

1100

*Heir fall the Peurman ly doun in feild and the Pardonar
 fall cum in and fay:*

[Pardonar.]

Devoit pepill, gudday a fay yow,
 Now tary a lytill quhyll, I pray yow,
 Till I be with yow knawin.
 Wait ye not weill how I am nemmit,
 A nobill man and vndefamit,
 And all the fwth war schawin.
 I am Schir Robert Romerakar,
 Ane publict perfyte pardonar,
 Admittitt be the paip.

1105 Fol. 179.a.

1110

Schir, I fall schaw yow for my wage,
My pardonis and my prevelage,
Quhilk ye fall se and graip.

I gif to the Divill with gud entent,
This wofull wicket New Testiment,
With thame that it transflaittit.

Sen lawic men knew the veritie,
Pardonaris gettis no cherretie,
Withoutt that we debaitit.

Amangis the wyvis with wrinkis and wylis,
As all my marrowis men begylis,

Be our fair fals flattery:
Ye, all tha craftis I can perqueir,
Richt weill informit be a freir,

Callit Ypocrafy.

Bot now, allace, our grit abusioune
Is cleirly knawin to our confusioune,
Quhilk I may fair rapent.

Off all creddence now am I quyt,
Ilk man hes me now at dispyle,
That reidis the New Testment:

Wander be to thame that it wrocht,
Swa fall thame that the buik hame brocht.
Als I pray to the rude,

That Martyne Luter, that fals loun,
Bullengerus and Melanctoun,
Had bene smord in thair crode.

Be him that bere the croun of thorne,
I wald Sanct Pawle had nevir bene borne;
And als I wald his buikis

War nevir red in to the kirk,
Bot amang freiris into the mirk,
Or revin amang the ruikis.

Heir fall he lay doun his wairis vpoun the burde.

1115

1120

1125

1130

1135

1140

My potent pardonis ye ma fee,
Cum fra the Can of Tartarie,
Weill feilit with oster schellis:
Thocht ye haif no discretioune,
Ye fall haif full remissioune,
With help of buikis and bellis.
Heir is a rillik, lang and braid,
Of Fyn Makowll the richt chaste bluid,
With teith and all togidder.
Off Collingis kow heir is a horne,
For eitting of Makconnellis corne,
Was flane in to Baquhiddre.
Heir is the coirdis, baith grit and lang,
Quhilk hangit Jonnye Armestrang,
Of gud hempt soft and found:
Gude haly pepill, I stand ford,
Quha ever beis hangit in this cord,
Neidis nevir to be drownd.
The culum of Sanct Brydis cow;
The grunntill of Sanct Antonis fow,
Quhilk bure his haly bell;
Quha evir heiris this bell clynk,
Gife me a duccat to the drink,
He fall nevir gang till Hell,
Without he be with Belliall borne.
Maisteris, trow ye that this be scorne?
Cum win this pardone, cum.
Quha luvis thair wyvis not with thair hairt,
I haif power thame to depart;
Me think yow deif and dum;
Hes name of you curst wickett wyvis,
That haldis yow in to sturt and ftryvis,
Cum tak my dispensatioun;
Off that cummer I fall mak you quyt,
Howbeit your self be in the wyte,
And mak ake fals narratioun.

1145

1150 Fol. 179.b.

1155

1160

1165

1170

1175

Cum win the pardone, now lat sie,
For meill, for malt or for money,
For cok, hen, gwfe or gryfs.
Off rillikkis heir I haif a hunder;
Quhy cum ye not? this is a woundir;
I trow ye be not wyifs.

1180

1185

Sowtar.

Welcum hame, Robene Romerakar,
Our haly patent pardoner;
Gif ye haif dispensatioun,
To pairt me and my wickett wyfe,
And me deliuier fra sturt and stryfe,
I mak you supplicatioun.

1190

Pardonar.

Fol. 180.a.

I fall the pairt, but mair demand,
Sa I get money in my hand;
Thairfair lat se thy cunyie.

Sowtar.

I haif na silver, be my lyfe,
Bot fyve schilling, and my schaping knyfe;
That fall ye haif, but funyie.

1195

Pardonar.

Qu[h]at kin a woman is thy wyfe?

Sowtar.

A quick diuill, schir, a storme of stryfe,
A frog that fylis the wind,
A filland flag, a flyrie fuff,
At ilka pant scho lassis a pwff,
And hes no ho behind.

1200

All the lang day s echo me dispytis,
 And all the nicht s echo flings and flyttis, 1205
 Thus fleip I nevir a wink;
 That cokatrice, that commoun heure,
 The mekle Divill ma not indeure
 Hir stburnes and stink.

Sowtaris Wyfe.

Theif cairle, thy wordis I hard full weill,
 In faith my freindschip thou salt feill, 1210
 And I the fang.

Sowtar.

Gif I said ocht, deme, by the rude,
 Except ye war baith fair and gude,
 God, nor I hang. 1215

Pardonar.

Fair dame, gif ye wald be a wowar,
 To pairt yow twa I haif a powar;
 Tell on, ar ye content?

Sowtaris Wyf.

Ye, that I am, with all my haire,
 Fra that fals hurfone to depairt, 1220
 Sa that theif will consent.
 Cawsis to pairte I haif anew,
 Becausis I get na chalmer glew,
 I tell yow verralie;
 I marvell not, sa mot I thryve, 1225
 Supposis that swngeour nevir swyve,
 He is baith cawld and dry.

Pardonar.

Quhat wilt thou gif me for thy pairte?

Sowtaris Wyf.

A cuppill of farkis, with all my hairt,
The best claih in this land.

1230

Pardonar.

Fol. 180.b.

To pairt sen ye ar baith content,
I fall pairt yow incontinent,
Bot ye mon do command.

My decret and my finall sentence is,
Ilk ane of yow vthiris erssis kifs:
Slip doun thyne hoifs, me think the cairle is glaikit,
Sett thow not by, howbeid scho kift and flaikkit.

1235

Heir fall scho kifs his ersf.

Lift vp hir clayis, kifs hir hoill with thy hairt.

Sowttar.

I pray yow, sir, forbid hir for to fart.

*Heir the Sowtar fall do the lyk.**Pardonar.*

Dame, pas ye to the eist end of the toun;
And pas ye waft, evin lyk a cukald loun;
Go hence ye baith, with Baliallis braid blifing.
Schirris, saw ye evir mair sorrowles departing?

1240

*Heir fall his boy Wilkin cry of
the hill and fay:*

How, maister, quhair ar ye now?

Pardonar.

I am heir, Wilkyn widdifow.

1245

Wilkin.

Schir, I haif done your bidding,

For I haif fund a grit horfs bane,
Ane farar saw ye nevir nane,

Vpoun Thome fleschouris midding.

Schir, ye may gar the wyffis trow

1250

It is ane bane of Sanct Brydis cow,

Gude for the fevir tartane:

Schir, will ye rewile this rilik weill,

All haill the wyvis will kifs and kneill,

Betuix this and Dumbartane.

1255

Pardonar.

Quhat say thay of me in the toun?

Wilkyн.

Sum sayis ye ar a verry loun,

Sum sayis legatus natus,

Sum sayis ane fals fariffrane,

And sum sayis ye ar for certane

1260

Diabulus incarnatus.

But keip yow fra subiectioun

Fol. 181.a.

Of that curst king Correc*tioun*;

For be ye with him fangit,

Becaus ye ar ane Rome rakar,

1265

A commoun publick calsay paikar,

But dowl ye wilbe hangit.

Pardonar.

Quhair fall I luge in to the toun?

Wilkyн.

With gud kynd Christane Andirsoun,

Quhair ye wilbe weill treittit;

1270

Gife ony lymmar yow demandis,

Scho will defend yow with hir handis,

And womanly debaittit.

Bawburde sayis, be the Trinitie,
That scho fall beir yow cumpany,
Quhowbeid ye byid all yeir.

1275

Pardonar.

Thow hes done weill, be Goddis moder,
Tak thow the ane and I the vder,
So fall we mak gud cheir.

Wilkyn.

I pray yow speid yow heir,
And mak na langar tarye;
Byd ye lang thair but weir,
I dreid your werd ye wary.

1280

Heir fall the begger ryiss and rax him and fay:

[Peurman.]

Quhat thing was yone, that I hard crak and cry?
I haif bene dronand and dremand on my ky;
With my richt hand my haill body I fane,
Sanct Bryd, Sanct Bryd, fend me my ky agane.
I fe standand yondar ane haly man,
To mak me help lat me fe gif ye can.
Haly maister, God speid yow, and gud morne.

1285

1290

Pardonar.

Wylcum to me, thocht thow wer at the horne;
Cum win the pardoun, and fyne I fall the fane.

Peurman.

Will that pardoun get me my kye agane?

Pardonar.

Cairle, of thy kye I haif no thing ado;

Cum win my pardoun and kifs my rillikis to. 1295

Heir fall the pardonar fane him with his rillikis.

Now lowiss thy purfs and lay doun thy offrand,
And thow fall haif my pardoun evin fra hand.
With raipis and rillikis I fall the fane aganc,
Gravell nor gut thow fall nevir haif but pane;
Now win the pardoun, lymmar, or thow art lost. Fol. 181. b.
1300

Peurman.

Now, haly maister, quhat fall that pardoun cost?

Pardonar.

Lat fee quhat money thow beiris in thy bag.

Peurman.

I haif ane groit heir bundin in ane rag.

Pardonar.

Hes thow nane vthir siluer bot ane grote?

Peurman.

Gif I haif mair, sir, cum and ryp my cote. 1305

Pardonar.

Gif me that grote, man, gif thow hes no mair.

Peurman.

With all my haift, maister, lo, tak it thair;
Now latt me see your pardoun, with your leif.

Pardonar.

A thowfand yeir of pardone I the gife.

Peurman.

A thowfand yeir, I will not leif sa lang;
Delyver me it, maister, syne lat me gang.

1310

Pardonar.

A thowfand yeir I lay vpoun thyne heid,
With totiens quotiens; now mak me no moir pleid,
Thow hes reffauit my pardoun now all reddy.

Peurman.

Bot I can se nothing, schir, be our Leddy;
Forswth, maister, I trow I be not wyifs,
To pay or I haif fene my merchandyifs.
That ye haif gottin my grote full fair I rew:
Schir, quhidder is your pardone blak or blew?
Maister, sen ye haif tane fra me my cunyie,
My merschandyce schaw me withowttin fennyie,
Or to the bischop I fall pafs and planylie,
In Sanctandrus, and fummond yow to thair fenyie.

1315

1320

Pardonar.

Quhat cravis thow, cairle, methink thow art not wyifs?

Peurman.
I crave my grote or ellis my merchandyifs.

1325

Pardonar.
I gaif the pardoun for a thowfand yeir.

Fol. 182.a.

Peurman.
Quhan fall I gett that pardoun, latt me heir?

Pardonar.
Stand still and I fall tell the all the story:
Quhen thow art deid and gois to Purgatory,

Beand condampnit to pane ane thowfand yeir, 1330
 Than fall thy pardoun the releif but weir.
 Now be content, thow art a mervellus man.

Peurman.

Sall I get nathing for my grote quhill than?

Pardonar.

That fall thou not, I mak it to the plane.

Peurman.

Na than, maister, gif me my grote agane. 1335
 Quhat say ye, maisteris? call ye this a gud reffoun,
 That he fowld prommeiss me ane gud pardoun,
 And heir ressaif my money in this steid,
 Syne mak me na payment till I be deid?
 Quhen I am deid, I wait full fickerly, 1340
 My silly fawle fall pass to Purgatory;
 Declair me that, now God nor Baliall bind the,
 Quhen I am thair, curst cairle, quhair fall I find the?
 Nocht in to Hevin bot rader in to Hell;
 Quhan thou art thair, thou can not help thy fell. 1345
 Quhen wilt thou cum my bailis for to beit?
 Or I the find, my hippis will get a heit.
 Trowis thou, bowchour, that I will by blind lammis?
 Gife me my grote, the Diuill dryte on thy gammis.

Pardonar.

Swyth, stand abak; I trow this man be mangit; 1350
 Thow gettis not this grote, thocht thou fowld be hangit.

Peurman.

Gife me my grote, weill bund in to my clowt,

Or, be Goddis breid, Robene fall beir a rowt.

*Heir fall thay fecht togedder,
and the peurman fall cast down
the burd and cast the rillikis in the
wattler.*

*Heir endis this Interlud and followis ane
vther Interlud of the famyne Play.*

Heir enteris Folly.

Fol. 182.b.

[*Folly.*]

Gude day, my lordis, and God fane;
Will na man bid guday agane? 1355
Quhan fulis ar fow than ar thay fane;
Ken ye not me?
Quhow call thay me, can ye not tell?
Now, be him that herryit Hell,
I wat not how thay call my fell,
Bot gif I lound lie. 1360

Diligence.

Quhat brybour is yone, that makis sic beiris?

Foly.

The Feind ressaif that mowth that speiris;
Gudman, ga play yow amang your feiris,
With mvk vpoun your mow. 1365

Diligence.

Found fwle, quhair hes thow bene so lait? .

Foly.

Mary, cumand doun thruch the bony gait;
Bot thair hes bene ane grit debait,
Betuix me and ane fow. .

The sow cryid guff, and I to gay, 1370
 Throw speid of fut I gatt away,
 Bot in the middis of the cawsay,
 I fell in to ane midding;
 Scho lap vpoun me with a bend.
 Quha evir tha middingis sowl ammend, 1375
 God send thame ane mischevous end,
 For that is Goddis bidding.
 As I was pudlid thair, God wait,
 Bot with my club I maid debait;
 I fall nevir cum agane that gait, 1380
 Schir, be Allhallowis.
 I wald the officiaris of the toun,
 That sufferis sic confusiooun,
 That thay war harbreit with Mahoun,
 Or hangit on the gallowis. 1385
 Fy, that sa fair a cuntry
 Sowld stand sa lang but pollecie;
 I gif thame to the Diuill hairtie,
 That hes the wytte.
 I wald the prowest wald tak in heid, 1390
 Of yone middingis to mak remeid,
 Quhilk patt me and the sow at feid.
 Quhat ma I do bot flyte?

King.

Pas on, my schirwand Diligence,
 And bring yone fule to our prefence. 1395

Diligence.

Fol. 183.a.

It falbe done but tareing;
 Foly, thow mon go to the King.

Foly.

The King, quhat kynd a thing is that?

Is yone hie with the goldin hat?

Diligence.

Yone fame is he; cum on thy way.

1400

Foly.

Gif ye be King, God gif yow gud day,
I haif ane plent to mak to yow.

King.

Qu[h]ome on, Foly?

Foly.

Mary, of ane sow:

Schir, fcho hes fworn that fcho fall slay me,
Or ellis byt baith the bagstanis fra me.
Gif ye be King, schir, be Sanct Anne,
Ye fowld do justyce to ilk man;
Had I nocht kepit me with my club,
That fow had drownd me in ane dub.
I heirsay thair is cum to the toun
Ane king callit Correctioun;
I pray you tell me quhilk is he.

1405

1410

Diligence.

Yone with the wingis; ma thow not fe?

Foly.

Now wally faw that weifard mow;
Schir, I pray yow corre \bar{c} t yone fow,
Quhilk, with hir teith, but fwerd or knyf,
Had maist have reft me of my lyf.
Gif ye will not mak corre \bar{c} tioun,
Than gif me your prote \bar{c} tioun,
Of all swyne to be skaithles,
Betuix this toun and Inuernes.

1415

1420

Diligence.

Hes thow, Foly, ane wyf at hame?

Foly.

Ye, that I have, God fend hir schame.
I trow be this scho is neir deid,
I left ane wyf bindand hir heid;
To schaw hir seiknes I think grit schame;
Scho hes sic rumling in hir wame,
That all the nycht my hairet ourcaftis,
With bokking and with hinder blastis.

1425

Fol. 183. b,

1430

Diligence.

Peraventeur scho be with bairne..

Foly.

Allace, I trow scho be forfarne;
Scho sobbit and scho fell in soun,
And than thay rowit hir vp and doun;
Scho riftit, ruckit and maid sic stendis,
Scho yeild and yet at baith the endis,
Till scho had cassin a cuppill of quartis,
Syne all turnd till a rak of fartis.
Scho blubbirt, bokkit and braikit still,
Hir ers gaid evin lyk ane wind mill; 1435
Scho puft and yifkit with sic riftis,
That verry dirt come furth with driftis;
Sic dry fmell droggis fra hir scho schot,
Quhill scho maid all the flure on flot;
Of hir hurdeis scho had na hawld, 1440
Quhill scho had temid hir monysawld.

1445

1440

1445

Diligence.

Bettir bring hir to the leichis heir.

Foly.

Trittill trattill, scho ma not steir,
 Hir verry buttokkis makis sic beir,
1450
 It skarris baith foill and filly;
 Scho bokkis sic baggage fra hir breist,
 Thay want na bubbillis that sittis hir neist,
 With ilk a quhilly lilly.

Diligence.

Recoverit not scho at the laſt?

Foly.

Ye, bot wat ye weill scho farttit fast,
1455
 Yit quhen scho sichis my hairt is fairy.

Diligence.

Will scho nocht drink?

Folly.

Ye, be Sanct Mary,
 Ane quart attanis it will not tary,
1460
 And leif the divill a drop.
 Than sic flobbage scho layis fra hir,
 Abowt the wallis, God wait sic wair;
 Quhen all is drunkin, I get to the¹ skair
 The likkyngis of the cop.

Fol. 184.a.

Diligence.

Quhat is in that creill, I pray the tell?
1465

Foly.

Mary, I haif foly hattis to sell.

Diligence.

I pray the, sell me ane or tway.

¹ *The* has possibly been deleted.

Foly.

Na, tary quhill the market day.
 I will sit doun heir, be Sanct Clune,
 And gif my babbeis thair difione; 1470
 Cum heir gud Gukkis, my dochter deir,
 Thow falbe maryit within ane yeir,
 Vpoun ane freir of Tullilum;
 Na, thow art nowder deif nor dum.
 Cum heir, Stulty, my fone and air, 1475
 My jo, thow art baith gude and fair;
 Now fall I feid yow as I mae,
 Cry lyke the gorbettis of ane kae.

Diligence.

Get vp, Folly, but tareing,
 And speid yow haistelly to the King; 1480
 Gett vp, me think the carle is dum.

Foly.

Now bumbalary, bum, bum.

Diligence.

I trow the truccour lyis in ane transf;
 Get vp, man, with a mirry mischanfs,
 Or be Sanct Dynneifs of Frans, 1485
 Thow fall want thy wallat.
 Its schame, man, to se how thow lyis.

Foly.

Wa, yit agane, now this is thryifs;
 The Divill wirry me, and I ryifs,
 Bot I fall brek thy pallat. 1490
 Me think my pillok will not ly doun;
 Hald doun your heid, ye ladroun loun,

Yone fair laſſ with the fating goun
Garris yow this bek and bend.

Tak thair a neidill for your cace,
Now for all the hyding of your face,
Had ye it in till a quiet place,

1495

Fol. 184. b.

Ye wald not wane to flend.

Thir bony anis that ar cled in silk,
Thay ar als wantoun as ane wilk;
I wald forbear baith breid and milk,

1500

To kifs thy bony lippis.

Suppois ye luik as ye war wreth,
War we at quiet behind a clraith,
Ye wald nocht spair to preve my graith,

1505

With hobbing of your hippis.

Be God, I ken yow weill anewch,
Ye ar fane thocht ye mak it twich;
Think ye not on into the fewch,

Befyd the quarrell hoillis?

1510

Ye wan fra me baith hoifs and schone,
And gart me mak mowis to the mone,
And ay lap on your courſs abone.

Diligence.

Thow mon be dung with poillis;
Swyth, harlot, haift the to the King,
And lat allane thy tratling.
Lo, heir is Folly, schir, all reddy,
A richt sweir swyngour, be our Leddy.

1515

Foly.

Thow art nocht half so sweir thy fell;
Quhat menis this pulpet, I pray the tell?

1520

Diligence.

Our new bischoppis hes maid a preiching,

Bot thou hard nevir fa plesand teiching;
Yone bischop will preiche thruche all the cost.

Foly.

Than stryk ane hag in to the post,
For I hard nevir in all my lyfe,
A bischop cum to preiche in Fyfe.
Gife bischopis to be preichouris leiris,
Walloway, quhat fall word of freiris?
And prellattis preiche in bruch and land,
The silly freiris, I vndirstand,

1525

Thay will get na mair meill nor malt;
So I dreid freiris fall dee for falt.

Sen fwa is that, yone nobill king
Will mak men bischoppis for preiching.

1530

Quhat fay ye, schir, hald ye not best,
That I ga preiche amang the rest?
Quhen I haif preichit on my best wyifs,
Than will I sell my merchandyifs,
To my breditir and tendir maitis,
That dwellis amang the Thre Estaitis;

1535

Fol. 185. a.

For I haif heir gud chaffray,
Till ony fwle that listis to by.

1540

Heir fall Folly hing vp his hattis upon the pulpet.

God sen I had ane doctoris hude.

King.

Quhy, Foly, wald thou mak ane preiching?

Foly.

Ye, that I wald, schir, be the rude,
But owder flattery or fleiching.

1545

King.

Now, bruder, lat ws heir yone teiching,
To pafs our tyme and heir him raiff.

Diligence.

He war far meitar in the ketching,
Amang the pottis, fa Chryſt me faiff.
Fond Foly, I will be thy clark,
And anschir ay with amene.

1550

Foly.

Now, att the begynnyng of my wark,
The Feind reſſaive that gracles gane.

Heir fall Folly begin his sermon:

Text.

Stultorum numerus infinitus.

Salamone, the moift ſapient king,
In Israell quhen he did ring,
Thir wordis in effect he did wryte,
The number of fulis ar infinyte.
I think no ſchame, fa Chryſt me faive,
To be ane fule amang the laive;
Howbeit ane hundredreft standis heirby,
Peranter ar als gukit fulis as I.

1555

1500

Stultorum numerus infinitus.

I haif of my genology,
Dwelland in every cuntry,
Erlis, duckis, kingis and empriouris,
With mony gukit conquerouris;

1565

Fol. 185. b.

Quhilk dois in foly perseveir,
 And hes done so this mony a yeir;
 Sum feikis in warldly digniteis,
 And sum in sensuall vaniteis. 1570
 Quhat vailis all thir vane honouris,
 Nocht beand seur to leve twa houris?
 Sum gredy fulle dois fill the box,
 Ane vthir fulle cumnis and brekis the lokkis,
 And spendis that vthir fulis hes spaird, 1575
 Quha nevir thocht on thame to waird;
 Sum dois as thay fowld nevir dee.
 Is not this foly, quhat fay yie?

Sapientia huius mundi est stultia apud Deum]

Becaus thair is fa mony fulis,
 Rydand on horfs, and sum on mulis, 1580
 Heir I haif brocht gud chaffry
 Till ony fulle that lykis to by;
 And specialy for the Thre Staitis,
 Quhair I haif mony tendir maitis;
 Quhilk gart thame gang, as ye ma fe, 1585
 Bakwart thruche all the cuntry.
 With my cramery gif ye list mell,
 Heir I haif foly hattis to sell:
 Quhomefor is this hat, wald ye ken?
 Mary, for infaciablie merchand men, 1590
 Quhen God hes send thame haboundance,
 Ar nocht content with sufficance,
 Bot failis in to the stromy blastis,
 In wintter to get grittar castis,
 In mony terrible grit torment, 1595
 Aganis the actis of parliament;
 Sum tynis thair geir, and sum ar dround:
 With this sic merchandis fowld be cround.

Diligence.

Quhometo myndis thow to fell that hude?
I trow, to sum grit man of gude.

1600

Foly.

This hude, to fell richt fane I wald,
To him that is baith awld and cald,
Reddy to pafs till Hell or Hevin,
And hes fair bairnis fax or fevin;
And is of aige fourscoir of yeir,
And takkis a laſſ to be his peir,
Quhillk is not fourtene yeiris of aige,
And bindis with hir in mariage,
Gifand hir treſt that ſcho not wald
Richt haiftelly mak him cukcald.
Quho mareis beand fo neir deid,
Sett on this hatt vpoun his heid.

Fol. 186.a.

1605

1610

Diligence.

Quhat hwde is that, tell me, I pray the?

Foly.

This is ane haly hude, I say the;
This hude is ordanit, I the affeure,
For ſpirituall fulis, that takkis in cure
The fawlis of grit dyoceis,
And regiment of grit abbafeis;
For gredines of wardly pelf,
That can not justly gyd thameſelf;
Vthir fawlis to faive, it ſettis thame weill,
Syne fendis thair awin fawle to the Deill.
Quho evir dois fo, this I conclude,
Vpoun his heid ſett on this hude.

1615

1620

Diligence.

Foly, is thair ony sic men,
Now in the kirk, that thow can ken?
How fall I ken thame?

1625

Foly.

Na, keip that clofs.
Ex fructibus eorum cognoscetis eos;
And fulis speik of the prellacie,
It will be haldin heresie.

1630

King.

Speik on, Foly, I gif the leif.

Foly.

Than haive I remissioune in my sleif,
Will ye leif me to speik of kingis?

King.

Ye, hardelly speik of all kin thingis.

1635

Foly.

Conformand to my first narratioun,
Ye ar all fulis, be Goddis passioun.

Fol. 186. b.

Diligence.

Thow leis; I trow the fule be mangit.

Foly.

Gif I lie, God, nor thow be hangit;
For I haif heir, I to the tell,
Ane nobill kaip imperiell,
Quhilk is not ordanit for dringis,
Bot for duikis, empriouris and kingis,
For princely and imperiall fulis.

1640

Thay fowld have luggis als lang as mylis; 1645
 The pryd of princis, withowttin faill,
 Garris all the warld rin top our taill;
 To win thame warldy gloir and gude,
 Thay cure not schedding of Cristin blude.

Quhat cummer haif we had in Scotland, 1650
 Be our awld ennemeis of Ingland;
 Had not bene the support of France,
 We had bene brocht to grit mischance.
 Now I heir say, the empriour

Schaipis for to be ane conquerour, 1655
 And is movand his ordinance,
 Aganis the nobill king of France;
 Bot I knew not his just querrell,
 That he hes for to mak battell.

All the princis of Allmanyie, 1660
 Spanyie, Flanderis and Italie,
 This present yeir ar all on flocht;
 Sum will thair wagis find deir bocht.

The Paip, with bumbard, speir and scheild,
 Hes send his army to the feild; 1665
 Sanct Petir, Sanct Pawle, nor Sanctandrow,
 Rasit nevir sic ane oift, I trow.

Is this fraternall cheritie,
 Or furius foly, quhat say yie?

Thay leird not this at Chryftis sculis, 1670
 Thairfoir I think thame verry fulis;
 I think it folly, be Goddis moder,
 Ilk Cristin prince to ding doun vder.

Becaups that this hatt fowld belang thame,
 Ga thow and pairte it richt amang thame. 1675
 The profesy, withowttin weir,
 Off Marling beis compleit this yeir;
 For my guddame, the gyrecarling,
 Leird me this prophecy of Marling,

Quhairof I fall schaw the sentence,
Gif ye will gif me awdience.

Flan, Fran resurgent, simul Ispan viribus vrgent,
Dani vastabunt, Valances bella parabunt.
Sic tibi nomen in a.
Mulier caccauit in olla:
Hoc epulum commedes.

1685

Diligence.

Mary, that is ane evill faird mes.

Foly.

So, be this prophecy, planely it appeiris,
That mortall weir falbe amang the freiris;
That thay fall not weill knaw in to thair cloisteris,
To quhome that thay fall say thair pater nosteris;
Wald thay fall to, and fecht with speir and scheild,
The Divill mak cair quhilk of thame tynt the feild.
Now of my sermond I have maid ane end,
To Gilly Mowband I yow recommend;
And als I yow beselik richt hertfully,
Pray for the fawle of gud Kae Cappetie,
Quha laitly drownd him self in to Lochlevin.
That his sweet fawle may be aboif in hevin.

1690

1695

*Finis of this Interlude.**Ane vthir Interlude.*

*Heir entiris Flattery new landit owt of France
and stormesled at the May.*

[Flattery.]

Mak roum, firis, how, that I may rin;
Lo, se how I am new cum in,
Begareit all in findry hewis.

1700

Lat be your din till I begin,
 And I fall tell yow of my newis.
 Throw all realmes crifnit I haif past,
 1705
 And am cum heir now at the last;
 Stormested be sie, ay, sen Yule day,
 That we war fane till hew our maft,
 Not half a myle beyond the May.
 Bot now aniang yow I will remane,
 1710
 I purpoifs nevir to faill agane,
 To put my self in chance of watter.
 Was nevir fene sic wind and rane,
 Nor of schipmen sic clittir clatter;
 Sum bad haill, sum bad stand by,
 1715
 On stieburde, how, alluff, fy, fy,
 Quhill all the raipis began to rattill;
 Was nevir wy fa feid as I,
 Quhen all the failis plaid brittill brattill.
 To fe the wawis it was a woundir,
 1720
 And wound that raif the sailis in schunder;
 Bot I lay braikand lyk a brok,
 And schot fa fast, abone and vnder,
 The Divill durft not cum neir my dok.
 Now ain I chaipit fra that fray,
 1725
 Quhat say ye, schir, am I not gay?
 Ken ye not Flattery your awin fule,
 That yeid to mak this new array;
 Was I not heir with yow at Yule?
 Yis, be my faith, I think on weill.
 1730
 Quhair ar my fallowis that wald I feill?
 We sowld haif cumin heir for a kaft;
 How, Falfatt, how.

Falsatt.

Wa, serve the Diuill,
 Quhais that cryis for me fa fast?
 1735

Flattery.

Quhy, bruder Falfat, knawis thow not me?
I am thy bruder, Flattre.

Falfat.

Now, welcum, be the Trinitie,
This meting cumis for gude.
Now lat me braiss the in myne armes;
Quhen freindis meitis, hairtis warmes,
Quod Johine, that frely fude.
How hapnit thow in to this place?

1740

Flattery.

Now, be my fawle, bot evin be cace,
I come in sleipand at the port,
Or evir I wist, amang this fort.
Quhair is Diffait, that lymmar loun?

1745

Falfat.

I left him drinkand in the toun;
He will be heir incontinent.

Fol. 188.a.

Flattery.

Now, be the haly sacrament,
Tha tydanis confortis all my hairt;
I wat Diffait will tak ane pairte;
He is richt crafty as ye ken,
And counsalour to the merchand men.
Lat ws ly stll baith heir, and spy
Gife we perfaif him rynnand by.

1750

*Heir fall Diffait entir.**[Diffait].*

Bongour, bredir, with all myne hairt,
Heir am I cum to tak your pairte,
Baith in to gude and evill.

1755

I met Gud Counsale be the way,
Quha pot me in ane fellone fray,
I gife him to the Divill.

1760

Falfett.

How chaippit thou, I pray the tell?

Diffait.

I flippit in ane fowl bordell,
And hid me in ane bawburdis bed;
Bot fuddanly hir schankis I sched,
With hochurhudy amang hir howis;
God wait gif we maid mony mowis.
How come ye heir, I pray yow tell me?

1765

Falfat.

Mary, feikand King Humanitie.

1770

Diffait.

Now be the gud lady that did me beir,
That famyn horfs is my awin meir:
Now till our purpoiss lat ws ga,
Quhat is your counsale, I pray yow sa?
Sen we thre feikis yone nobill king,
Lat ws devyiss sum subtell thing;
And als I pray yow as your bruder,
That we be ilk ane trew till vder.
I mak ane wow, with all my hairt,
In evill and gude to tak your pairete;
I pray to God, nor I be hangit,
Bot I fall dy or ye be wrangit.

1775

1780

Falfet.

Quhat is your counsale that we do?

Diffait.

Fol. 188.b.

Mary, this is my counsale, lo;
 Till tak our tyme quhill we ma get it,
 For now thair is no man to let it. 1785
 Fra tyme the king begin to steir him,
 Gud Counsale than I dreid cum neir him;
 And be we knawin with Correctioun,
 It will be our confusioun. 1790
 Thairfoir now, brethir, devyis
 To find sum toy of the new gyis.

Flattry.

Mary, I fall fynd ane thowfand wylis;
 We mon tvrne our claithis and chainge our stylis.
 And diffagyis ws that na man ken ws. 1795
 Hes na man clerkis clething to len ws?
 And lat ws keip grave countenance,
 As we war new cumin owt of France.

Diffait.

Be my fawle, that is weill devysit;
 Ye fall fee me fone diffagysit. 1800

Falset.

So fall I be, man, be the Rude;
 Now fum gud fallow len me ane hude.

Heir fall Flattry help his twa marrowis.

Diffait.

Now am I buskit, quha can spy?
 The Diuill stik me gif this be I;
 Is this I, or nocth I, can ye not say, 1805
 Or hes the Feind, or fairfolk, borne me away?

Falset.

And war my hair vp in ane how,
The feind a man wald ken me now.
Quhat sayis thow of my gay garmoun?

Diffait.

I say thow lukis evin lyk a loun.
Now, bruder Flattry, quhat do ye?
Quhat kynd a man schaip ye to be?

1810

Flattry.

Now, be my faith, my bruder deir,
I will ga counterfute the freir.

Diffait.

A freir, quhairto, thow can not preiche?

1815

Flattry.

Quhattrak, bot I can flattir and fleiche;
Peraventur cum to that honour,
To be the kingis confessour.
Peur freiris ar fre at every fest,
And merchellit ay amang the best;
Als God hes lent to thame sic gracis,
That bischoppis puttis thame in thair placis,
Owtthrwch thair dyoceis to preiche,
Bot farly not howbeid thay fleiche,
For schaw thay all the veretie,
Thaill want the bischoppis cherctie.
Yit thocht the corne be nevir so scant,
Gud wyvis will nevir lat freiris want;
For quhy? thay ar thair confessouris,
Thair prudent hevinly counsalouris;
Thairfoir wyvis planely takkis thair pairtis,
And schawis the secreteis of thair hairtis

Fol. 189.a.

1820

1825

1830

To freiris, with bettir will, I trow,
Nor thay do to thair bedfallow.

Diffate.

And I reft anis a freiris cowll,
Betuix Sanct Johinstoun and Kynnowll;
I fall ga fetche it, gif thou wilt tary.

1835

Flattery.

Now play me that of cumpanary;
Ye saw him nocht this hundreth yeir,
That bettir can counterfet the freir.

1840

Diffait.

Heir is thy ganenyng all and sum,
This is the cowll of Tullylum.

Flattery.

Quha hes ane portoris to len me?
The feind a fawll, I trow, will ken me.

Falset.

Bruder, pass on quhair evir thou will,
Thow may be fallow to freir Gill;
Bot with Correctioun and we be kend,
I dreid we mak a schamefull end.

1845

Flattery.

For that mater I dreid na thing,
Freiris ar exemit fra the King;
For freiris will reddy entrefs gett,
Quhen lordis ar haldin at the yett.

1850

Fol. 189.b.

Falset.

We mon do mair yit, be Sanct James,

For we mon change all thre our names;
Cristin me, and I fall bapteifs the.

1855

Diffait.

Be God, and thairabowt mot it be;
How will thow call me, I pray the tell?

Falsat.

Mary, I wat not how to call my fell.

Diffait.

Bot yit anis name the bairnis name.

Falsat.

Discretioun, Discretioun, a Goddis name.

1860

Diffait.

I neid not now to cair for thrift,
Bot quhat salbe my godbairne gift?

Falsat.

I gif the all the divillis of Hell.

Diffait.

Na, bruder, hald that to thy fell;
Now fit doun, lat me bapteifs the,
Bot yit I wat not quhat to call the.

1865

Falsat.

I pray the, name the bairnis name.

Diffait.

Sapience, Sapience, a Goddis name.

Flattery.

Bruder Diffait, cum bapteifs me.

Diffait.

Than fit doun lawly on thy kne.

1870

Flattry.

Now, bruder, name the bairnis name.

Diffait.

Devotioun, in the Diuillis name.

Flattry.

The Diuill ressaif the, laidroun loun,
Thow hes wat all my new schein croun.

Diffait.

Devotioun, Sapience, and Discretioun,
We thre may rewll a haill regiouн;
We fall fynd mony crafty thingis,
For to begyle ane hundredth kingis;
For thow fall crak, and thow fall clattir,
And I fall fenyie, and thow fall flattir.

1875

1880

Flattry.

Fol. 190.a.

Bot I wald haif, or we depairtit,
A drink to mak ws bettir hairtit.

Diffait.

Weill said, be him that herreit Hell,
I was evin thinkand that my fell.

*Heir fall thay drink, and the King fall cum
furth of his chalmer, and call for Wantones.*

Now till we get the kingis presence,
We will sit doun and keip sylence;
I se ane yonder, quhatevir he be,
I trow ful weill yone fame is hie.

1885

Steir nocht, bruder, bot hald ws still,
Till we haif hard quhat be his will.

1890

*Heir the King hes bene with his concubyne, and
thaireftir returnis to his yung cumpny.*

King.

Now quhair is Placebo and Solace?
Quhair is my mynyeoun Wantonefs?
Wantones, how, cum to me sone.

Wantones.

Quhy cryid ye, schir, till I had done?

King.

Qu[h]at was thow doand, tell me that?

1895

Wantones.

Mary, leirand how my fader me gat.
I wait not how it standis, but dowt,
Methink the wrold rynnys round abowt.

King.

And so think I, man, be my thrift,
I se fyistene monis in the lift.

190

Wantones.

Lat Hamelines, my lafs, allane,
Scho bendit vp ay twa for ane.

Hamelines.

Howbeid, ye gat that ye desyrit,
Or I was temprit ye was tyrit.

Denger.

And als for Placebo and Sollace,
I held thame baith in mirrenes;
Howbeit I maid it fumthing tewch,
I fand thame chalmer glew annewch.

1905

Sollace.

Mary, thow wald gar ane hundredth tyre;
Thow hes ane cunt lyk ane quaw myre.

1910

Danger.

Fol. 190.b.

Now, fowll fall yow, it is na Bourdis,
Befoir ane king to speik fowll wourdis;
Or evir ye cum that gait agane,
To kifs my cloff ye falbe fane.

Sollace.

Now schaw me, schir, I yow exhort,
How ar ye of your luve content;
Think ye not this ane mirry sport?

1915

King.

Ye, that I do, in verement.
Quhat bernis ar yone vpoun the bent?
I did not fe thame all this day.

1920

Wantones.

Thay will be heir incontinent;
Stand still and heir quhat thay will say.

*Heir fall the thre Vycis cum and mak thair
salutatioun to the King, and say:*

[*Thre Vycis.*]

Lawd, honor, gloir, trivmphand victorie,
Be to your moist excellent maiestie.

King.

Ye ar wylcum, gud freindis, be the Rude;
Apperendly ye feme grit men of gud.
Quhat ar your names, tell me, withoutt dellay?

1925

Diffait.

Discretioun, schir, that is my name perfay.

King.

Quhat is your name, schir, with the clippit croun?

Flattery.

But dowt my name is callit Devotioun.

1930

King.

Wylcum Devotioun, by Sanct Jame.
Now, firray, tell quhat is your name.

Falset.

Mary, thay call me, quhat call thay me?
I wat not weill bot gif I lie.¹

King.

Can thou not tell quhat is thy name?

1935

Falset.

I kend it or I com fra hame.

King.

Quhat aillis the can not schaw it now?

Falset.

Mary, thay call me Thyn Drink, I trow.

King.

Thyn Drink; quhat kin a name is that?

¹ This line has been written on the margin, possibly by another hand.

Diffait.

Sapience, thow servis to beir a plat;
Me think thow schawis the not weill wittit.

1940

Falset.

Fol. 191. a.

Sypyns, schir, Sypynis, mary, thair ye hittit.

Flattry.

Sir, gif ye pleiss to lat me fa,
Forfuth his name is Sapientia.

Falset.

That fame is it, be Sanct Michaell.

1945

King.

Quhy cowld thow not tell thy name thy fell?

Falset.

I pray your grace to pardon me,
And I fall schaw the verricie.
I am fa full of sapience,
That sumtyme I will tak a trance;
My spreit was reft fra my body,
Now heich abone the Trinitie.

1950

King.

Sapience fowld be ane man of gude.

Falset.

Sir, ye may knaw that be my hude.

King.

Now haive I Sapience and Discretioun,
How can I fail to rewile this regioune?

1955

And Devotioun to be my confessour;
 I trow thir thre come in a happy hour.
 Heir I mak the my secretar,
 And thou fall be my thesawarar,
 And thou falt be my counsalour,
 In sprituall thingis to be confessour.

1960

Flattery.

Soverane, I sweir yow, be Sanct An,
 Ye mett nevir with ane wyfar man;
 Mony a craft, schir, I can,
 War thay weill knawin.

1965

I haif na feill of flattery,
 Bot fosterit with philosophie,
 A strange man in astronomy,
 Quhilk falbe fone schawin.

1970

Falsat.

And I haif grit intelligence,
 In quelling of the quyntace;
 Bot to preve my experience,
 Sir, len me fourty crownis,
 To mak mvltipliacioun,
 And tak my obligacioun;
 Gif we mak fals narratioun,
 Hald ws for verry lownis.

1975

Diffait.

Fol. 191.b.

Schir, I ken be your phisnomye,
 Ye fall conqueifs, or ellis I lye,
 Danskyn, Denmark and all Almane,
 Spittelfeild and the realme of Spane;
 Ye fall haive at your govirnance,
 Remfrew and the realme of France,

1980

Ye Rugling and the toun of Rome,
Corstorphyne and all Cristindome;
Quhairto, fchir, be the Trinitie,
Ye ar ane verry apersee.

1985

Flattery.

Schir, quhen I dwelt in Italy,
I leirit the craft of palmestry;
Schaw me the luffe, schir, of your hand,
And I fall gar yow vndirstand,
Gif your grace be infortunat,
Or gife ye be predestinat.
I see ye will have fyiftene quenis,
And fyiftene scoir of concubenis.
Now, the Virgin Mary fave your grace,
Saw evir man fa quyt a face,
Swa grit ane arme, fa fair ane hand,
Thair is not sic a leg in all this land.
War ye in harnes, I think na wounder,
Howbeid ye dang doun twenty hunder.

1990

1995

2000

2005

Diffait.

Be my fawle, that is trew thou fais,
Was nevir man fett fa weill his clais;
Thair is na man in Cristianicie,
So meit to be ane king as ye.

Falset.

Schir, thank the haly Trinitie,
That send ws to your cumpany;
For, God, nor I gaip in ane gallowis,
Gif evir ye fand thre bettir fallowis.

2010

King.

Ye ar all wylcum, be the rude;
Ye feme to be thre men of gude.

Finis of this Interlude, and part of Play.

*Heireftir fall Gud Counfale appair, and
falbe boſlit away, and Lady Cheſtletie and
Verretie fall be put in ſtokis, and Senſualite
fall gyd the yung king for a tyme.*

[King.]

Bot quhae is yone that standis fa ſtill?
Go ſpy, and ſpeir quhat is his will;
And giſ he yairnis my preſence,
Bring him to me with diligēce.

Fol. 192.a.

2015

Diffait.

That falbe done, be Godis breid,
We fall him bring owdir quick or deid.

Flattery.

I dreid full foir, be God him ſell,
That yone awld carle be Gud Counfall;
Get he anis to the kingis preſence,
We thre will get na audience.

2020

Diffait.

That mater fall I tak in hand,
And fay it is the kingis command,
That lie annone devoyd this place,
And cum not neir the kingis grace,
And that vndir the pane of treffone.

2025

Flattery.

Bruder, I think that counſale reffone;¹

¹ MS. has *refſome*.

Now lat ws heir quhat he will say.
Awld berdit mowth, gude day, gud day.

2030

Gude Counfall.

Gud day, agane, schiris, be the Rude,
I pray God mak yow men of gude.

Diffait.

Pray not for that to lord nor leddy,
For we ar men of gude all reddy;
Sir, schaw till ws quhat is your name.

2035

Gud Counsale.

Gude Counsale thay call me at hame.

Falsct.

Quhat sayis thou, cairle, art thou Gud Counsale?
Swyth, pafs the hence, vnhappy vnsale.

Gud Counsale.

I pray yow, schiris, gife me licence,
To cum anis to the kingis prefence,
To speik bot thre wordis with his grace.

2040

Flattery.

Swyth, hurfone cairle, devoyd this place.

Gud Counsale.

Fol. 192. b.

Bruder, I ken yow weill annewch,
Howbeid ye mak it nevir fa tewch;
Flattery, Diffait and Fals Report,
Thay will not suffer to refort
Gude Counsale to the kingis prefence.

2045

Dissait.

Swyth, hurfone karle, ga pak the hense.

Heir fall thay hurle away Gud Counsale.

[*Gud Counsale.*]

Sen at this tyme I can gett na presence,

Is no remeid bot tak in pacience;

2050

Howbeid Gud Counsale heftaly be not hard

With yung princis, yit fowld thay not be skard;

Bot quhen yowtheid hes blawin his wantoun blaft,

Than fall Gude Counsale rewill him at the last.

Heir fall the Thre Vycis pafs to ane counsale.

Flattery.

Now quhill Gud Counsale is absent,

2055

Bredir, we mon be diligent,

And mak betuix ws sovir bandis,

Quhen vacanis fallis in ony landis,

That every man fall help his fallow.

Dissait.

I hald, deir bruder, be Allhallow,

2060

So thow fische not within our boundis.

Flattery.

That fall I not, be cokkis woundis,

Bot I fall planely tak your pairtis.

Falset.

So fall we thyne, with all our hairtis;

2065

Bot haist ws quhill the king is yung,

And lat ilk man keip weil a tung,

And in ilk quartir have a spy,

Ws till aduerteis haistelly,

Quhen ony cawsualiteis

Sall happen in our cuntrieis; 2070
 And lat ws mak provisioun,
 Or he cum to discretiou.
 No moir he wat now, nor ane sanct,
 Quhat thing it is to haive of want;
 Or he cum to his persyt aige, 2075
 We falbe ficker of our waige,
 And than, lat ilk ane cairle craves vthir.
Fol. 193.a.

Diffait.

That mowth speik mair, my awin deir bruthir.

*Heir fall Veritie entr and pass to hir place,
 quhair Flattery fall spy hir with feir.*

[Veritie.]

Gif men of me wald haif intelligence,
 Or knew my name, thay call me Veritic; 2080
 Off Chryftis law I haif experience,
 And hes oursalit mony stormy sie.
 Now am I seikand king Humanitie,
 For of his grace I have gud esperance;
 Fra tym that he acquentit be with me, 2085
 His heich honour and gloir I fall avance.

Diffait.

Sancte Pater, quhair haif ye bene?
 Declair to ws of your novellis.

Flattery.

Thair is new lichtit on the grene,
 Dame Veritie, be bukis and bellis;
 Bot cum scho to the kingis presence,
 Thair is na bute for ws to byde;
 Thairsoir, I rid ws all go hence. 2090

Falset.

That will we not yit, be Sanct Bryd,
 Bot we fall owdir gang or ryd
 To lordis of Spritualtie,
 And gar thame trow, yone bag of pryd
 Hes spokin manifest heresie.

2095

*Heir the Vycis gais to the Sprituall Eſtait, and
 lyis vpoun Veretie, desiring hir to be put in
 captivitie, quhilk is done with diligence.*

Flattery.

Quhat buk is that, harlat, in to thy hand?
 Owt, walloway, this is the New Testment,
 In Inglifs tung, and prentit in Ingland:
 Heresy, heresy, fy, fyre incontinent.

2100

Veretic.

Forswth freind, ye haive ane wrang jugment,
 For in that buike thair is no heresie,
 Bot Chryftis word richt dulce and redolent,
 Ane¹ springand well of sinceir veretie.

2105 Fol. 193.b.

Difſait.

Cum on your way, for all your yallow lokkis,
 Your wantone wordis, but dowt ye fall repent;
 This nicht ye fall bedryt ane pair of stokkis,
 And syne the morne be brocht to jugement.

2110

Veretie.

For Chryftis faik I am richt weill content,
 To fuffer all thing that fall pleifs his grace;
 Howbeid ye put a thowfand to torment,
 A hundred thowfand fall ryſſ in thair place.

Heir fall Veretie fit doun on hir kneis and say.

¹ MS. has *And.*

Gett vp, thow fleipis all to lang, O Lord, 2115
 And mak ane resonable reformatiouin,
 On thame quhilk dois tramp doun thyne hevinly word,
 And hes ane deidly indignatioun,
 At thame quhilk makis trew narratioun.
 Suffer thame not no moir to be mollest; 2120
 O Lord, I mak the supplicatioun,
 With thyne vnfreindis lat me not be opprest.
 I haif no moir to say.

Flattery.

Sit doun, and tak yow rest,
 All nicht till it be day. 2125

Dissait.

My lordis, we have, with diligence,
 Bucklit weill vp yone bladdrand baird.

Spiritualitic.

I think ye farve sum recompence;
 Tak thair ten crownis for your reward.

Heir fall entir Chaiſtetie and say:

[Chaiſtetie.]

How lang fall this inconstant warld endure, 2130
 That I fowld baneift be fa lang, allace?
 Few crateuris, or none, takis of me ceure,
 Quhilkis garris me mony nichtis ly harbreles;
 Thocht I have past all nicht fra place to place,
 Amang the Temporall and Sprituall Eſtaitis; 2135
 Nor amang princis I can gett na grace,
 Bot busteously ar haldin at thair yaitis.

Dilligence.

Fol. 194.a.

Lady, I pray yow schaw to me your name,
It dois me noy your lamentatioun.

Chayfletie.

2140

My freind, thairof I neid not think na schame;
Dame Chestetie, baneist frome toun to toun.

Dilligence.

2145

Than pafs to ladeis of religioun,
Quha makkis thair vow to observe cheftetie;
Lo, quhair thair fittis ane priores of renown,
Amang the rest of Spritualitie.

*Heir fall fcho pafs to the haill Sprituall Estait,
and fcho fall not be reffauit, bot put away.*

Dilligence.

Madame, quhat garris yow gang fa lait?
Tell me how ye haif done debait,
With the Temporall and Sprituall Stait;
Quha did yow moist kyndnes?

Cheftetie.

2150

In faith, I fand bot ill and war,
That gart me stand frome thame afar,
Evin lyk a beggar at the bar,
And flemite me moir and les.

Dilligence.

2155

I counsale yow, but tareing,
Pafs till Humanitie the king,
Perchance he of his grace benyng,
Will mak to yow support.

Chaiſteſtice.

Off your counſale I am content,
To paſſ to him incontinent,
And my ſcheruice till him present,
In howp of ſum conforſt.

2160

Sollace.

Soverane, get vp and ſie aне hevinly ficht,
Aне fair lady in quhyt abilyement;
Scho may be peir to ony king or knycht,
Moift lyk aне angell, be my jugement.

2165

Senſualitice.

Now, lat me fe quhat this mater ma mene,
Perchance that I may knaw hir be hir face;
But dowt this is dame Chestetie, I wene.
Sir, ſcho and I ma not byd in a place,
Bot, gif it be the plesour of your grace,
That I remane in to your cumpany,
Than this woman richt haifstelly gar chace,
That ſcho be not no moir fene in this cuntre.

Fol. 194. b.

2170

King.

As evir ye pleifs, ſweit hairt, fo fall it be;
Dispone hir as ye think expedient;
Evin as ye lift to latt hir leif or de,
I will refcr to yow that jugement.

2175

Senſualitice.

Paſſ on than, Sapience and Discretioun,
And baneiſſ hir owt of the kingis preſence.

Difſait.

That fall we do, madame, be Goddis paſſioun,
We fall do your command with diligēnce,

2180

And at your hand serve gudly recompence.
 Dame Chestetie, cum on, be nocht agast;
 We fall richt sone, vpoun your awin expence,
 In to the stokkis your bony feit mak fast.

2185

*Heir fall thay harle Chestety to the stokkis,
 and scho fall say:*

[*Chestety.*]

I pray yow, schiris, be patient,
 For I falbe obedient

Till do quhat ye command;

Sen I fe thair is no remeid,
 Howbeit it war to suffer deid,

2190

Or flemd fourth of the land.

I wyt the empriour Constantyne,
 That I am put to sic rewyne,

And baneist frome the kirk;

For, sen he maid the Paip a king,
 In Rome I cowld get na lugeing,

Bot hyd me in the mirke.

Bot lady Sensualitie

Sensyne hes gydit that cuntry,

And mekle of the rest;

And now scho rewlis all this land,
 And hes directit hir command,

That I fowld be opprest.

Bot all cumis for the best

To thame that lovis the Lord;

Thocht I be now opprest,

I trest to be restord.

2200

*Heir fall thay put hir in the stokkis, and scho fall
 say [to Verete:]¹*

Fol. 195.a.

Sister, allace, this is a cairfull caice,
 That we with princis fowld fa be abhord.

¹ Inserted by a different hand.

Verete.

Be blyth, sister, I treft, within schort space, 2210
 That we falbe richt honorablie restord,
 And with the king we falbe at concord;
 For I heir tell Devyne Correctioun,
 Is new landit, thankit be God our Lord;
 I wat he will be our protection. 2215

Finis of this Interlude.

*Ane Proclamatioun to be tane in eftirwart of the
 Pa[r]liament.¹*

Heir fall messinger Dilligence say.

[*Dilligence.*]

At the command of king Humanitie,
 I warne and chairge all memberis of parliament,
 Baith Sprituall Stait and Temporalitie,
 That to his grace thay be obedient,
 And speid thame to the court incontinent, 2220
 In gud ordour arrayit ryally.
 Quho beis absent ar inobedient,
 The kingis displeisour thay fall vndirly.

And als I mak yow exhortatioun,
 Sen ye haif hard the first pairt of our play, 2225
 Ga tak ane drink and mak collatioun;
 Ilk man drink to his marrow, I yow pray.
 Tary nocht lang, it is lait of the day;
 Lat sum drink aill and sum the cleret wyne;
 Be grit doctouris of phefik I heir say, 2230
 That michty drink confortis a dull ingyne.

This vers eikit [quhilk is in the first proclamatioun:]

Prudent pepill, I pray yow all,

¹ Inserted afterwards, but probably by the same hand as the MS.

Tak no man greif in speciall,
For we fall speik in generall,
For pastyme be my fay.¹

2235

Thairfoir till our rymes be rung,
And our mistonit sangis be fung,
Lat every man keip weill a tung,
And every woman tway.

And ye ladeis that list to pische,
Lift vp your taill, steill in a difche,
And gife your quhiflecaw cry quhiche,
Stop in ane wisp of stray.

2240

Latt not your bleddir birst, I pray yow,
For that is evin annewch till slay yow,
Becauis thair is to cum, a fay yow,
The best pairte of our play.

Fol.195.b.

2245

*Heir fall entir Correctionis Varlet, for reformation,
and fay:*

[*Correctionis Varlet.*]

Schiris, stand a bak and hald yow coy,
I am the king Correctionis boy
Cum heir to dres his place.

2250

Se that ye mak obedience
Vnto his nobill excellencie,

Fra tym ye se his face;
For he makis reformationis,
Owtthrwch all Cristin nationis,

2255

Quhair he findis grit debaitis;
And, sa far as I vndirstand,
He fall reforme in to this land

All the Thre Estaitis.

God furth of Hevin he hes him fend,
To punneis all that dois offend
Vnto his maiestie;
As evir him list to tak vengence,

2260

¹ This line was first written *For pastyme and play.*

Sum tyme with fwerd and pestilence,
With derth and povertie.

2265

Bot quhen the pepill dois repent,
And beis to God obedient,
Than will he geif thame grace;
Bot thay that will not be correctit,
Richt fuddanly will be derectit,
And flemid far frome his face.

2270

For scylence I protest,
Of lord, laird and leddy;
Now will I rin, but rest,
And tell that all is reddy.

2275

Diffait.

Bruder, hard ye yone proclamatioun?
I dreid full fair for reformatioun
Yone mesage makkis me mangit.
Quhat is your counsale, to me tell?
Remane we heir, be God him fell,
We will all thre be hangit.

2280

Flattery.

I will ga to Spritualtie,
And preiche owt thruche his dyocie,
Quhair I wilbe vnkawin;
Or keip me cloifs in to sum closter,
With mony pteous pater noster,
Till all the boist be blawin.

2285

Diffait.

Fol. 196.a.

I will be treittit, as ye ken,
With my maisteris, the merchandmen,
Quhilk can mak small debait;

2290

Ye ken richt few of thame that thryvis,
Or can begyle the landwart wyvis,
But me, thair man Diffait.
Now Falsat, quhat fall be thy chift?

Falsat.

Na, cair thou not, man, for my thrift;
Trow thou that I be daft?
Na, I will leif a lusty lyfe,
Withowttin ony sturt or stryfe,
Amang the men of craft.

Flattery.

I will remane na mair besyd yow;
I counsale yow richt weill to gyd yow;
Byd nocth vpoun Correctioun.
Fairweill, I will na langar tary;
I pray the alreche quene of Fary
To be your protectioun.

Dissait.

Falfat, I wald we maid ane band,
Now quhill the king is found sleipand,
 Ouhattrax to stell his box?

Falsat.

Na, weill faid, be the sacrament,
That fall I do incontinent,
Thocht it had twenty lokkis.

Lo, heir the box, now lat ws ga;
This may suffyice for our rewardis.

Dissait.

Ye, that it may, man, be this day,

It may weill mak ws landward lairdis; 2315
 Now latt ws cast away thir clais,
 In dreid sum follow on the chace.

Falsat.

Richt weill devysit, be Sanct Blaiss;
 Wald God we war owt of this place.
Heir fall thay cast away thair conterfit clais.

Diffait.

Now, sen thair is no man to wrang ws, 2320
 I pray yow, bruder, with all myne hairt,
 Latt ws now pairt this pelf amang ws;
 Syne hestelly latt ws depaert.

Falsatt.

Fol. 196.b.

Trowis thou to get als mekle as I?
 That fall thou not; I stall the box; 2325
 Thow did na thing bot luikit by,
 And lurkit lyk a wyly fox.

Diffait.

Thy heid fall beir a cuppill of knokkis,
 Pelour, without I get my pairt.
 Swyth, hurfone smaik, ryve vp the lokkis, 2330
 Or I fall stik the thruch the hairet.
Heir fall thay fecht, with sylence.

Falsat.

Allace, for evir myne ee is owt;
 Walloway, will no man red the men?

Diffait.

Vpoun thy clof tak thair a clownt,
 To be cowrtace I fall the ken. 2335

Fair weill, for I am at the flicht,
 I will not byd on na demandis;
 And we tway meit agane this nicht,
 Thy feit fall be wirth fourty handis.

Correctioun enteris.

*I tak heir bot certane schort pairtis out of the speichis,
 becaus of lang proces of the Play.*

Correctioun.

I am ane juge, richt potent and feveir,
 Cum to do justice mony thowfand myle; 2340
 I am fa constant, baith in peax and weir,
 Na bud nor favour ma my face ourfyle.
 Thair is thairfoir richt mony in this yle
 Of my repair, but dowt quhilk dois repent; 2345
 Bot vertewis men I trest fall on me smyle,
 And of my cuming be richt weill content.

Gud Counsale.

Wylcum, my lord, wylcum ten thowfand tymes,
 Till all faythfull and trew men of this regioun;
 Wylcum for till correct all faltis and crymes, 2350
 Amang this cankart congregatioun.
 Lowifs Cheftety, I mak yow supplicatioun,
 And put till fredome fair lady Veretie,
 Quhilk, be vnfaithfull folk of this regioun,
 Lyis bund ful fast in to captiuitie. 2355

Correctioun.

I mervell, Gud Counsale, how that may be;
 Ar ye not with the king familiar? Fol. 197.a.

Gud Counsale.

That am I not, my lord, full wais me,
 Bot, lyk ane brybour haldin at the bar,

Thay play bokeik, evin as I war a skar. 2360
 Thair come thre knavis in clething conterfait,
 And fra the king thay gart me stand a far,
 Quhois names war Falfat, Flattrry and Diffait;
 Bot, quhen thay knavis hard tell of your cuming,
 Thay stail away, ilk ane a findry gait, 2365
 And keft fra thame thair conterfait clething.
 For thair leving full weill thay can debait;
 The merchandmen thay haive resset Diffait,
 And for Falfat, full weill, my lord, I ken,
 He will be richt weill treitit air and lait, 2370
 Amang the maist pairt of the craftsmen.
 Flattrry hes tane the habeit of a freir,
 Purposing to begyle the Sprituall Estait.

Correc̄tioun.

But dowt, my freindis, and I leive half a yeir,
 I fall ferche owt thair iniquitie. 2375
 Quhair lyis yone ladyis in captiuitie?
 How now, sisteris, quho hes yow so disgysit?

Veretie.

Vnmercifull memberis of iniquitie
 Dispytfully hes ws, my lord, suppryfit.

Correc̄tioun.

Ga, put yone ladyis to thair libertie 2380
 Incontinent, and brek doun all the stokkis;
 But dowt thay ar full deir wylcum to me.
 Mak diligence; methink ye do bot mokkis;
 Speid hand, and spair not for to brek the lokkis,
 And tendirly tak thame vp be the hand. 2385
 Had I thame heir, thay knavis sowld ken my knokkis,
 That thame opprest and baneift of this land.

*Heir fall thay be tane owt of the flokkis, and
 thay fall fay:*

[*Gude Counsale, Veretie, Chestetie.*]

We thank yow, schir, of your benignitie;
 Bot, I besek your maestie royall,
 That ye wald pass to king Humanitie,
 And fleme fra him yone lady Senfull,
 And entir in his scheruice Gude Counfall,
 For ye will find him verry counsalable.

2390

Fol. 197.b.

Correccioun.
 Cum on, sisteris, as ye haif said I fall,
 And gar him stand at yow thre, firme and stable.

2395

Heir fall Gud Counsale, Verete and Chestetie,
cum to the king with Correccioun.

Correccioun.¹

Get vp, schir king, ye haif lepit annewch,
 In to the armes of lady Senfull;
 Be feure that moir belangis to the plewch,
 As estirward perchance reherss I fall.
 Remembir fow the king Sardanapall
 Amang fair ladyis tuk his lust sa lang,
 So that the moist pairt of his liegis all
 Rebeld, and syne him dulfly doun thrang.

2400

Remembir how in to the tyme of Noy,
 For the fowle stinkand syn of lichery,
 God, be my wand, did all the warld distroy;
 Sodome and Gomer richt so full rigourusly,
 For that self syn war brint ryght crewally.
 Thairfoir I the command incontinent
 Banneis frome the that huir Senualitie,
 Or ellis but dowt rudly thou falt repent.

2405

2410

King.

Be quhome haif ye so grit awtoritie,
 Quhilk dois presome for till correct a king?

¹ So in MS.

Knaw ye nocht me, the king Humanitie,
That in my regiou恩 royally did ring?

2415

Correccioun.

I haif power grit princis to doun thring,
That levis contrar the maiestie devyne;
Agane the trewth quhilk planely dois maling,
But thay repent, I put thame to rewyne.
I wilbegin at the, quhilk is the heid,
And mak on the first reformatioun;
Thy liegis than will follow the but plead.
Swyth, harlot, henss the withoutt dillatioun.

2420

Sensualitie.

My lord, I mak yow supplicatioun,
Gif me licence to pafs agane to Rome;
Amang the princis of that natioun,
I lat yow wit my bewty thair will blome.

2425

Heir fall Sensualitie depart fra the king.

Fol. 198.a.

Correccioun.

My lord, sen ye ar quyt of Sensualitie,
Reffaif in to your scheruice Gud Counsale,
And richt so this fair lady Chestetie,
Till ye mary sum quene of blude royall;
Observe than chestetie matrimoniall.
Richt so ressaif heir Veretic be the hand;
Vse thair counsale, your fame fall nevir fall,
Thairfoir with thame mak ane perpetuall band.

2430

2435

Heir fall the king ressaif the Thre Vertewis.

[King.]

I am content your counsale till inclyne,
Ye beand of fo gud conditioun.
At your command fall be all that is myne,
And heir I gif yow full commissioun,

To pvneiss faltis and gif remissiouн;
To all vertew I falbe confonable;
With yow I fall confirme ane vnioun,
And, at your counsale, stand ay firme and stable.

2440

Correction.

I counfalc yow incontinent,
Agane proclaim the parliament,
Of all the Thre Eltaitis;
That thay be heir with diligence,
To mak to yow obedience,
And sone dres all debaitis.

2445

King.

That fall be done, but mair demand.
How, Diligence, cum heir fra hand,
And tak your informatiouн;
Go, warne the Spritualtie,
Richt so the Temporaltie,
To gif ws thair counsailis.
Quho so beis absent to thame schaw,
That thay fall vndirly our law,
And puneist be that failis.

2450

2455

Diligence.

Schir, I fall, baith in bruch and land,
With diligence do your command,
Vpoun my awin expens.
Schir, I haif scheruit all this yeir,
Bot I gat nevir ane dynneir
Yit, for my recompence.

2460

King.

Fol. 198.b.

Pafs on, for thou falbe regairdit,
And for thy scheruice weill rewairdit;
For quhy? with my consent,

2465

Thow fall haif yeirly for thy hyre,
 The teind mvssillis of the ferry myre,
 Confirmd in parliament.

2470

Dilligence.

I will get riches with that rent,
 Eftir the day of dome,
 Quhen, in the coillpottis of Trannent,
 Buttir will grow on brome.
 All nicht I had fa mekle drowth
 I micht not fleip a wink;
 Or I proclame ocht with my mowth,
 But dowt I mon haif drink.

2475

Correc̄tioun.

Cum heir Placebo and Solace,
 With your companyeoun Wantones,
 I ken weill your conditioun.
 For tyfing of Humanitie,
 To ressaif Sensualitie,
 Ye mon suffir pvnition.

2480

Wantones.

We grant, my lord, we haif done ill,
 Thairfoir we put ws in your will;
 Bot we haif bene abusit,
 For in gudfaith, schir, we belevit,
 That lichery fowld no man haif grevit,
 Becauſs it is fo vſit.
 Schir, we fall mend our conditioun,
 So ye gif ws ane fre remiſſioun;
 Bot gif ws leif to ſing,
 To dance, and play at cheſs and tabillis,
 To reid storyis and mirry fabillis,
 For pleſour of the king.

2490

2495

Correccioun.

So that ye do non vthir cryme,
Ye fall be pardond at this tyme;
For quhy? as I suppois,
Princes sumtyme mon feik follace,
With mirth and lefull mirrenes,
Thair spreitis to reiois.
2500

King.

Fol. 199.a.

Quhair is Sapience and Discretioun?
And quhy cumis not Devotioun nar?

Veretie.

Sapience, schir, was ane verry loun,
And Discretioun was nyne tymes war.
The swth, schir, gif I wald report,
Thay did begyle your excellencie,
And wald not suffer to refert
Non of ws thre to your prefence.
2505

Chasfctie.

Thay thre was Flattery and Diffait,
And Falsfat, that vnhappy loun,
Aganis ws thre quhilk maid debait,
And baneist ws frome toun to toun;
Thay gart ws tway fall in to foun,
Quhen thay ws lokkit in the stokkis;
That daftard quhilk ye call Discretioun,
Full thiftoufly he stall your box.
2515

King.

The Divill tak thame, sen thay ar gane,
Me thocht thame ay thre verry smaikis;
I mak ane vow to sweit Sanct Fillane,
Get I thame thay fall beir thair paikis;
2520

I fe thay playd with me the glaikkis.
 Gud Counsale, now schaw me the best;
 Sen I fix on yow thre my staikis,
 How fall I keip my realme in rest? 2525

*Heir fall the Thre Estaitis compeir to the
 parliament, and the king fall say:*

My prudent lordis of the Thre Estaitis,
 It is our will, aboif all vthir thing,
 For to reforme all thay that makis debaitis
 Contrair the richt, quhilk daylie dois maling. 2530
 And thay that dois the commoun weill doun thring,
 With help and counsale of king Correctioun,
 It is our will for to mak punissing,
 And plane oppressouris put to subiectioun.

Dilligence.

Fol. 199.b.

All mener of men I warne, that bene opprest,
 Cum and complene, and thay fall be redrest;
 For quhy? it is yone nobill princis willis,
 That all complenaris fall gif in thair billis. 2535

Fohine the Commoun weill.

Owt of my gait, for Goddis faik lat me gae;
 Tell me agane, gudmaister, quhat ye fae. 2540

Dilligence.

I warne all that bene wrangusly offendit,
 Cum and complene, and thay fall be amendit.

Commoun weill.

Thankit be Chryft, that ware the croun of thorne,
 For I was nevir sa blyth fen I was borne.

Dilligence.

Quhat is thy name, fallow, that wald I feill? 2545

Johine.

Forfwth, thay call me Johine the Commoun weill.
Gud maister, I wald speir at yow ane thing;
Quhair trest ye fall I find yone new maid king?

Dilligence.

Cum our, and I fall schaw the till his grace.

Johinc.

Now Godis braid bennisoun licht vpoun that face; 2550
Stand by the gait, lat fe gif I can lowp,
I mon rin fast, in dreid I gett a cowp.

*Heir fall Johine ryn to lowp our the water,
and he fall fall in the middis of it.*

Dilligence.

Speid the away, thow taryis all to lang.

Johinc.

Schir, be this day, I micht not faster gang.
Gudday, gudday, grit God faive baith your gracis; 2555
Wally, wally, faw tha twa weill fard facis.

King.

Schaw me thy name, gud man, I the command.

Johine.

Mary, Johine the Commoun weill of fair Scotland.

King.

The Commoun weill hes bene amang his fais.

Johine.

Ye, that, schir, garris the Commoun weill want clais. 2560

Fol. 200.a.

Correctionn.

Johine, quhome vpoun complene ye, or quho makis yow debaitis?

Johine.

Schir, I complene vpoun the King and all the Thre Estaitis;
 As for our reverend faderis of Spritualtie,
 Ar led be Covettyce, and¹ this cairle and Temporaltie;
 And als ye se Temporaltie hes neid of Correctioun, 2565
 Quhillk hes lang tyme bene led be publict oppresiouun.
 Lo, see quhair the loun lyis lurkand at his bak;
 Get vp, I think to se thy craig gar a raip crak.
 How, senyeit Flattery, the Feind fart on that face,
 Quhen ye war gydar of the court we gat littill grace; 2570
 Ryfis vp Falsfat and Diffait, without ony sonyie,
 I pray God nor the Divillis dam dryt on that grunyie.
 Behald as the loun luikis evin lyk a theif,
 Mony wicht workmen ye haif brocht to mischeif.
 My soverane lord Correctioun, I mak yow supplicatioun, 2575
 Put thir tryit trucouris frome Crystis congregatioun.

Correctioun.

As ye haif devysit, but dowt it falbe done;
 Cum heir annone, my scherwandis, and do your det fone;
 Put first the thre pilouris in to the prissone strang,
 Howbeit ye hang thame heftelly, yedo thame nowrang. 2580

Firſt Sariand.

Soverane lord, we fall obey all your commandis.
 Bruder, vpoun thay harlottis lay on your handis;
 Ryifs vp, Lowry, ye luik evin lyk a lurdane,
 Your mowth war meit evin to drink owt a jurdane.

Secund Sariand.

Cum heir, goſſep, cum heir, cum heir, 2585
 Your rakles lyf ye fall repent;
 Quhen had ye wont to be fo fweir?
 Stand ſtill and be obedient.

¹ *And* has perhaps been deleted.

i Sariand.

Thair is not ane in all this toun,
 Bot I wald nocht this taill war tawd,
 Bot I wald hang him for his goun,
 Quhiddir he war lord or lawid.
 I trow this pylour be fpurgawd;
 Thow art ane stif knaif I stand ford,
 Howbeid I se thy skalp skyr skawd;
 Put in thyne handis in to this cord.

2590

2595

*Heir ar they led and put in the stokkis.**Gud Counsale.*

Fol.200.b.

My wirdy lordis, sen ye haif on hand
 Sum reformatioun to mak in to this land,
 And als ye knew it is the kingis mynd,
 Quhilk to the commoun weill hes ay bene kynd,
 Thocht reiff and thift war stanchit weill annewch,
 Yit sum thing moir belangis to the plewch.
 Now in to peice ye sowld provyd for weiris,
 And be feur off how mony thowsand speiris
 The king ma be, quhen he hes ocht ado;
 For quhy? my lordis, this is my reffone, lo,
 The husbendmen and commouns thay war wount,
 Go in the battell formest in the brount.
 Bot I haif tynt myne experience,
 Withowt ye mak sum bettir dilligence,
 The commoun weill mon vthir wayis be stlylit,
 Or, be my faith, the realme will be begylit.
 Thir peur commouns, daylie as ye may se,
 Declynis doun till extreme povertie;
 For sum ar heichtit so in to thair maill,
 Thair wynning will nocht find thame wattir caill.
 How kirkmen heichtis thair teindis, it is weill knawin,
 That husbendmen no wayis may hald thair awin;
 And now begynis ane plaig vpoun thame new,

2600

2605

2610

2615

That gentillmen thair steidings takis in few; 2620
 Thus mon thay pay grit ferme or leif the stcid;
 And sum ar planely hurlit owt be the heid,
 Thay ar distroyit withoutt God on thame rew.

Povertie.

Schir, be Godis breid, that taill is verry trew;
 It is weill kend I had baith nolt and hors, 2625
 Now all my geir ye se vpoun my cors.

Correction.

Or I depairt, I think to mak gud ordour.

Commonweill.

I pray yow, sir, begin than at the bordour;
 For how fowld we defend ws agane Ingland,
 Quhen we can nocht, within our native land, 2630
 Distroy our awin Scottis commoun trator theivis,
 That to leill labowraris daylie dois mischeivis?
 War I ane king, my lord, be cokkis woundis,
 Quha evir held commoun theivis within thair boundis,
 Quhairthrow that leill men daylie might be wrangit, 2635
 Withouwt remeid thair cheftanis fowld be hangit; Fol. 201.a.
 Quhidder he war ane knyght, lord or laird,
 The Diuill beir me till Hell and he war spaird.

Temporalitic.

Quhat vthir ennemyis hes thow, lat ws ken?

Commonweill.

Schir, I compleine vpoun all ydill men, 2640
 For quhy, schir? it is Goddis awin bidding,
 All Cristiane men to wirk for thair leving;
 Sanct Pawle, the pillar of the kirk,
 Sayis to tha wratchis that will nocht wirk,
 And bene to vertewis labour laith, 2645
 Qui non laborat non menduceth;

This benc in Inglis toung to treit,
 Quho labouris nocth he fall not eit.
 This bene agane thir strang beggaris,
 Fidlaris, pypparis and pardonaris; 2650
 Thir juglaris, jestouris and ydill hensouris,
 Thir cariowris and thir quynte fensouris;
 Thir babill beraris and thir bairdis,
 Thir fweir swyngeouris, with lordis and lairdis,
 Mo than thair rentis may sustene, 2655
 Or to thair proffeit neidfull bene;
 Quhilk bene ay blythest of discordis,
 And deidly feid amang the lordis;
 For than thay trucouris man be treitit,
 Or ellis thair quarrellis ar vndebeitit. 2660
 And munkis, preiftis, channonis and freiris,
 Augustynis, Carmeleitis and Cordeleiris;
 And vthiris that in cowlis bene cled,
 Quhilk labouris not and bene weill fed.

Correctioun.

Quhome vpoun ma wilt thou complene? 2665

Fohinc.

Mary, schir, ma and mae agane;
 For the peur pepill cryis with cairis
 The grit misvsing of justice airis,
 Exercit mair for covettyce,
 Nor for pvnissing of vyce. 2670

Ane pegrall theif that stelis a kow
 Is hangit; bot he that stelis a bow,
 With als mekle geir as he may turfs,
 That theif is hangit be the purfs.

Fol. 201.b.
 So pykand pegrall theivis ar hangit,
 Bot he that all the wrold hes wrangit,
 A crewall tirrand, a strang transgressour,
 Ane commoun publict plane oppressour,

2675

By buddis will he obtene favouris,
Off thesawrar and compositowris; 2680
Thocht he serve grit pvnisioun,
Gettis esy compositioun.
And thruche lawis confistoriall,
Prolixt, corrupt and pertiall,
The commoun pepill ar put at vnder; 2685
Thocht thay be peure, it is na wounder.

Correction.

Gud Johine, I grant all that is trew,
Your infortoun full fair I rew;
Or I pairte of this natioun,
I fall mak reformatioun. 2690
And als, my lordis Temporalitie,
I yow command in tyme, that yie
Expell oppressioun of your landis;
And als I say to yow merchandis,
And evir I fynd, be land or sie, 2695
Diffait in to your cumpayne,
Quhilk ar to commoun weill contrare,
I wow to God, I fall not spair
To put my sword to executioun,
And mak on yow extreme pvnissioun. 2700
Mairattour, my lord Temporalitie,
In gudly haist I will that yie
Sett in to few your temporall landis,
To men that labowris with thair handis,
Bot nocht to jynkyne gentill man, 2705
That nowdir will he wirk or can,
Quhairby that pollecy may increfs.

Temporalitie.

I am content, schir, be the mesf,
Swa that the Spritualitie
Sett thairis in few als weill as we. 2710

[Correction.]

My Sprituall lordis, ar ye content?

Spiritualitie.

Na, we mon tak avyfement;
In sic materis for to conclude
Our hestelly, I think nocht gude.

Fol. 202.a.

Correccioun.

Conclude ye not with the commoun weill,
Ye falbe puneist, be fweit Sanct Jeill.

2715

Spiritualitie.

Schir, I can schaw yow exemptionoun
Fra your temporall pvnissiouin,
The quhilk we purpois to debait.

Correccioun.

Wa, than ye think to stryve for stait.
My lordis, quhat say yc to this pley?

2720

Temporalitie.

My soverane lord, we will obey,
And tak your pairete with haire and hand,
Quhat evir ye pleiss ws to command.

Heir fall thay sit doun and ask grace.

Bot we besek yow, our soverane,
Of all our crymes that ar bygane,
To gif ws twa ane full remissiouin;
And heir we mak to yow condissiouin,
The commoun weill for till defend,
Frome hynefurth till our lyvis end.

2725

2730

Correccioun.

On that conditioun, I am content
Tell pardoun yow, sen ye repent,

And Commoun weill tak be the hand,
And mak with him perpetuall band.

Heir fall thay imbrace the Commoun weill.

Correctioun.¹

Johine, haif ye ony ma debaitis
Aganis my lordis the Sprituall Estaitis?

2735

Johine.

Na, s chir, we dar not speik a word;
To plene on preiftis it is na bowrd.

Spiritualitie.

Flyt on thy fill, fule, I defy the,
Sa thow schaw bot the verety.

2740

Johine.

Gramercy, than fall I not spair.
First to complene on our vicair;
The peur cottar lyand to die,
Havand small bairnis two or thre,
And hes two ky withowttin mo,
The vicar most haif on of tho;
With the gray coit that happis the bed,
Howbeid the wyf be peurlie cled.
And gif the wyf de on the morne,
Thocht all the bairnis fowld be forlorne,
The vthir cow he cleikis away,
With hir peur coit of roploch gray.
Wald God this custome war put doun,
Quhilk nevir was foundit be ressoun.

2745

Fol. 202. b.

2750

- Ar all thay tailis trew, that thou tellis?

2755

¹ So in MS.

Povertie.

Trew, fchir, yee, the Diuill stik me ellis;
 For, be the holy Trinitie,
 That fame was practik vpoun me.
 For our vicar, God gif him pyne,
 Hes yit thre tydy ky of myne,
 Ane for my fader, and for my wyf ane vder,
 The thrid cow he tuik for Meg my moder.

2760

Fohine.

Our persone heir he takis na vder pyne,
 Bot to reffaif his teindis, and spend thame fyne;
 Howbeid that he be obleist be ressoun,
 To preiche the evangell to his parichoun;
 And thocht thay want the preiching sevintene yeir,
 Our persone will not want ane schein of beir.

2765

Temporalitie.

Forswth, my lordis, I think we sowld conclude,
 Twiching this kow ye haif ane confwetude;
 We will decerne heir that the kingis grace
 Sall wryt vnto the Poipis halynefs,
 With his consent, be proclamatioun,
 Baith cors prefent and cow we fall cry doun.

2770

Spirituality.

To that, my lordis, planely we disconsent;
 Natar thairof I tak ane instrument.

2775

Scryb.

Ye gar me wryt mony sindry aȝt,
 And to me ye nevir cast in a plack.

Poverty.

Ha, my lordis, for the holy Trinitie,
Remembir for to reforme the confistory ; 2780
It hes mair neid of reformatioune;
Nor Plutois court, be cokkis passioun.

Perfone.

Fol. 203. a.

Quhat caus hes thow, pylour, for to plenyie?
Quhair was thow evir summond to thair fenyie?

Povertie.

Mary, I lent my gossope my meir to fetche in coilis, 2785
And he hir drownit in to the quarrell hoilis,
And I ran to the constry for to plenyie,
And thair I hapnit amang ane greidy menyie.
Thay gaif me first ane thing thay call citandum,
Within awcht dayis I gat bot libellandum, 2790
Within ane moneth I gat ad opponendum.
In half ane yeir I gat interloquendum,
And fyne I gat, quhow call yeid? ad replicandum ;
Bot I cowld nevir ane word yit vndirstand him.
And than thay gart me cast owt mony plakkis, 2795
And gart me pay for four and twenty actis ;
Bot or thay come half gait ad concludendum,
The feind ane plak was left for to defend him.
Thus thay postponit me twa yeir with thair trane,
Syne, hodie ad octo, bad me cum agane, 2800
And than, thay ruikis, thay rowpit woundir fast,
For centence silver thay cryit at the last ;
Off pronunciandum thay maid me woundir fane,
Bot I gat nevir my gud gra meir agane.

Temporalite.

My lordis, we mon reforme thir confistory lawis, 2805
Quhois grit defame abone the hevin blawis.

Lwist ane man, in perfewing ane kow,
 Or he had done he spendit half a bow;
 So that the kingis honor we may advance,
 We will conclud as thay haif done in France; 2810
 Lat sprituall materis pas to Spritualitie,
 And temporall materis to Temporalitie:
 Quho failis in this fall coift thame of thair gude.
 Scrib, mak ane act, for so we will conclude.

Spiritualitie.

That act, my lordis, planely I yow declair,
 It is aganis our profeitt singulair.
 Till all your actis planely I disconsent,
 Notar thairof I tak ane instrument.

*Heir fall entir Commoun Thift.**[Common Thift.]*

Ga by the gait, man, lat me gang;
 How diuill come I in to this thrang?
 With sorrow I may sing my fang,
 And I be tane.

I haif run baith nicht and day,
 Throw speid of fute I gat away;
 Bot be I kend heir, walloway,
 I wilbe flane. 2825

Fol. 203. b.

*Povertie.**Quhat is thy name, man, be thy thrift?**Thift.*

Hurfone, thay call me Commoun Thift,
 For I had nevir na vder chift,
 Sen I was borne. 2830

In Ewildaill was my dwelling place,
 Mony wyfe gart I cry, Allace,
 At my hand thay gat nevir grace,
 Bot ay forlorne.

Sum sayis ane king is cum amang ws, 2835
 That purposis to heid and hang ws;
 Thair is na grace, and he may fang ws,
 Bot on ane pin.
 Ring he, we theivis will get na gude; 2840
 I pray God and the holy rude,
 Sen he had smord in till his cude,
 And all his kin.
 Get this curst king me in his grippis,
 My craig will wit quhat weyis my hippis;
 The Divill I gif thair tung and lippis, 2845
 That of me tellis.
 Adew, I dar nocht langar tary,
 For be I kend, thay will me kary,
 And put me in ane fery fary,
 I see nocht ellis. 2850
 I raif, be him that herreit Hell,
 I had almaist foryet my fell;
 Will na gud fallow to me tell,
 Quhare I may fynd
 The Erle of Rothes best haiknay? 2855
 That was my erand heir away;
 He is richt stark, as I heir say,
 And swift as wind.
 Heir is my brydill and my spurris,
 To gar him lanſ our feild and furris, 2860
 Mycht I him gett now Ewis the durris,
 I tak na cure;
 Off that horsf micht I get ane ficht,
 I haif na dowt yit or midnicht,
 That he and I fowld tak the flicht 2865
 Thruche Dyfart mvre.
 Off cumpenary, tell me, bruder,
 Quhilk is the richt way to the Struder; 2870
 I wald be wylcum to my moder,
 Gif I micht speid.

Fol. 204.a

I wald gif baith my hat and bonat
 To gett my Lord Lindsayis broun jonet;
 War we beyond the watter of Annet,
 We fowld nocht dreid.

Quhat now, Oppressioun, my bruder deir,
 Quhat mekle Divill hes brocht the heir?
 Maister, tell me the cause perqueir,
 Quhat ye haif done.

2875

Oppressioun.
 Forswth, the kingis maiestic
 Hes fett mc heir, as ye may see;
 Micht I speik with Temporalitie,
 He wald releif me sone;
 [I befeik you my brether deir,^{1]}
 Bot half anc hour for to sit heir,
 Ye knew that I was nevir sfeir
 Yow till defend.

Put in your leg in to my place,
 And heir I sfeir be Goddis grace,
 Yow to releif within schort space,
 Syne lat yow wend.

2880

2885

2890

Thift.
 Than, maister deir, gif me your hand,
 And mak to me ane fover band,
 That ye fall cum agane fra hand,
 Withowttin faill.

Oppressioun.
 Tak thair my hand richt hairtfully;
 Als I promit the verraly,
 To gif to the ane cuppill of ky.
 In Liddisdaill.

2895

*Heir fall Commoun Thift put his feit in the flokkis,
 and Oppressioun fall fleill away and betra him.*

¹ Omitted in MS.

Bruder, tak patience in thy pane,
For I fweir the, be Sanct Fillane,
We twa fall nevir meit agane,
In land nor toun.

2900

Thift.

Maister, will ye not keip conditioun,
And put me furth of this suspiciooun?

Oppressioun.

Na nevir, quhill I get remissioun.
Adew my compayneoun;
I fall command the to thy dame.

2905

Thift.

Adew than, in the Divillis name;
For to be fals thinkis thow na schame;
To leif me in this pane,
Thow art ane loun, and that ane liddir.

Fol. 204.b.

2910

Oppressioun.

Bo, man, I will go to Baquihiddir,
It fall be Pasche, be Goddis moder,
Or evir we meit agane.
Haif I nocht maid ane honest chift,
That hes betrasit Commoun Thift?
For thair is nocht vnder the lift,
A curstar cors.

2915

I am richt feur that he and I,
Within this half yein, craftely
Hes stowin ane thowfand scheip and ky,
By meiris and horfs.
Wald God, that I war found and haill,
Now liftit in to Liddisdaill,
The Merfs sowld fynd me beif and caill,
Quhattrak of breid.

2920

2925

War I thair liftit with my lyfe,
The Diuill sowld stik me with a knyf,
And evir I come agane in Fyfe,

Quhill I wor deid.

Adew, I leif the Divill amang yow,
That in his fingaris he may fang yow,
With all leill men that dois belang yow;

2930

For I may rew,
That evir I come in to this land.

2935

For quhy? ye may weill vndirstand,
I gat na geir to turne myne hand;
Yit anis adew.

Correccioun.

I counsale yow, schir, now fra hand,
Gar baneiss yone freir owt of this land,
And that incontinent.

2940

Do ye not so, withowttin weir,
We will mak all this toun on steir,
I knew his fals intent.
Yone flatstrand knavis, withowttin fable,
I think thay ar nocht proffitable,
For Chryfis regiouн.

2945

To begin reformatioun,
Mak of thame depravatioun,
This is my opinioun.

2950

Firſt Sariand.

Schir, pleifs ye that we twa invaid thame,
And ye fall fe ws fone degrайд thame,
Of cowle and skaiplarie.

Fol. 205.a.

Correccioun.

Pas on, I am richt weill content;
Synе banciſſ thame incontinent,
Owt of this cuntric.

2955

First Sariand.

Cum on, scharfir freir, and be nocht fleit,
The king, our maister, mon be obeyit,
 Bot ye fall haif no harme;
Gif ye wald travell fra toun to toun;
I think this huid, and hevy goun,
 Will hald your wame our warme.

Flattery.

Now, quhat is this, thir monstouris menis?
I am exemitt fra kingis and quenis,
And fra all humane law.

Second Sariand.

Tak ye the huid, and I the goun;
This lymmar luikis als lyk a loun,
As ony that evir I saw.

First Sarband.

Thir freiris, to escaip pvnissiou,
Haldis thame at thair exemption,
And no man will obey.
2970
Thay ar exemit, I yow assure,
Fra paipis, kingis and emprisor,
And that makis all the pley.

Second Sarriand.

On Domisday, quhen Chryst fall say,
 Venite benedicti,
The freiris will say, without delay,
 Nos sumus exempti.

Heir fall thay spulye Flattery of the king habeit.

Gud Couñsale.

Schir, be the haly Trinitie,
This fame is fenyet Flattrie,
I ken him be his face ;
Belevand for to get promotioune,
He said that his name was Devotioun,
And so begyld your grace.

2980

Firſt Sariand.

Cum on, Schir Flattery, be the meſſis,
We fall leir yow to dance,
Within aне bony littill ſpaice,
Ane new paven of France.

2985

Flattery.

Now, my lord, for Goddis faik, latt nocht hang me,
Howbeid thir widdefowis wald wrang me,
I can mak no debait,
To win my meit at plewch or harrowis,
Bot I fall help to hang my marrowis,
Baith Falſat and Diffait.

2990 Fol. 205. b.

Correccioun.

Than paſſ thy way, and graith the gallowis,
Syne help for to hang vp thy fallowis,
Thow gettis na vder grace.

2995

Flattery.

Off that office I am content,
Bot our prellattis I dreid repent,
Be I flemid frome their face.

3000

*Heir fall Flattery paſſ to the flokkis and
ſit beſyd his marrowis.*

Dissait.

Flattery.

Yeill all be hangit, I se nocht ellis,
And that incontinent. 3005

Dissait.

Now, walloway, will he gar hang ws?
The Divill brocht yone curst king amang ws,
For mekle sturt and stryfe.

Flattery.

I had bene put to deid amang yow,
War nocht I tuik on hand to hang yow,
And so I favit my lyfc.
I heir thane fay, thay will cry doun
All freiris and preiftis of this regioun,
Sa far as I can feill;
Becaus thay ar not necessar,
And als thay ar all haill contrar,
To Johine the Commoun Weill.

Poverty.

Now I beseik yow, for Allhallowis,
Gar hang Diffait and all his fallowis,
And baneifs Flattry af the toun,
For thair was nevir sic anc loun;
That beand done, I hald it best,
That every man go tak his rest.

Correc̄tioun.

As thou hes faid, it fall be done;
Swyth, fariandis, hang yone fwyngeouris sone.

*Heir fall the fariandis lowiss thame furth
of the stokkis and leid thame to the gallowis.*

Fol. 206.a.

Cum heir, schir theif, cum heir, cum heir,
Quhen war ye wont to be so fweir?
To hunt cattell ye war ay speidy,
Thairfoir ye fall waif in a widdy.

3030

Thift.

Man I be hangit, allace, allace?
Is thair nane heir may get me grace?
Yit, or I dee, gif me a drink.

Firſt Sariand.

Fy, hurfone cairkle, I feill a ftink.

Thift.

Thocht I wald not that it war wittin,
Schir, in gud faith, I am beschittin,
To wit the veretie, gif ye pleifs,
Lowiss doun my hoifs, put in your neifs.

3035

Firſt Sariand.

Thow art ane lymmar, I stand ford,
Slip in thy heid in to this cord,
For thow had never ane metar tippat.

3040

Thift.

Allace, this is ane fellone rippat;
The widdefow wardanis tuik my geir,

And left me nowdir hors nor meir,
Nor erdly gude that me belangit;
Now, walloway, I mon be hangit.

3045

Repent your lyvis, all plane oppreffouris,
All mvrdressaris and strang transgresfouris,
Or ellis ga chuse yow gud confessouris,

And mak yow ford; 3050

For and ye tary in this land,
And come vnder Corre^ttionis band,
Your grace falbe, I vndirstand,

Ane gud scharp cord.

Adew my brethir commoun theivis, 3055
That helpit me in my mischeivis;

Adew, Grossaris, Niksonis and Bellis,
Oft haif we fairne owtthruche the fellis;
Adew Robsonis, Hawis and Pylis,

That in our craft hes mony wylis; 3060

Littillis, Trumbillis and Armestrangis;
Adew all theivis that me belangis,
Tailyeouris, Erewynis and Elwandis,

Speidy of feit and flicht of handis; Fol. 206. b.

The Scottis of Eisdail and the Grames; 3065

I haif na tyme to tell your names.
With king Corre^tioun be ye fangit,
Beleif richt feur ye will be hangit.

Firſt Sariland.

Speid hand, man, with thy clittir clatter.

Thift.

For Goddis faik, man, latt me mak watter,
Howbeit I haif bene cattell greidy,
It is schame to pische in a widdy.

3070

Hair fall Flattery hang Thift.

Secound Sariand.

Cum heir, Diffait, my compayneoun;
 Saw evir man lykar ane loun
 To hing vpoun ane gallowis?

3075

Diffait.

This is annewch to mak me mangit;
 Dull fell me, sen I mon be hangit,
 Lat me speik with my fallowis.

I trow wan fortoun brocht me heir;
 Quhatmekle feind maid me so spediy?
 Sen it was said it was sevin yeir,
 That I sowlid waif in till a widdye:
 I leirit my maisteris to be greidy.
 Adew, for I fe no remeid;
 Se quhat it is to be evill deidy.

3080

3085

Secound Sariand.

Now in this helter put in thyne heid;
 Stand still, me think ye draw abak.

Diffait.

Allace, maister, ye hurt my crag.

Secound Sariand.

It will hurt bettir, I wad ane plak,
 Richt now, quhen ye hing on a knag.

3090

Diffait.

Adew, my maisteris, merchand men,
 I haif yow scheruit, as ye ken,
 Trewly, baith air and lait.

I say to yow for conclusioun,
 I dreid ye gang to confusioun,

3095

Fra tyme ye want Diffait.
 I leirit yow merchandis mony a wyle,

Vpaallandis wyvis for to begyle,
 Vpoun the mercat day;
 And gart thame trow your stuff was guid,
 Quhen it was rottin, be the rude,
 And swer it was not sway.
 I was ay roundand in your eir,
 And leird yow for to ban and fweir,
 Quhat your geir coift in France,
 Howbeid the divill a word was trew.
 Your craftines gif Correctioun knew,
 Wald turne yow to mischance.
 I leird yow wylis monyfald;
 To mix the new wyne with the ald,
 That saffone was na folly;
 To sell richt deir and by gud chaip,
 And mix ry meill amang the faip,
 And saffroun with oyldolly.
 Forgett not ockar, I counsale yow,
 Mair nor the vicar dois the cow,
 Or lordis thair dowbill maill;
 Howbeit your elwand be to scant,
 Or your pund wecht twa vncis want,
 Think that bot lyttil faill.
 Adew, the grit clan Jamesoun,
 The blude rowyall of Cowpar toun,
 I was ay to yow trew;
 Boith Anderfone and Paterfone,
 Abone thame all, Thome Williamfone,
 My absens fair will rew.
 Thome Williamfone, it is your parte,
 To pray for me with all your harte,
 And think vpoun my warkis;
 How I leird yow ane gud lessoun,
 For to begyle, in Edinburcht toun,
 The bischop and his clerkis.

3100 Fol. 207.a.

3105

3110

3115

3120

3125

3130

Ye yung merchandis may cry allace,
Lucklaw, Welandis, Carruderis, Dowglace,
Yon curst king ye may ban;

3135

Had I levit bot half ane yeir,
I sowld haif leird yow craftis perqueir,
To begyle wyfe and man.

How, may ye merchandis mak debait,
Fra ye want me, your man Diffait;
For yow I mak grit cair.

3140

Withowt I ryfs fra deid to lyve,
I wait weill, ye will nevir thryve,
Fairdar nor the fourt air.

Heir fall Diffait be hangit.

First Sariand.

Fol.207.b.

Cum heir, Falset, and mens this gallowis;
Ye mon hyng vp amang your fallowis,
For your cankart conditioun;
Mony ane wicht man haif ye wrangit,
Thairfair, but dowt, ye fall be hangit,
But mercy or remissioune.

3145

3150

Falset.

Allace, mon I be hangit to?
Quhatmekle diuill is this ado?
How com I to this cummer?
My gud maisteris, ye craftismen,
Want ye Falsat, full weill I ken,
Ye will de all for hunger.
Ye men of craft may cry, Allace,
Quhen ye want me, ye want your grace;
Thairfair put in to wryte
My lessonis that I did yow leir,
Howbeid the commownis ene ye bleir,
Compt ye not that a myte.

3155

3160

Find me ane wobstar that is leill, Or ane walker that will not steill,	
Thair craftines I ken;	3165
Or ane millar that hes na falt, That will steill nowdir meill nor malt;	
Hald thame for hely men.	
At our fleschouris tak ye no greif, Thocht that ye blaw lene mytton and beif,	
To gard feme fat and fair,	3170
Thay think that prælik bot a mow, Howbeid the divill a thing it dow,	
To thame I leird that lair.	
I leird telyeuris, in every toun, To schaip fyve quarteris fra a goun,	
In Angufs and in Fyffe;	3175
To vpalandis telycouris I geve gud leve, To steill a filly stump or sleve,	
To Kittok his awin wyfe.	3180
My gud mester, Andro Fortoun, Of telyeuris that may weir the croun,	
For me he will be mangit; ¹	
Telyeour Beverage, my sone and air, I wait for me will rudly rair,	
Fra tymе he fe me hangit.	3185
The bairst fit dekin, Jamy Raff, Quha nevir yit bocht kow nor caff,	
Becaus he can not steill;	Fol. 208.a.
Willy Caidyeoch will mak no pleid, Howbeit his wyf want beif and breid,	
Get he gud mat and meill.	3190
To the browstaris of Cowpar toun, I leif thame my blak malefoun,	
Als hairtly as I may;	3195
To mak thin aill thay think na falt, Off mekle barme and littill malt,	
Agane the mercat day.	

¹ MS. has *hangit*, and repeats it in line 3186.

And thay can mak, withowttin dowt,
A kynd of aill thay call Harnis owt;

3200
Wait ye how thay mak that?

A culroun quene, a laithly lurdane,
Off strang wesche scho ill tak a jurdane,

And fettis in the pylefat;

Quha drinkis of that aill, man or pege,
It will gar all thair harnifs rege.

3205
That jurdane I may rew,

It gart my heid ryn hiddy giddy.

Schiris, God, nor I de in ane widdy,

Gif this taill be not trew.

Speir at the sowttar, Gordy Selly,

Frome tyme that he hes fild his belly,

With this vnhelsum haill;

Than all the baxtaris will he ban,

That mixis breid with dust and bran,

3210
And fyne flour with beir meill.

Adew, my maisteris, wrychtis and mafonis,

I neid not leir yow ony lessonis,

Ye knew my craft perqueir.

Adew, blakfmythis and loremeris,

Adew, the stinkand cordeneris,

3215
That fellis the schone our deir.

Goldfmythis, fair weill, abone thame all

Remembir my memoriall;

3220
With mony ane crafty cast;

To mix set ye not by twa prenis,

Fyne ducat gold with hard gudlynis,

3225
Lyk as I leird yow last.

Quhen I was lugit vpaland,

The schiphirdis maid to me ane band,

3230
Richt craftelly to stell;

Than did I gif a confirmatioun,

Till all the schiphirdis of this natioun,

Fol. 208.b.
That thay fowld nevir be leill;

And ilk ane to refset ane vder. 3235
 I knew fals schipbirdis fifty fuder,
 War all thair cawteilis kend,
 How thay mak thair conventionis,
 On montanis far fra ony townis;
 God, lat thame nevir mend. 3240
 Amang craftsmen it is ane woundir,
 To find ten leill amang ane hundir;
 The trewth I to yow tell.
 Adew, I ma na langar tary,
 I mon pass to the king of Fary, 3245
 Or ellis strecth way till Hell.
*Heir fall he luik vp to his marrowis
 that ar hingand, and say:*
 Wais me for the, gud Commoun Thift,
 Was nevir man¹ maid mair honest chift,
 His leving for to win;
 Thair was nocht in all Liddisdaill, 3250
 That ky mair craftelly cowd staill,
 Quhair thow hingis on that pin.
 Sawthan ressaif thy fawle, Diffait,
 Thow was to me ane faithfull mait,
 And als my fader bruder. 3255
 Duill fell the silly merchand men,
 To mak thame scherwice weill I ken,
 Sall nevir get ane vder.
*Heir fall Flattery sessin the cord abowt his
 nek, and thairfster Falset fall say:*
 Gif ony man list for to be my mait,
 Cum follow me, for I am at the gait; 3260
 Cum follow me, all cative cuvettous kingis,
 Revaris but richt of vthir menis realmes and ringis;
 Togidder with all wrangus conquerouris;
 And bring with yow all publict oppressowris,
 With Pharo king of the Egiptianis, 3265

¹ MS. has *mand.*

With him in Hell fall be your recompences;
 All crewall scheddaris of bluid innocent,
 Cum follow me, or ellis ryn and repent.
 [Prelats that hes ma benefeits nor thrie,^{1]}] Fol. 209.a.
 And will not preiche nor teiche the veretie; 3270
 Withowt at God in tyme thay cry for graces,
 In hidduous Hell I fall prepair thair places;
 Cum follow me, all fals corruptit juges,
 With Ponte Pylat I fall prepair your lugis;
 All the officiallis that paertis men with thair wyvis, 3275
 Cum follow me, or ellis ga mend your lyvis;
 With all fals ledaris of the constry law,
 With wantone scrybis and clarkis all in ane raw,
 That to the peur makis mony pertiall tranc,
 Syne hodie ad octo garis thame cum agane; 3280
 And ye that takis rewardit at both the handis,
 Ye fall with me be bund in Belliallis bandis.

Cum fallow me, all curst vnhappy wyvis,
 That with your gudmen dayly flyttis and ftryvis; 3285
 And quyetyl with rebaldis makis repair,
 And takis na ceur to mak ane wrangus air;
 Ye fall in Hell rewardit be, I wene,
 With Jesabell, of Yfraell the quene.
 I haif ane curst vnhappy wyf my fell,
 Wald God scho war befoir me in till Hell; 3290
 That bismair, war scho thair, withowttin dowl,
 Owt of the Hell the Divill scho wald ding owt.
 Ye maryit men, evin as ye lvif your lyvis;
 Lat nevir no preiftis be haimly with your wyvis; 3295
 My wyfe with preiftis scho did me grit vnricht,
 And maid me nyne tymes cukald on a nicht.
 Fair weill, for I mon to the widdy wend,
 For quhy? Falfett maid nevir anc bettir end.

*Heir fall Flattery hing him vp, and a
 kae fall be caftin vp, as it war his sawll.*

¹ This line has been omitted in the MS.

Flattery.

Haif I nocht chaipit the widdy weill?	
Yee, that I haif, be fweit Sanct Jeill;	3300
For I had nocht bene wrangit,	
Becaups I servit, be Alhallowis,	
To haif bene merchellit with my fallowis,	
And heich abone thame hangit.	
I maid far ma faltis nor my maitis;	3305
I begyld all the Thre Estaitis,	Fol. 209.b
With my ypoctresie;	
Quhen I had on the freiris hude,	
All men belevit that I was gude;	
Now juge ye gif I lie.	3310
Tak ane rakles rubiature,	
Ane theif, ane tirrand or ane trature,	
Off every vyce the plant;	
Gif him the habeit of ane freir,	
The wyvis will trow, withowttin weir,	3315
He be ane verry sanct.	
I knew the cowill and skaiplary	
Generis moir heit nor cheretie,	
Thocht thay be blak or blew;	
Quhat halines is thair within	
Ane wolf cled in ane lambis skin?	3320
Juge ye gif this be trew.	
Sen I haif chaipit this fery fary,	
Adew, I will na langar tary,	
To cummer yow with my clatter;	3325
Bot I will with ane humill spreit,	
Ga serve the heremeit of Lawreit,	
And leir him for to flatter.	

Gude Counsale.

Or ye depairt, schir, of this regioun,
Gif Johine the Commoun Weill anc gay garmoun; 333°

Becaups the commoun weill hes bene ourlukit,
 That is the caufs that Commoun Weill is cruikit;
 With singular proffoit he hes bene supprysit,
 That he is naikit, lene and disagysit.

Correctionoun.

As ye haif said, fader, I am content; 3335
 Sariandis, gif Johine ane new abilyement,
 Off fatyne dames or of velvet fyne,
 And gif him place in to our parliament fyne.

Commoun Weill.

All vertewis pepill now may be reioysit,
 Sen Commoun Weill hes gottin ane gay garmoun, 3340
 And ignorantis owt of the kirk deposit;

Devoit doctouris and clerkis of renoun
 Now in the kirk fall haif dominiouin,
 And Gud Counsale, with lady Veretie,
 Ar profest with our kingis maiestie.

Blift be that realme that hes ane prudent king,
 Quhilk dois delyt to heir the veretie,
 Punissing thame quhilk planely dois maling,
 Contrair the commoun weill and equitie.

Thair may na pepill haif prosperite, 3350
 Quhair ignorance hes the dominioun,
 And commoun weill by tirrandis strampit doun.

Finis.

*Heir I omit the actis maid at this parliament with¹
 the reformation of the Sprituall Estait, becaups
 the fame is prolix, and sa paffis to the conclusion.*

Dilligence.

Famows pepill, hairtly I yow requeir
 This littill sport to tak in patience;

¹ *With* repeated in MS.

We trest in God, leif we ane vder yeir,
Quhair we haif falit we fall do diligence,
With moir plesour mak yow gude recompence;
Becaufs we haif bene sumparte tedioufs,
With mater rude, denude of eloquence,
And als, perchance, to sum men odious.3355

Adew, we will mak no langar tary,
Prayand to Jesu Chryſt, oure Saluiour,
That, be the requeift of his moder Mary,
He do preſerve this famous awditour.
Withoutt that grittar materis do incurc,
For your plesour we fall devyſe and ſport,
Pleſand till every gentill creatour,
To raiſs your ſpreitſis to plesour and conforſt.

Now lat ilk man his way awance,
Lat sum go drink and sum ga dance;
Menstrallis blaw vp ane brawll of France,
 Lat see quha hobbillis best;
For I will rin incontinent,
To the taverne or evir I stent;
I pray to God omnipotent,
 To send yow all gud rest.

*Heir endis the schort interludis of Schir Dauid Lyndsayis play
maid in the Grensyd besyd Edinburcht in anno 155 yeiris.*

NOTE.—On folio 210b., originally blank in the MS., a later hand has inserted two pieces, *Dantie and doryt to all manis eyes*, two stanzas of 4 lines; *Now, Goffop, I myft neids be gon*, 25 lines; and 10 lines of a third, *My Miftres is in Musik paſſing ſkitfull*, the continuation (12 lines) being written in at the foot of folio 211a, and (8 lines) at the top of 211b.—in all, 5 stanzas of 6 lines. A “Sonet,” *Lyke as the littill Emmet haith his gall*, of 14 lines, is written in at the foot of 211b. These four pieces will be found in the Appendix.

HEIRE ENDIS THE BUIK OF MIRRY BALLETTIS,
SET FURTH BE DIUERS NEW AND ANCIENT POETTIS.

Fol. 211.a.

HEIR FOLLOWIS BALLATIS OF LUVE
DEVYDIT IN FOUR PAIRTIS.

THE FIRST AR SONGIS OF LUVE;
THE SECOUND AR CONTEMPTIS OF LUVE
AND EVILL WEMEN;
THE THRID AR CONTEMPISES OF EVILL
FALS VICIUS MEN; AND THE FOURT AR
BALLATTIS DETESTING OF LUVE
AND LICHERY.

THE FOURT PAIRT OF THIS BUIK.

To the Reidar.

Fol. 211. b.

HEIR haif ye luvaris ballattis at your will,
How evir your natur directit is vntill;
Bot wald ye luve eftir my counfalling,
Luve first your God aboif all vder thing;
Nixt as your self, your nichtbur beir gud will.

5

Ballatis of Lufe.

Fol. 212.a.

CLXXXI.

[*O, foly Hairt, fetterit in Fantesye.*]*Disputatio.*

O, FOLY hairt, fetterit in fantesye,
 Wincust with werry wardly wane plesance,
 Compone thy self and lat thi sychin be,
 Think that this warld is all bot wariance.
 Tak nevir no thing in to remembrance,
 That may displeifs thi makar immortaill;
 Think quhat he sufferit and keip thyne observance,
 Remembir als that thou man die but faill.

5

Syche for no sorrow bot for thi syn allane,
 Greit for thi gilt thou ma get forgifnaiss;
 Sen of thy deid the day is incertane,
 Keip the ay clene fra cryme in every caifs.
 Thow hes no caus to tak sic havines,
 Thairfoir be blyth or thou fall beir the blame;
 Thow sychis so fair with pane in every plaifs,
 That fickerly thou garris me think grit schame.

10

15

Reponcio Cordis.

I may nocht seifs bot syche, I am sa fair,
 Thairfoir get vp, and tak ane pen, and wryt,
 And all the caiffs I fall to the declair,
 Off my peteous and peroles pane perfyt.
 I dreid me foir that thou be fund the wyt,
 Than in a greif I grathit me to ryfs,
 Quhen I sat doun and dresset me to dyt,
 Sychand full foir, my hairt said on this wyfs.

20

Cor. Fair weill all joy, and walcum steidfastnes,
Evir mair with me for to be mancipait;
My hoip, my haill, is turnit in hawynes;
Thair is no mirth my mynd may recetait,
Sen that my lufe hes left me desolait,
Quhilk I luvit best attour all erdly thing;
Thair is nocht wycht in to this warld I wait,
That hes moir caufs to fyche quhen he fuld sing.

That lady leill of wirchep wes the well,
To quhome wes lent sic liberalitie,
That now my wit exceidis for to tell;
Amang all vthir scho wes a ne per fe,
Curtasf and kynd, full of humilitie,
Bothe ynd and ymound of all ynd gauernance
3.

Corpus. Quhen I hard this, I said, Alace, lat be,
Cast out of mynd sic wardlie wane plesance.

Cair nocht for hir, scho wes ay wnkyn,
Penfyt and proud, rycht fenyet and fradolent
Allacce, lat be, I wait I knaw hir mynd;
The for to pleifs scho wes ay diligent,
And fickerlie scho set all hir intent,
To lufe the best abouf all creatur;
Thairfoir me think that thow fuld nocht repent,
That chosin hes so trew a paramour.

Corpus. To luve I wet it is bot naturall
Till all mankynd, in youtheid specialie;
Bot sen that thou art cheif and principall,
Grantit be God to gowirne thy bodie,
Thow fuld the set to scherwe him idently,
And luf him best that bocht the with his blud;
My hart, remembir how deir he cowth by,
Quhen he for the wes rent vpoun the rud.

Cor. Thy langege is to me intollerabill,
 Thairfoir I will thow fobir the and heir;
 I lat the wit I am nocht wariabill,
 Na nevir fall vnto my lady deir.
 I will hir luve quhill I be brocht on beir,
 And mak hir scherwice futhlie incertane;
 Reproif me nocht, for I warne the but weir,
 War scho to luve I wald hir luve agane.

60

Corpus. Quhen of my haire, I hard the fynall end,
 That schort wald scherwe this foirsaid lady fre;
 I did wrang, me thocht, for to contend,
 Bot I besocht to lat sic syching be;
 Syne to my haire I haill confermit me;
 For quhy? I luve that lady in a paire,
 The quhilk wes flour of all faminitie,
 And thus endit my body with my haire.

65

70

Finis.

CLXXXII.

[*Be ye ane Luvar, think ye nocht ye fuld.*]

BE ye ane luvar, think ye nocht ye fuld
 Be weill adwyfit in your gouerning?
 Be ye nocht sa, it will on yow be tauld;
 Bewar thairwith for dreid of misdemynng.
 Be nocht a wreche, nor skerche in your spending,
 Be layth alway to do amifs or schamie;
 Be rewlit ryght and keip this doctring,
 Be secreit, trew, incressing of your name.

5

Be ye ane lear, that is werft of all,
 Be ye ane tratlar, that I hald als ewill; 10
 Be ye ane janglar, and ye fra vertew fall,
 Be nevir mair on to thir viciis thrall;
 Be now and ay the maistir of your will,
 Be nevir he that lesing fall proclaime;
 Be nocht of langage quhair ye fuld be still, 15
 Be secreit, trew, increffing of your name.

Be nocht abasit for no wicket tung,
 Be nocht fa set as I haif said yow heir;
 Be nocht fa lerge vnto thir sawis fung,
 Be nocht our pround, thinkand ye haif no peir; 20
 Be ye so wyis that vderis at yow leir,
 Be nevir he to sklander nor defame;
 Be of your lufe nor prechour as a freir,
 Be secreit, trew, increffing of your name.

Finis quod Dumbar.

CLXXXIII.

[*Off Luve quhay lyikis to haif Joy.*]

OFF luve quhay lyikis to haif joy or confort, Fol. 213.a
 Ye man begin and leir this A B C
 Heireftir writtin; quha will it ryght repoit?
 First to be courtesfs, wyis, gentill and fre,
 Lairge, honest, gentill, bayth secreit and preve, 5
 And of him self na vantour, as I wene.
 Be sobir, trew, and every day luste,
 And quhair thow luvis se thow be fenedill sene.

Be nocth our hamely in to presens,
 Nor yit our wandand in to secreit wifs;
 Se all thy deidis be mixt with plesance,
 And quhen thou maj prophir hir thy scherwifs.
 Paynit nocth thy wirdis, se that thou be nocth nifs,
 Speik nocth in termis of clergy;
 Vse the to rewlis that may the weill suffis,
 And, as I trest, thair fall the few denny.

10

My fone, quhill thou of yowthed hes the flour,
 Yarnand to be of luvis obscherwans,
 Alswa cheifs the a lusty paramour,
 Fulfillit of gudly gournance.
 Thow yarnand of hir to haif plesans,
 Wirk by this counsale that I the gif,
 Tak tent to this lair, be ay leill¹ to thi luf.

20

Gif that I fall the wifs the narrest way,
 Be nocth lang out of hir prefens;
 Certis it is futh, I hard men say,
 Is no thing hinderand moir than lang absens.
 Be nocth of wirdis our grit perfluens,
 Nor yit of lange aw thair left,
 In myddill way, thi tung be ay nurest.

25

Se for na thing that thou abasid be,
 In the begynnnyng thocht scho wer nevir fo nyfs;
 On the first day, and the kepar be sle,
 Ane castell is nocth ay win be geperdyfs;
 Clayth is nocth haldin at the first prys.
 I say for me, lat ilk man say quhat thai list,
 Quhay weill abidis is abill to speid best.

35

Gif mony luvaris thi lady will perfew,
 Swa at thou leif nocth in jolefy;
 Scho is the bettir sva that scho be trew,

40

¹ MS. has *leill* and *trew*, the two latter words being partially erased.

Non wald hir lufe war scho noct womanly.
 Repair noct till hir ay oppinly,
 Bot in all tyme be reddy hir to pleiss,
 Howbeit thi hairet thow think sumtyme at weifs.

Be noct a vantour, gif thow thinkis to speid, 45
 For that is haittit of wemen atour all thing;
 Harche not, se thow haif no dreid,
 Gif thow hir luf, thow man mak sum conkining,
 For harchenefs dois grit hindering,
 Howbeit¹ for luf that thow wald almaist de. 50
 Bot reveling mone be first in the.

Fair weill, sweit sone, thow speidis, schir, now or nevir, Fol. 213.b.
 Sen I haif teld the all haill my devyfis,
 Do my counsale, and fra it nocth disfevir,
 For and thow do, certifs, thow art nocth wyfs. 55
 Leif hir nocth thocht scho be nevir so he empryfis,
 Bot ay be gudly to that gay,
 Turne thyne intent quhen that scho wrythis away.

Finis quod Mersar.

CLXXXIV.

[*Luve preysis, but Comparesone.*]

LUV PREYSIS, but comparsone,
 Both² gentill, sempill, generall;
 And of fre will gevis warefone,
 As fortoun chansis to befall.

¹ MS. has *Heweit*. ² Originally *Bot*.

For luve makis nobill ladeis thrall,
To baffir men of birth and blud,
So luve garris sobir wemen small
Git maistrice our grit men of gud.

5

Ferme luve for fauour, feir or feid,
Of riche nor pur to speik fuld spair;
For luve to hienes hes no heid,
Nor lychtleis lawlines ane air;
Bot puttis all personis in compair,
This prowerb planely for till preue,
That men and wemen, lefs and mair,
Ar cumd of Adame and of Eue.

10

So thocht my lyking wer a leddy,
And I no lord, yit nocht the lefs
Scho fuld my ferwyce find als reddy,
As duke to duches docht him drefs.
For as proud princely luve exprefs
Is to haif souerenitic,
So ferwice cumis of sympilnes,
And leilest lufe of law degré.

15

So luvaris lair no leid fuld lak,
A lord to lufe a filly lafs,
A leddy als for luf to tak
Ane proper page hir tyme to pafs.
For quhy? as bricht bene birneist brafs,
As siluer wrocht at all dewyfs;
And als gud drinking out of glafs,
As gold, thocht gold gif grittar prys.

20

Suld I prefome this fedull schaw,
Or lat me langouris be lamentit,
Na I effrey for feir and aw,
Hir comlie heid be miscontenttit;

25

30

35

I dar nocht preifs hir to presentit;
 For be fcho wreth I will nocht wowit,
 Bot pleifs hir proudens to imprentit,
 Scho may perfaue sum Inglis throw it.

40

Finis quod Scott.

CLXXXV.

[*Sen that I am a Presoneir.*]

SEN that I am a presoneir
 Till hir that farest is and best,
 I me commend, fra yeir till yeir,
 In till hir bandoun for to rest.
 I govit on that gudliest,
 So lang to luk I tuk laseir,
 Quhill I wes tane withouttin test,
 And led furth as a presoneir.

Fol. 214.a.

5

Hir fweit having, and fresche bewte,
 Hes wondit me but swerd or lance;
 With hir to go commandit me,
 Ontill the castell of pennance.
 I faid, Is this your gournance,
 To tak men for thair loking heir?
 Bewty sayis, Ya, schir, perchance
 Ye be my ladeis presoncir.

10

15

Thai had me bundin to the yet,
 Quhair Strangenes had bene portar ay,
 And in deluerit me thairat,
 And in thir termis can thai fay,

20

Do wait, and lat him nocht away.
 Quo Strangnes vnto the porteir,
 Ontill my lady, I dar lay,
 Ye be to pure a prefoneir.

Thai keft me in a deip dungeoun,
 And fetterit me but lok or cheyne;
 The capitane hecht Comparefone,
 To luke on me he thocht grcit deyne.
 Thocht I wes wo I durst nocht pleyne,
 For he had fetterit mony affeir;
 With petoufs voce thus cuth I fene,
 Wo is a wofull prefoneir.

Langour wes weche vpoun the wall,
 That nevir fleipit bot evir wouke;
 Scorne wes bourdour in the hall,
 And oft on me his babill schuke,
 Lukand with mony a dangerous luke.
 Quhat is he yone, that methis ws neir?
 Ye be to townage, be this buke,
 To be my ladeis prefoneir.

Gud Houp rownit in my eir,
 And bad me baldlie breve a bill;
 With Lawlines he fuld it beir,
 With Fair Scherwice fend it hir till.
 I wouk, and wret hir all my will;
 Fair Scherwice fur withouttin feir,
 Sayand till hir with wirdis still,
 Haif pety of your prefoneir.

Than Lawlines to Petie went,
 And faid till hir in termis schort,
 Lat we yone prefoneir be schent,
 Will no man do to ws support;

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Fol. 214.b.

50

Gar lay ane sege vnto yone fort.
 Than Petie faid, I fall appeir;
 Thocht sayis, I hecht, cum¹ I ourthort,
 I houp to lowfs the prefoneir.

55

Than to battell thai war arreyit all,
 And ay the wawart kepit Thocht;
 Lust bur the benner to the wall,
 And Bissines the grit gyn brocht.
 Skorne cryis out, sayis, Wald ye ocht?
 Lust fayis, We wald haif entre heir;
 Comparifone fayis, That is for nocht,
 Ye will nocht wyn the prefoneir.

60

Thai thairin schup for to defend,
 And thai thairfurth failyeit ane hour;
 Than Bissines the grit gyn bend,
 Straik doun the top of the foir tour.
 Comparifone began to lour,
 And cryit furth, I yow reueir,
 Soft and fair and do fawour,
 And tak to yow the prefoneir.

65

Thai fyrit the yettis deliuerly
 With faggottis wer grit and huge;
 And Strangenes, quhair that he did ly,
 Wes brint in to the porter luge.
 Lustely thay lakit bot a juge,
 Sik straikis and stychling wes on steir,
 The femeliefst wes maid asfage,
 To quhome that he wes prefoneir.

75

Thrucht Skornes nosf thai put a prik,
 This he wes banist and gat a blek;
 Comparifone wes erdit quik,
 And Langour lap and brak his nek.

80

4 G

¹ Indistinct, might be *wom*.

Thai sailyeit fast, all the fek,
Luſt chaſit my ladeis chalmirleir,
Gud Fame wes drownit in a fek;
Thus ransonit thai the prefoneir.

85

Fra Sklandir hard Luſt had vndone
His enemeis, him aganis
Assemblit ane ſemely fort full fone.
And raifs and rowtit all the planis.
His eufing in the court remanis,
Bot jalouſs folkis and geangleiris,
And fals Invy that no thing lanis,
Blew out on Luvis prefoneir.

90

95

Syne Matremony, that nobill king,
Was grevit, and gadderit ane grit oft,
And all enermiſt without leſing
Cheſt Sklander to the weſt fe coſt.
Than wes he and his linege loſt,
And Matremony, withowttin weir,
The band of freindſhip hes in doſt,
Betuix Bewty and the prefoneir.

Fol. 215.a.

100

Be that of eild wes Gud Fainifs air,
And cumyne to continuatioun,
And to the court maid his repair,
Quhair Matremony than woir the crowne.
He gat ane confirmationn,
All that his modir aucht but weir,
And baid ſtill, as it wes refone,
With Bewty and the prefoneir.

105

110

Finis.

CLXXXVI.

[*Wald my gud Lady lufe me best.*]

WALD my gud lady lufe me best,
And wirk eftir my will,
I fuld ane garmond gudliest
Gar mak hir body till.

Off he honour fuld be hir hud,
Vpoun hir heid to weir,
Garneift with gouirnance fo gud,
Na demyng fuld hir deir.

Hir fark fuld be hir body nixt,
Of cheftetie fo quhyt,
With fchame and dreid togidder mixt,
The fame fuld be perfyt.

Hir kirtill fuld be of clene conftance,
Lasit with lefum lufe,
The mailyeis of continwance
For nevir to remyfe.

Hir gown fuld be of gudlinesf,
Weill ribband with renowne,
Purfillit with plesour in ilk place,
Furrit with fyne faffoun.

Hir belt fuld be of benignitie,
Abowt hir middill meit;
Hir mantill of humilitie,
To tholl bayth wind and weit.

Hir hat fuld be of fair having,
And hir tepat of trewth;

5

10

15

20

25

Hir patelet of gud pansing,
Hir hals ribband of rewth.

Hir flevis fuld be of esperance,
To keip hir fra dispair;
Hir gluvis of gud gouirnance,
To hyd hir fyngearis fair.

Hir schone fuld be of sickernes,
In fyne that scho nocth flyd;
Hir hoifs of honestie, I ges,
I fuld for hir provyd.

Wald scho put on this garmond gay,
I durft sweir by my feill,
That scho woir nevir grene nor gray,
That set hir half so weill.

Fol. 215.b.

30

35

40

*Finis of the Garmon of gud Ladeis.
Quod Maistir Robert Henrysoun.¹*

CLXXXVII.

[*Was nocth gud King Salomon.*]

WAS nocth gud king Salamon
Reuisit in findry wyifs,
With every lufely paragon,²
Glistering befoir his eis?
Gif this be trew, trew as it wafs, lady, lady,
Suld nocth I scherwe yow, allace, my fair lady?

5

Quhen Paris wes inamorit
Of Helena, dame bewteis speir,

¹ The author's name has been afterwards added.² Altered to *very lufe of paragon.*

Than Venus first him promisit
 To venter on and nocht for to feir;
Quhat sturdie stormes indurit he, lady, lady,
 To wyn hir lufe, or it wald be, my deir lady.

10

Knaw ye nocht how Troyelus
 Wanderit and lost his joy,
 With faitis and fyveris mervalous,
 For Creiffid fair that dwelt in Trow?
 Till petie plantit intill hir breist, lady, lady.
 Till sleip with him and grant him rest, my deir lady.

15

I Reid sumtyme, how venteroufs
 Leander wes his luf to pleifs,
Quho swame the watteris perraloufs,
 Of Abedon thais surgane feis,
 Till cum till hir thair at seho lay, lady, lady.
Quhair he wes drownit by the way, my deir lady.

20

How say ye than be Peramous.
 That promisit his luf for to meit,
Quho fand, be fortoun mervaloufs,
 Ane bludy clayth befoir his feit?
 For Tisbeis faik him self he flew, lady, lady,
 To pruve he wes ane luvar trew, my deir lady.

25

30

Hercules for Ectione
 Murderit ane monsteir fell,
 He pot him self in jepordie,
 Perrelus as the story dois tell:
 Reiskewand hir vpoun the schoir, lady, lady,
 Or els be chance had deid thairfoir, my deir lady.

Vol. 210. a.

35

Annaxerat fo¹ bewtyfull.
Quhome Kiphis did behold and fe,

¹ Altered to *Alc.*

With sychis and sobbis petifull,
 That peragon lang wowit he;
 And quhene he culd nocht win hir so, lady, lady,
 He went and he hangit him self for wo, my deir lady. 40

Off all thir maiteris mervalus,
 Gud ladeis, yit I can tell yow moir;
 The goddis hes bene full amorus,
 Off¹ Jupiter by lernit loir; 45
 Twyiss on the day his chop² thai schred, lady, lady,
 To cum till Alcumenois bed, my deir lady.

Gif bewty breidis sic blisfulnes,
 In amoring of God and man,
 Gud ladeis, lat nocht wilfullnes
 Exuperat your bewteis than;
 To slay the hairt ye yeild and craif, lady, lady,
 Ye grant thame your gud willis to haif, my deir lady. 50

Gif³ all thir wechtis of wirdines,
 Indiuorit sic panis to tak,
 With wailyeant deidis and sturdines,
 Inventering for thair ladeis faik,
 Quhy fuld nocht I, pur sempill man, lady, lady,
 Lawbour and scherwe yow the best that I can, my deir lady? 55 60

Finis, quod ane Inglyfman.⁴

CLXXXVIII.

[*For to declair the he Magnificens.*]

FOR to declair the he magnificens,
 And grit bountie that in to ladeis is,

¹ In MS. altered to *As.* ² Afterwards altered to */chlop.*

³ Originally *Naw gif.* ⁴ *Quod ane Inglyfman* has been inserted afterwards.

The wirdines and verteus excellens,
 The lawd, the brut, the bewty, and the blifs,
 My barbir tung is vnwirthy, I wifs;
 Bot nocth the les my pen I will apply,
 To say the suth, thocht eloquens I mis.
 Off femenene the fame to fortefie.

5

Thocht ald dotaris addresfit thair delyt,
 To dyt of ladeis defamatioun,
 Wa wirthe wycht fuld set his appetyt,
 To reid sic rollis of reprobatioune;
 Bot titar mak plane proclamatioun,
 To gaddir all sic bybillis besely,
 And in the fyre mak thair locatioun,
 Off famenyne the fame to fortefie.

10

15

For quho so list the ryght for to rehersfs,
 To gloir humane thai mak habilitie;
 Quhen men ar sad at thame folace thai fersfs.
 As habitaklis of all humilitie;
 Thai bring grit weiris to tranquilitie,
 Malis of men thai meifs and pacety,
 To faul and bodeis bayth vtilitie;
 Thairfoir all men thair fame fuld fortefie.

Fol. 210. b

20

Thocht ane persone had paciable to spend,
 All mychttis movit within the mappamond
 Wanting wemenis weilsfair wer at end;
 Without thair confort cair fuld him confound.
 Quhair ladeis abydis blifs dois ay abound,
 And quhair thai fle felicitie gois by,
 But thair folace no sege may be found,
 Thairfoir all men thair fame fuld fortefy.

25

30

Sen God hes grantit thame sic gudlinas,
 And formit thame estir sa fyn fassoun,

Syne put sa blumyng bewty in thair face,
 Quhy fuld nocht men hald thame of he renown?
 Sene God hes gevin thame fa grit guerdoun,
 With sic meiknes done thame magnifie,
 Quhi fuld men mak to thame comparesone,
 Bot our allquhair thair fames to fortefie?

35

Off Mary myld, the maid immaculat,
 To fortefie of famenene the fame,
 Christ wes incarnat and incorporat,
 And nureist nyn monethis in hir wame;
 And estir borne, and bocht ws fra the blame
 Of Baliall, that brint ws bittirly;
 That onlie act faivis thame all fra schame,
 And our allquhair thair fame dois fortify.

40

Ladeis thai ar of excelland valour,
 Ladeis ar ding to haif au^toritie,
 Ladcis ar clene of confortand culLOUR,
 Ladeis ar wyifs and full of veritie;
 Ladeis ar cheft and full of cheritie,
 Ladeis ar menis perradice erdly,
 Ladeis ar plantit full of puritie;
 Thairfoir all men thair fame fuld fortefie.

50

War all the erd papir and perchmyne,
 And pennis wer all treis, herbis and flouris,
 And all the sternis in the lift dois schyne,
 War in this erd moiſt ornat oratouris,
 The ſe wer ynk, with freſche fluidis and ſchouris;
 All wer to ſmall ane buk to edify,
 For to contene of ladeis the honouris,
 And factis that thair fame dois fortefie.

55

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Finis quod Stewart.

CLXXXIX.

[*My hairt is lost onlie for lufe of one.*]

MY hairt is lost onlie for lufe of one;
Foir laik of speche and all for schamefulnes,
I dar nocth speik my purpos to propone,
Nor wat nocth how my purpos how till dres.
Speik I to hir, and scho be maircilefs,
And nocth do denye agane to speik to me,
Than haif I tynt my speiking moir and lefs;
Onsped spechebettir vnspokin be.

Fol. 217.a.

5

I dar nocth speik, in dreid that scho dispyt
My rurall termes, and say I do bot raif;
And speik I nocth vnto my lady quhyt,
Without speche hir luf I can nocth haif.
Bot gif I speik, quhat can I of hir craif?
I spair to speik for laik of eloquens;
And scho but speche my synis cuth persaif,
I wald not speik to hir magnificens.

10

15

Fayne wald I speik and speiking mycht awaill,
And scho for speiking wald speik to me agane;
I spair to speik for spilling of my taill,
Than I my speiking spendit hes in vane.
To speik and speid noctit it is ane lestand pane;
How fall I speik? I dar noctit speik for dreid;
Be it gud or evill to speik to me agane,
Yit fall I speik, vnspokin can nocth speid.

20

Quhat fall I speik, sen I mon speik on forfs,
To hir that is of speche most eloquent?
I fall speik how that my cairfull cors,
Throw laik of speche, is day and hour torment,

25

Becaus I can nocth speik to hir my haill intent,
 For laik of speche and ornat termis plane;
 Besekand hir with speiking reuerent,
 That scho wald speik to confort me agane.

30

Finis quod^{1.}

CXC.

[*Quhen I think on my Lady deir.*]

QUHEN I think on my lady deir,
 War nocth Gud Hoip, I wald be schent;
 Sic panis to me thair can appeir,
 That I nocth wait quhair I fall went.
 To bowne me than our busk and bent,
 It is non but for all my beir;
 So am I vexit² in myne entent,
 Quhen I think on my lady deir.

5

Than is thair non to confort me,
 Quhen I am standand in that stafe;
 Suppois I wer in point till de,
 Thair is nocth wrey in wardlie wrege.
 To rug me than out of that rege
 Thay cumis Gud Hoip with lachand cheir,
 And biddis me lat all sorrowis swage,
 Quhen I think on my lady deir.

10

15

How fall I lat all sorrowis fefs?
 Gud Hoip, I pray the, tell me this;
 My lady may my corfs increfs,
 And all my hell turne vntill blifs.

Fol. 217. .

20

¹ Blank in MS. ² *Vexit* has had the pen drawn through it.

I may be mad quhen I hir mifs;
Suppois I wald this is no weir,
How my thow fra this warld me wifs,
Quhen I think on my lady deir.

Yit fall I wiſſ the fra this way,
Sa thou tak heid vnto my lair;
Gif that thou luvis ane lady gay,
Si thou be nevir in dispair.
Suppois that ſcho be nevir fo fair,
Yit may thou fang hir to thi feir;
Thairfoir be blyth bayth lait and air,
Quhen thou thinkis on thi lady deir.

Oft tyme hes bene hard and fene
Ane loird hes luvit ane las full weill,
And eik a laid ane lady scheyne,
So luf of fortoun turnis hir quheill.
Suppois ane fremmit fair thow feill,
Yit in hir scherwicc perseveir;
Suppois that scho be stif as steill,
Yit fall thow win thi lady deir.

Gif thou luvis hir, and scho nocht the,
With wifdome yit thou may hir win,
Thocht scho be cumd of grit degré,
And thou be cumin of sempill kin.
Se in hir scherwice thou nocht blin,
Bot ay be curtas to that cleir,
And fa¹ that gentrice be hir within,
Sa fall thou win thi lady deir.

Now to Gud Hoip I gif my hand,
That I fall luf my lady best;
Quhair evir I fair our fe or land,
My hairet with hir fall evir moir rest.

¹ Altered by another hand to *gif.*

Syne do to me as evir scho left,
 For I am hiris quhill I am heir;
 For in that fre my fayth is fast,
 Quhen I think on my lady deir.

55

Finis.

CXCI.

[*The Bewty of hir amorus Ene.*]

THE bewty of hir amorus enc,
 Quhen I behald my lady bricht,
 Dois perss my hairt with dairtis kene,
 I am so reft be luvis micht.
 Rest man I nocht day nor nycht,
 My hairt is so in hir scherwice,
 Quhilk is the verry lantrene lycht,
 Off womanheid ane flour delice.

5

Scho is the preclair portratour,
 Fulfillit with all lustines,
 Of puchritud the fair figour,
 The mirrour eik of all meiknefs.
 The verry stapill of steidfastnes,
 Off flurist fame the strang pavice;
 Scho is the gem of gentilnes,
 Off womanheid ane flour delice.

Fol. 218. a.

10

Now, sen I am hir scheruitoure,
 And flurist in my yeiris grene,
 I trest I do to lang indure,
 That will nocht schaw my karis kene.

15

20

This to my lady will I mene,
 That I fo lufe without fantice;
 Scho is my souterene and serene,
 Off womanheid the flour delice.

Finis.

CXCII.

[*Quhen Flora had ourfret the Firth.*]

Q UHEN Flora had ourfret the firth,
 In May of every moneth quene;
 Quhen merle and maviss singis with mirth,
 Sueit melling in the schawis schene;
 Quhen all luvaris reiosit bene,
 And most desyrys of thair pray; 5
 I hard a lusty luvar mene,
 I luve bot I dar nocth assay.

Strang ar the panis I daylie prufe,
 Bot yit with pacience I sustene, 10
 I am so fetterit with the lufe
 Onlie of my lady schene,
 Quhillk for hir bewty mycht be quene,
 Natour sa crafstely alwey
 Hes done depaint that sfeit serene; 15
 Quhome I luf I dar nocth assay.

Scho is so brycht of hyd and hew,
 I lufe bot hir allone I wene;
 Is non hir luf that may eschew,
 That blenkis of that dulce amene; 20

So cumly cleir at hir twa ene,
 That scho ma luvaris dois effrey,
 Than evir of Grice did fair Helene;
 Quhom I luve I dar nocht assay.

Finis.

CXCIII.

[*The Well of Vertew, and Flour of Womanheid.*]

THE well of vertew, and flour of womanheid,
 And patronē vnto patiens;
 Lady of lawty, bayth in word and deid,
 Rycht sobir, sweit, full meik of eloquens,
 Bayth gud and fair; to your magnificens
 I me commend, as I haif done befoir,
 My sempill hairet for now and evir moir.

For evir moir I fall yow scherwice mak,
 Syne, of befoir, in to my mynd I maid;
 Sen first I knew your ladischip, but lak,
 Bewty, yowth of womanheid ye had,
 Withouttin rest my hairet cowth nocht evad.
 Thus am I youris, and evir sensyne hes bene
 Commandit be your gudly twa fair ene.

Your twa fair ene makis me oft syiss to sing,
 Your twa fair ene makis me to syche also,
 Your twa fair ene makis me grit conforting,
 Your twa fair ene is wycht of all my wo,
 Your twa fair ene may no man keip thame fro,
 Withouttin rest, that gettis a fycyt of thame;
 This of all vertew were ye now the name.

Fol. 218.b.

10

15

20

Ye beir the name of gentilnes of blud,
 Ye beir the name that mony for yow deis,
 Ye bair the name ye ar bayth fair and gud,
 Ye beir the name that faris than yow feis; 25
 Ye beir the name fortoun and ye aggreis,
 Ye beir the name of landis of lenth and breid,
 The well of vertew and flour of womanheid.

Finis.

CXCIV.

[*To yow that is the Harbre of my Hairt.*]

TO yow that is the harbre of my hairt,
 And creatour in quhome my confort lyis,
 Unsenyeandlic with hairtlie lufe mvwart,
 I me commend ten hundredth thowfand fyis;
 Beseikand yow in my maist humill wyifs, 5
 Ye wald disdane to vesy this scripture,
 Direct fra me, your hummill scheruitur;

Quhilk luvis yow withowttin variance,
 Attour all leid that levis or de may,
 And thocht my body mak disfuerance 10
 Fra yow, with yow my hairt remanis ay.
 Allace, sweit hairt, I wait nocht quhat I say,
 Bot foir I dowt ye tak to littill cure
 Of my grit pyne that is your scheruitur.

I dwell in dolour quhill the day be gone, 15
 And on the nyght I tak na manar of rest,

Bot to and fro lamenting myne allone;
 Thinkand on yow, the farest and the best,
 Maist womanlie, and eik the wirthiest,
 That is or wes formit be dame Nature;
 Allace, do grace, and saif your scheruiture. 20

Allace, grant grace your scheruiture to saif,
 Sen in your face so grit grace dois appeir;
 Delay nocht grace quhill I be gone to graif,
 For fall that cace I by your grace to deir.
 I haif your scheruand bene this mony yeir,
 Yarnyng na fee thairfoir to recure,
 Bot onlic grace to saif your scheruiture. 25 Fol. 219.a.

And thocht ye will na mercy of me haif,
 Bot as your bund in balis evir bynd,
 I dar weill say, fo Christ my faull mot saif,
 Anc trewar scherwand fall ye nevir fynd.
 Bot now, allace, trew men ar now left behynd,
 With forow flane and fend to sapulture,
 As falbe fene on me, your scheruiture. 30 35

Heirfoir, sicut hairt, sum gudlie ansuering
 Of this fedull I yow besek to send,
 Quhilk of my cair may be sum conforting,
 And medecyne my melody to amend.
 Wryt quhat ye will, I fall it keip vnkend
 Full cloifs fra ony cristiane criature,
 Except my self, your faythfull scheruiture. 40

Finis.

CXCV.

[*Maist ameyn Rosier, gratiouſ and reſplendent.*]

MAIST ameyn rosier, gratiouſ and reſplendent,
Exceedand trew, benyng and verteus,
Fragrant olif, violat rubicument,
To man¹ fyc̄ht is wondir gratiouſ.
Hir benyng luk, with blenkiſ amorus, 5
Persis my haſt, that foir I fyche oft fyis,
Bot for remeid my wit can nocht devyis.

Hir criftall ene, all forgit with delyt,
Surmonting topatioun, annamalit celicall,
Hir courtlie cors, of portratour perfyt, 10
Hes me becumin hir ſcheruand and hir thrall.
Scho to my fyc̄ht is gudlieſt of all,
That evir I ſaw fulfillit of grace;
That I² hir knew I joy, and fayis allace,

My wittis fyve ar vnsufficient 15
Hir bewty brycht ſhortlie to declair;
Bayth hummill, amiable and sobir of intent,
Wyifs and discreit, degeſt and debonair;
Off womanheid and vertew exemplair;
And gif hir gudnas may be comprehendit, 20
Be manis wit may na thing be amendit.

Constant of wit, excellent of bewtie,
Exceeding vthiris in hir gouirnance,
Woyd of all pryd, full of humilitie,
Prudent of speche, but vice or variance; 25
My haſt is hirris with all obſcheruans.
A warld of wiſdome appeiris in hir face,
He is at eis that standis in hir grace.

Fol. 219.b.

4 I

¹ Altered afterwards to *mens*. ² *Evir* has here been deleted.

Christ, sen scho knew, so trew as I hir lufe,
 And syne wald rew, adew all syt for ay;
 My haire to play, ilk day wer fet abufe,
 Fra hir behuse, remvfe my wit away;
 Sall nevir ane attane the deth but weir,
 For war scho gane, wer nane to me fo deir.

30

Finis quod Stewart.

CXCVI.

[*Fresche fragrant Flour of Bewty souerane.*]

FRESCHE fragrant flour of bewty souerane,
 My hummill scheruice tak nocht in disdane,
 Bot me accep to be your scheruiture,
 That in your cur with cair cotidiane
 My spreit as thrall is fetterit to remane,
 That but your grace my life may nocht indur,
 Your fycght hes flane my cors without recure;
 But your remcid my lawbour is in vane,
 That luvis yow best abuve all creature;

5

And evir fall withouttin fenyeing;
 To quhome my haire I send in gouirnyng,
 Wondit with dreid, abyding the confort
 Of yow, my luf, maist bowsum and benyng;
 Quhois crifftall enc, vnto my mynd rolling,
 Reuellis my pane, but solace or repoit.
 Reffaif to grace your scherwand, I exhort,
 For and ye list to mak me conforting,
 All my diseis war turnit in dispoirt.

10

15

Moir amorus wes nevir erdlie wicht,
 Be natur wrocht of plefand bewty bricht,
 Quhome to behald ane hevin is of delyt,
 Of womanheid the mirrour schynand lycht;
 Quhilk is the rute of my remembrance rycht;
 Joyand my spreit the verteus to indyt
 Of yow, lady, the spe&takle perfyte,
 Of all this warld apperand to my fycht;
 I may nocht leſt your lufe and ye me nytt.

20

25

Go, littill bill, and be my aduocat
 Onto my lady best modestiat;
 Bid hir haif rewth vpoun hir luvar trew,
 And mak hir hairet with mercy mytigat.
 For in hir lufe I am fo laqueat,
 That I may nocht enchenge hir for no new:
 I may forthink that evir I hir knew;
 To me in mynd and scho be indurat,
 All erdlie joy for evir moir adew.

30

35

Beseik that schene with hummill reuerence
 The to reſſaif, and haif remembrance
 On me, hir ſcheruand, ſubiect and hir thrall,
 That of my wo ſcho haif compacieſce,
 Quhilk nevir did hir falt nor yit offence;
 Bot evir bowfum, obeyand to hir call,
 In word and deid hes bene, and evir moir fall,
 With hairet and mynd and all obeysance,
 Go thi for grace yow instantlie call.

Fol. 220. a.

40

45

Say also to that gudlie fair and fresche,
 Of all my panis ſcho may me weill releſche,
 With breif in bill or bodwart fend agane,
 Quhilk mycht releif me of my havineſſe,
 My plungit corſs, that dalic in diſtrefſe,

50

That on hir grace fall evir moir remane,
 That merciles, hir scheruand be nocht flane;
 Quhilk, and scho do, hir fame fall evir decreſs,
 In hurt and hindering of hir gud name.

55

Bot wo wer me that it fuld fo betyd,
 That scho thairthrow fuld be cald ane homicyd;
 Thairfoir do grace and be nocht obſtinat,
 Without scho do scho will be notifyd
 A manſlaar, and thairfoir ratefyd.
 Bot, O allace, be nocht fo indurat,
 With mercy mak your malice mitigiat; 60
 I ask bot grace, quhilk nocht fuld be denyd,
 For ſcheruice done vnto your hie eftait.

65

Adew, fair weill, my luſtre lady ſueit,
 Adew, my feill, and conforſt of my ſpreit,
 Alſs trew as ſteill I falbe to your grace;
 Adew my joy and paramour compleit;
 My hairet with noy, bot gif ye iuft decreit,
 Will me diſtroy throw amouris of your face.
 Adew my hairet, the flour of luſtinece, 70
 Quhen we depairt with forow fone I meit
 With panis ſmart and fychis cald, allace.

Finis.

CXCVII.

[*O Maiftres myn, till yow I me commend.*]

O, MAISTRES myn, till yow I me commend,
 All haill my hairet ſen that ye haif in cure,

For, but your grace, my lyfe is neir the end,
 Now lat me nocht in danger me endure.
 Off lyiflyk lufe suppois I be fure, 5
 Quhay wat na God may me sum succur fend,
 Than for your lufe quhy wald ye I forfure?
 O, maistres myn, till yow I me commend.

The wynttir nyght ane hour I may nocht fleip
 For thocht of yow, bot tumland to and fro, 10
 Me think ye ar in to my armys sueit,
 And quhen I walkyn ye ar so far me fro. Fol. 220.b.
 Allace, allace, than walkynnus my wo,
 Than wary I the tyme that I¹ yow kend;
 War nocht Gud Hoip, my hairet wald birst in two; 15
 O, maistres myn, till yow I me commend.

Sen ye ar ane that hes my hairet alhaill,
 Without fenyeing I may it nocht genstand;
 Ye ar the bontie bliss of all my baill,
 Bayth lyfe and deth standis in to your hand. 20
 Sen that I am fair bunding in your band,
 That nyght or day I wait nocht quhair to wend,
 Lat me anis say that I your freindschip fand;
 O, maistres myn, till yow I me commend.

Finis.

CXCVIII.

[*In to my Hairet emprentit is so soir.*]

IN to my hairet emprentit is so soir
 Hir schap, hir forme, and eik hir seymlines,

¹ / has been afterwards inserted.

Hir port, hir cheir, hir gudnas mair and mair;
 Hir womanheid and eik hir gentilnes,
 Hir trewth, hir fayth and also hir meikness,
 With all verteoufs iche set in his degré,
 Thair is no lak bot onlie pete. 5

Hir sad demyng of will nocth variable,
 Off luk benyng and rut of all plesans,
 And exampillair to all that bene stble,
 Discreit, prudent, of wisdome sufficiens;
 Mirrour of wit, grund of gud gouirnans,
 A wrold of bewty compafit in hir face,
 Quhois present luk did throcht my hart glace. 10

Quhat wondir is than thocht I be with dreid,
 Inly suppoysit for to askin grace
 Of hir, that is a quene of womanheid?
 For weill I wat, that in so he a place,
 I will nocth be in dispair in no caice,
 Bot suffir lawly thus that I indure,
 Till scho of pietie tak me in hir cure. 15
 20

Finis.

CXCIX.

[*Off Lufe and Trewth with lang Continwans.*]

OFF lufe and trewth with lang continwans,
 All may ye luvaris cum leir at me,
 That nevir a wicht had confort nor plesans,
 In wrold to think nor yit behald with e,

In that intent to turne fra hir bewty,
That evir I had and hes my haire compleit,
Sen first I saw that womanlie and sweiit.

5

Nowthir for joy, nor scherp aduersitie,
Nor for disdane, dreid, danger nor dispair,
For lyfe, for deth, for wo, for destany,
For blifs, for baill, for confort nor for cair,
For chance of fortoun turnand heir and thair,
For hir fall nevir turne my plane haire trew,
Quhat I suffir of forow, auld or new.

10

Fol. 221. a.

My faythfull haire returne fra hir fall nevir
Vnto no vddir lady vpoun life,
Quhilk but ganekalling I gif hir for evir,
With haill consent of all my wittis fyfe;
Quhill dethis rege vnto the rut me ryfe,
Thair fall no vthir in to this warld, but dreid,
Depairt me fra the flour of womanheid.

15

20

For weill I wet that natur hes me wrocht
To wirschep hir abone all erdlie wicht,
And for that caus hes in this warld bene brocht,
To be hir scheruand fassit ay but flycht;
Hir fresche effeir and hevinlie bewty bricht,
To confidder and for to discrif,
And for to luf hir leill in all my life.

25

Thocht I fuld de for trew lufe of that wicht,
I fall hir luf onlie withowttin mo,
That for to fle my haire it hes nocht micht,
Bot with that wicht to byd and brist in wo.
God grant that I to graif befoir hir go,
For of this warld fra scho tak leif to fair,
The joy of it fair weill for evir mair.

30

35

The lord of luf I thank, ane thowsand syifs
 My faythfull hairet hes set so sad and sound,
 Vnto hir most fair, most womanlie and wyifs,
 That natur wrocht in to this warld so round.
 Weill fair that wicht that gaif so fweit a sound, 40
 Thairwith sic plesans in to my hairet went,
 That I neir flane wes with my awin consent.

The figurat dairt, invennomit with blifs,
 Forgit with lufe and fedderit with delyt,
 Withowttin waine hes wondit me I wifs, 45
 The harme of quhilk will nevir moir be quyt;
 Quhois grundin point vnto my hairet did wryt
 In to my mynd evir in remembrans,
 Off lufe and trewth with lang continwans.

Finis.

CC.

[*Off every Joy most joyfull Joy it is.*]

OFF every joy most joyfull joy it is,
 In leill luying ay lestand life to leid,
 And of all sorrow most sorowfull forow I wifs, Fol. 221. b.
 Off sueit amouris the fellony and feid,
 With dully dartis and dwammis war no deid;
 I say as one vnwirthy thocht I be, 5
 That evir I luvit, allace, and welis me.

I say allace, that evir I saw that sycht,
 Quhair I haif set my hairet so foley foir,
 For to remoif frome thame I haif nocht mychting,
 Bot in her bandone lyis bundin moir and moir; 10

Bot weilis me I haif remeid thairfoir,
On hir to louk and think on hir bewty;
That evir I luvit, allace, and welis me.

I fay allace, for forow and for pane,
That I am within danger and dispair,
Bot weillis me I haif remeid agane,
My fayth is fest on ane both gud and fair;
Of bontie bewtie that is the flour and air,
Quhilk rest fra me myne haire owt of myne e; 20
That evir I luvit, allace, and weill is me.

I fay allace, for joy and forow bland,
Vmquhile I fyche and vmquhile I sing,
Quhylome I sit and vthir quhylis I stand.
Vmquhill I lawche and quhill I weip and wring,
Quhyll hait, quhyll cald, that lathis my luyng; 25
Quhairfoir I haif refone to say perde,
That evir I luvit, allace, and weill is me.

I fay allace, for dreid my lady be
Withon moir rik arreistit be the renye,
Bot, God of his grace, gif I wer set and he, 30
In feild to wyn and weld withowttin fenyne,
And nevir the les suppois schow nocth dedenyne
On me to luk, I fall hir luvar be;
That evir I luvit, allace, and welis me. 35

I fay allace, for evir I waill in wo,
Nor of my wit quhen I fall fra hir wend,
My wofull haire neir will depaire in two,
For of my wo is nane can tell the tend;
Bot weill is me quhen that I fand hir frend, 40
My haire is blyth as ony fowl to fle;
That evir I luvit, allace, and weill is me.

Quhairfoir, Gud Hoip, I mak the messingeir,
 Vnto my lufe withowttin ire or ill;
 Sen to the lord of lufe thou art most deir,
 I the befeik to beir my lufe this bill,
 And pray to hir gif that it be hir will,
 To grant me grace for hir benigitie,
 To leif allace, and say bot weill is me.

45

Finis.

CCI.

[*Brycht Sterne of Bewtie and Well of Lustines.*]

BRYCHT sterne of bewtie and well of lustines,
 Flour of honour and he nobilitie,
 Jem and grit jowell of wit and steidfastnes,
 Renownit lady in liberaltie,
 Our all this land ye stand as a per se,
 For bontie, bewtie, trewth and womanheid
 Springyth in yow as flouris in the meid.

Fol. 222.a

Thairfoir I wait, sen that the God aboif
 Hes formit yow so fair of hyd and hew,
 Wald nocht ye fuld luvit be and lufe,
 And mercy haif vpoun your scheruand trew?
 Quhairfoir, sweit hairt, of me haif rewth and rew,
 Louke quhat ye ask of God in your preyer,
 And yeild your scheruand in the fame maneir.

5

10

Dreidfull dispair oft fyis dois me schoir,
 And cursit dangeir my fillie hairt to slay,
 Wicket wanhoip fayis I fall lufe no moir,

15

Saif asperans, freindis I fynd no may,
 Quhilk oftymes biddis me to yow fay,
 Haif mercy lady and be nocth obstinat,
 For deth in schort your scherwand will chakmait.

20

Bethink yow how that holie scriptour sayth,
 Quhai saikles slayis fall nevir moir se the face
 Of God eterne, or than wyifs clerkis leith;
 And sen that ye ma, lady, with your grace,
 The lyfe or deth of me, your man, purchace,
 O God forbeid that evir so yow betydyd,
 That ye fuld be ane cursit homicyd.

25

Finis.

CCII.

[*Bayth gud, and fair, and womanlic.*]

BAYTH gud and fair and womanlie,
 Debonair, steidfast, wyifs and trew,
 Courtas, hummill and lawlie,
 And grundit weill in all vertew;
 To quhois scheruice I fall perfew
 Wirchep without villony,
 And evir annone I falbe trew,
 Bayth gud and fair and womanlie.

5

Honour for evir vnto that frē,
 That natur formit hes so fair;
 In wirchep of hir fresche bewtie,
 To Luvis court I will repair,

10

To scherue and lufe without dispair;
 For this I wait hir most wirthy,
 For to be callit our allquhair,
 Bayth gud and fair and womanly.

15

Sen that I gif my haire hir to,
 Quhy wyt I hir of my mournyng?
 Thocht I be wo, quhat wyt hes scho?
 Quhat wald I moir of my fweit thing,
 That wait nocht of my womenting?
 Quhen I hir se confort am I,
 Hir fair effeir and fresch having
 Is gud and fair and womanlie.

Fol. 222.b.

20

Thing in this warld that I best luf,
 My werry haire and conforting,
 To quhois scheruice I fall perfew,
 Quhill deid mak our depairting;
 Faythfull, constant and bening,
 I falbe quhill the lyfe is in me,
 And luf hir best attour all thing,
 Bayth gud and fair and womanlie.

25

30

Finis.

CCIII.

[Now in this mirthfull Tyme of May.]

NOW in this mirthfull tyme of May,
 My dullit spreit for to reiofs,
 I fall with fobir mynd assay,
 Gif I can ocht in metir glofs.

Syn all the poyntis of my purpois
 In secreit wyis falbe affelyeit,
 How in my garth thair growis a rois,
 Wes fresche and fair and now is felyeit.

5

All winttir throcht this rois wes reid,
 And now in May it changis hew,
 Thairfair I trow that it be deid,
 And als the stak that it on grew.
 Suld I for plesour plant a new?
 Na, that I wow to God in plane,
 Said it fair weill all flouris adew,
 Bot gif that rois reuert agane.

10

15

For of all plefans to my fycht,
 That grew on grund, it beris the gre,¹
 My hairt wes on that day and nycht,
 It wes so plesand for to se.
 Now thair is nowdir erb nor tre
 Sall grow within my garding mair,
 Quhill I get wit quhat gart it de,
 This foirsaid flour that wes so fair.

20

Finis.

CCIV.

[*My Hairt is Thrall, begone me fro.*]

MY hairt is thrall, begone me fro,
 Vnto the gudliest vpoun lif,
 No windir is² thocht it be so,
 For non may with hir bewtie strif.

¹ Originally *name*, and altered to *gre* by another hand. ²/s after inserted.

Till hir I will nowdir compair maid nor wif,
That levand is in to this warl allane,
Hir to discrif furmontis my wittis fyfe,
Aboif all vthiris scho is my souerane.

5

For to discribe hir bonteis all at schort,
My barbir tounq it is vnſufficient,
And als my cunning can it nocht report;
Bot, weill I wait, vndir the firmament
Is no compair to that roſ redolent,
Quhillk hes my hairt haill in to hir cure,
And evir fall abid thair permanent,
Till I be cloſit in my ſepulture.

Fol. 223.a.

10

For weill I wait scho is the gudlieſt,
That evir formit wes be dame nature,
Aboif all vthiris the moſt ſemlieſt,
The mirrour of hewis and nurnour,
The maift plesand patrone of portratour,
A warl of bewtie compaſſid in hir face,
And of womanheid the rich mirrour;
That I hir knew I joy, and fayis allace.

15

Hir ene, that is as beriall brycht,
Hes wondit me and mony hundredth mo;
Fra hir to fle I haif nowdir strenth nor mycht,
Bot bound hir thrall quhiddir I will or no.
Allace, thocht scho becumin is my fo,
I fall hir ſcheruand be my lyvis ſpace,
And nevir for to change for weill nor wo,
Bot to await vpoun hir mercy and grace.

20

30

Hir hew is hevinlie to behold,
Moir meik wes nevir creature on life,
With hair brycht glitterand as the gold,
So standis scho in gre ſuperlatyfe;

35

For quhois faik I suffir mony syfe,
 Hir bewty in my mynd so prentit bene;
 And yit my sorrowis fall I nevir mycht,
 Bot onlie to that gudlie fair and schene.

40

Bot God, fen that scho knew my constance,
 The fervent lufe vntill that cumlie cleir,
 I haif till hir withowttin variance,
 Quhill I almaist is bowne to my beir;
 And help in erd ma me no medisoneir,
 Bot scho that is most gudlie, fair and wyifs,
 Thairfoir your scheruand saif and be nocth sueir,
 And mercy haif on him that mercy cryifs.

45

Now mercy, lady, on my grevoiss pane,
 And lat me nocth daylie thus indure,
 And faif your man erar than he be flane,
 Sen that my lyif lyis haly in your cure;
 Or than to God ye do grit injure,
 And fall accusis yow faules of my ded,
 And thairthrow schame fall evir mair indure,
 And grit lak vnto your womanhed.

50

55

Finis.

CCV.

[*Ma Commendationis with Humilitie.*]

MA commendationis with humilitie
 I fend vnto hir faythfull womanheid,
 Than thair is dropis of wattir in se,
 Sternis in the hevene, flouris in the meid.

Fol. 223. b.

Pleiss ye remembir quhen ye thir lettres reid,
That I am trew, nocht fekill of efferis,
Dittand thir vers with disconfort and dreid,
Mixand my ynk ay with my bittir teris.

Quhat windir is my hairet be granit thrwche,
Fro out the rute rewthles ye haif it revin,
Ye haif the yok, with me remanis the flwche,
To schaw ane schaddow quhair my hairet hes bene.
Allace, the rewling of your wanttene ene,
Thai war the caus and gaif the iugement,
Thus am I met and wat nocht quhomen to mene,
My cors is thrallit and my hairet is rent.

War nocht reasone, sen that ye haif my hairet,
Your gratiouys mercy that ye wald schaw,
And gif me youris, owdir all or pairte,
And tak my hairetles cors and hald yow aw?
O, lord Cupeid, we wait this is the law,
Sen ye ar luf, goddes and moder,
Rathir my secreit deidis ye wald knaw,
De in your grace, nor leif and serfs ane vthir.

How fall I do, quhat fall I fay, allace?
Is non bot yow that may mak me remeid?
I may nocht vdir bot do me in your grace,
Sen in your handis standis bayth lyfe and deid.
Fortoun, allace, quhy am I thus at feid,
With ane on quhomen natur hes done hir cure,
Thus standand daylie in the poynt of deid,
And merciles bene ay your scheruiture?

Luf hes me wardit in ane park of pane,
With dolour is the dowbill dykis dicht,
And lust is foster with his bow and flane,
Fro tre to tre he chaiffis me in the nyght.

I weip, I wring, wes nevir ane veriar wicht,
 Thus nyght and day with petous wox I cry,¹
 Wes nevir ane vndir the sonis lycht
 Mair patient sufferrit proctory.

40

Wald ye fend help fone, with ane speid of hop,
 And cast the dyk of dolour to the erd,
 With lusty haire than fuld I gif ane loip,
 And cum to yow, I ken the gait onsperd.
 My haire is youris full steidfastlie vnsteird,
 Fetterit full fast quhill ye mak it fre;
 I fend till yow most farrest in this erd,
 Ma commendationis with humilitie.

45

Finis.

CCVI.

[*My sorufull Pane and Wo for to complene.*]

MY forufull pane and wo for to complene
 My wit is waik, bot I may nocht refrene
 It for to tell vnto fum creature,
 Gif, that be me or ony vthir of mene,
 My souerane lady left to dedene,
 To rew vpoun my wofull eventure;
 For sen I come in to that cleiris cure,
 I haif bene trew with all my haire and mycht,
 And fall ay scheruc that bird of bewtie brycht.

Fol. 224.a.

5

Sen that first I fewty maid to lufe,
 And to the king thairof that sittis abufe,
 I haif bene trew vnto that fair and fre,
 Thocht it be scho that revis me reft and ruse;

10

4 L

¹ This first read *wox and cry.*

My haint fra hir yit fall I nevir remofe,
 But dreid vnto the day that I fall de. 15
 Thus fall scho haif all that scho may of me,
 Both haint, body, scheruice and all the laif,
 That ony in erd may of hir scherwand craif.

Wald God, that wirthy wist my wo and pane,
 Quhilk gif I culd in wordis few and plane, 20
 I fuld hir wryt the caufs of my distreis,
 How for that scheyne I am neir schent and flane,
 And nevir to joy lippynnis to cum agane.
 Bot gif that gudly schap hir to redres
 My wofull haint fulfillit of havines,
 Thus am I boune and boundin to hir will, 25
 Quhithair scho list to speid or ellis to spill.

Quhome fuld I scherue but hir that fair and fre,
 In all this warld, sen thair is nane bot sche
 That may me cur of all my caris cald, 30
 And bot that blycht me beit wmbet I be,
 And than be done.? My dulfull destine
 Is went all wrang, and no thing as I wald;
 Quhat may I do bot to that heynd behald?
 And byd ay quhill that blycht list to me bute,
 Off all my wo quhilk is bayth crop and rute. 35

All the lang day I wy thus wofullest,
 And quhen the nyght cumis and tyme that I fuld rest,
 Than wifs I deth moir than a thowfand syifs,
 Sayand at anis haint, Now fuld thou breft, 40
 And noct daly in thrang me thus to threst.
 I windir that thou wirkis on this wyifs,
 Me think anewcht it aucht the to fuffyifs
 At anis to wirk thi crueltie and pane,
 Thocht thou noct new it everi day agane. 45

And fen no pane, no passioun, na no pyne,
Ma bring agane this sorrowfull haire of myne,
In sic a wyifs to leif that I haif luvit,
I will nocht laue quhithair scho be heir or hyne,
I falbe fane to leif in luvis lyne.
I war vnywyfis and vthir I concuffit
To haif hir lufe, my haire yit nevir remvffit
To hir to quhome I aw allegeance,
Sen hirris I am withowttin variance.

F ol.224. b.

50

Thus to conclud, schortlie I say for me,
That gudlie fair and fresche quhair evir scho be,
I pray grit God to gif hir weill to fair,
Thocht I be sett thus gait in aduersitie,
In sorrowis feir and syching as ye fe.
I wald that blycht of blifs wer nevir bair,
That may me help quhillk bot scho do but mair,
Fair weill my gud dayis bene ago,
All thus I plene my sorrowfull pane and wo.

55

60

Finis.

CCVII.

[*O Cupid, King, quhome to fall I complene?*]

OCUPID, king, quhome to fall I complene,
Or call for confort in this cairfull cace?
Sen quhair I lufe, I am nocht luvit agane,
Bot for my lufe lathit I am, allace.
I will go mene yit on to my maistreee,
As I haif done oftymes of befoir,
For nane bot scho my gladnes may restoir.

5

Allace, lady, how lang fall I indure
 This dolour quhilk throw your danger I dre?
 Am I nocht he that daylie dois my cure
 Your trew subiect and scheruitour to be;
 Your bound and thrall in maist hummill degré?
 Asking agane na thing of yow, thairfoir,
 Bot your gud will my glaidnes to restoir.

10

On your gud will I done lang depend,
 Howbeit as yit I fynd no way to speid,
 And I am he that nevir did offend,
 In wurd nor werk aganis your womanheid;
 That makis my hait within my breist to bleid.
 Sen faikleslie I suffir all this foir,
 And ye no way my glaidnes will restoir.

15

20

And nochttheles, lady, gif ye allege,
 That I to yow hes falit in ony pairt,
 I grant thairwith your barret to abbrege,
 And to remove the rancour of your hait;
 Thocht I be clene crymeles in every art,
 I grant ane falt and mercy dois imploir,
 Of your gudnes my glaidnes to restoir.

25

Ye knew thair is twa kyndis of jelusy,
 The firſt cumis of lufis grit exceſs,
 Quhairof I can nocht quyt me verraly;
 Bot of the nixt, quhilk is dispyt I ges,
 Sa God me faif, as I haif bene pairtles,
 Sen I yow luvit and falbe evirmoir,
 Thocht ye lift nevir my glaidnes to restoir.

Fol. 225.a.

30

35

Go, littill bill, empty of eloquence,
 To hir that is the harbie of my hait,
 Salut hir first with hummill reuerence,

And schaw hir now my crewale panis smart;
 Get me sum grace fra hir or thow depairte,
 Or than adew, my joy and erdly gloir,
 For nane bot scho my glaidnes may restoir.

40

Finis.

CCVIII.

[*Fair weill, my Hairt, fair weill, bayth Freind and Fo.*]

FAIR weill, my hairt, fair weill, bayth freind and fo,
 Fair weill, the weill of sweitaſt madicyne,
 Fair weill, my lufe, bayth lyfe and deth also;
 Fair weill, blythnes, fairweill, sweit lemmane myne,
 Fair weill, the flour of colour gud and fyne,
 That fadis nocht for weddir wen nor weit,
 No moir than in the fomer fessone sweit.

5

How fall I do, quhen I mon yow forgo,
 How fall I sing, how fall I glaid than be,
 How fall I leif, I lufe yow and no mo,
 Quhat fall I do, how fall I confort me,
 How fall I than thir bittir panis dre,
 Quhair now I haif als mekle as I may
 Of cairis cauld in fyching euirilk day?

10

Quhat fall I wryt in to this petouſſ bill,
 Quhat fall I say for owttin awdiens,
 Quhat fall I dyt for to declair my will,
 Quhat fall I say as now to your prefens?
 I yow beſeik with all my diligens,
 Throw your lustines and flour of womanheid,
 Anis for me this bill to fe and reid.

15

20

I can nocht fay no moir in this prolong,
 For I nocht wait gif it be profitable,
 For to declair yow all my panis strong,
 Heir in to wret be word or be fabill,
 Or gif it be to yow commendabill,
 Thairfoir as now this littill remembrance
 Ye tak and keip in to your gouirnance.

25

Finis.

CCIX.

[*Allace, depairting Grund of Wo.*]

ALLACE, depairting grund of wo,
 Thow art of euirlk joy ane end;
 How fuld I pairte my lady fro,
 How fuld I tak my leif to wend,
 Sen fals fortoun is nocht my frend,
 Bot evir castis me to keill?
 Now sen I most no langir lend,
 I tak my leif aganis my will.

5

Fol. 225.b.

Fair weill, fairweill, my weilfair may,
 Fairweill, fegour most fresche of hew,
 Fairweill, the faiffar of assay,
 Fairweill, the hart of quhyt and blew;
 Fairweill, baith kynd, curtass and trew,
 Fairweill, woman withowttin ill,
 Fair weill, the cumliest that evir I knew,
 I tak my leif aganis my will.

10

15

Fair weill, my ryght fair lady deir,
 Fairweill, most wyfs and womanlie,

Fairweill, my lufe fro yeir to yeir,
 Fairweill, thou beriall blycht of blie;
 Fair weill, leill lady, liberall and fre,
 Fair weill, that may me faif and spill.
 Fow evir I fair, go fair weill ye,
 I tak my leif aganis my will.

20

Fair weill fra me, my gudly grace,
 Fair weill, the well of wirdinefs,
 Fairweill, my confort in euirilk place,
 Fairweill, the hop of steidfastnefs;
 Fairweill, the rute of my distrefes,
 Fair weill, the luffar trew and still,
 Fair weill, the nvreifs of gentilnes,
 I tak my leif aganis my will.

25

30

Finis.

CCX.

[*In May in a Morning, I movit me one.*]

IN May in a morning, I movit me one,
 Throw a grene garding, with gravis begone,
 As leid without lyking, but langour allone,
 For misheifs and mourning, makand my mone,

But mo.

5

With hairt als havy as a¹ stone,
 Of covir confoirt had I none,
 As wy that wist of na wone,

Bot wandreth in wo.

For wo and wandreth I waik, I weip and I wring,
 For on fo myld without maik, that mais my murnyng,

10

¹ a has perhaps been deleted.

Oft syss I syche for hir saik, and fendill I sing,
 Hir lillie lyre as the laik dois me langing,
 For lufe.

That brycht fra baill ma me bring,
 To kyth on me sum conforting,
 Wald scho bethink, that sweit thing,
 Quhat panis I pruse.

Thocht pane but play be my pairt, I preifs nocht to pleid, Fol. 226.a.
 Sen I hir hecht all my hairt, to steir and to leid, 20
 To chyd as a coward, I call no remeid,
 Sen scho wrochit wreth otwart,¹ I wallow as the weid,
 In weir.

The fair that forgis this feid,
 May scho nocht fair rew that reid, 25
 Gif scho gravis me to deid,
 With doggit dangeir.

Sall dengeir thus with me deill, is this hir decreit,
 For lang scheruice and leill, hir luvar forleit?
 Scho is the hoip of my heill, alhaill I beheit,
 To fend with freindschipis feill, to fall at hir feit, 30
 As thrall.

Quhat evir scho won I wald weit,
 Fro I be gravit in greit,
 Than hes scho scheruandis that ar sweit,
 The fewar at call. 35

Thocht I wer reddy to graif, thinkis scho that ganand,
 Yit scho hes and fall haif my hairt in hir hand;
 Quhithir scho schent or scho faif, I am hir ferwand,
 To leif hir leir our the laif, quhill I am levand, 40
 But lefs.

I am so bunding in hir band,
 I wait no way to ganeſtand,

¹ This word is very indistinct.

Bot pray to that plesand,
Of petie and pefs. 45

Off pety and pefs I hir pray, and plane I repent,
Gif I haif wrocht ony way to wryth hir intent,
Sen scho my mvrning meis may within a moment,
It war hir fyn I dar say, I fuld thus be schent,

Saiklefs, 50
Suld scho nocht dreid and diffent
To martir me innocent,
That fra hir will can nocht went,
For deid nor distres.

At hir will fall I wair my wit in this plit, 55
To lufe hir wirscep weill, mair than wantone delyt,
Will scho hir man than forfair, all wycht will hir wyt,
Bot scho cuvir me of cair, my confort is quyt,
For aye.

Evir quhair scho will I wryt 60
In hairyrt plesans perfyt,
To quhome direct I this dyt,
Ane morning of May.

Finis.

CCXI.

[*My wofull Werd complene I may rycht soir.*]

MY wofull werd complene I may rycht foir,
Sen that I do my labour in to vane,
And euirilk day increfisis moir and moir,
To luf trewly and is nocht luvit agane.

Quhat fall I say? ryght awfull is my pane,
 Lufe thirlis my hairt bayth day and nyght so foir;
 I lufe trewly and is nocht luvit agane,
 A loid of lufe lat it be so no moir.

5 Fol.226.b.

Quhen euirilk wycht in to the nyght takis rest,
 I madlie mvrne and mvse¹ me to and fro,
 And that is for the absens of my gest,
 I may hir ban; allace, quhy did scho so?
 I mene, I plene, quhill the nyght is ago,
 Tyn in my breist hir lusty lufe I closf;
 Quhomedfor the dolor is that I do so,
 I lufe trewly and is nocht luvit, allofs.

10

15

Bot and I wist that scho had trew knawlege
 Of my mvrning and my lamentatioun,
 And fyne for that tynt nothing of curage,
 Nor of hir mynd haisand perfectioun,
 To lufe ane lusty and syn my lyfe vndone.
 Gif I for hir fuld thoill sic pvnift pane,
 Than war my mvrning all bot derisioun,
 And scho for me did thoill no thing agane.

20

Bot weill I wait, quhen that scho knawis the ryght,
 My panefull passioun dolerus and fair,
 Scho will me lufe abuse all erdry wycht,
 And confort me with priue wirdis fair.
 So for hir lufe so lykly is to missfair,
 Bot reassone wald and pety in this tyd,
 That my gudly scheruice, bayth lait and air,
 Rewardit be all dangeir laid on syd.

25

30

Finis.

¹ This word is very indistinct, having been partly written over.

CCXII.

[*Thus, wairfull Thocht, myne E hes wrocht to Wo.*]

THUS, wairfull thocht, myne e hes wrocht to wo,
 And all my wit hes knit, with thankis two,
 That I na may, away, in no kin wyiss,
 Throw sueit bewty, outthrow myne e, but ho,
 And dengeir syn, that dois me downe also.
 Thus am I schent, gif I repent, to ryiss,
 And I rew for all my trew scherwyiss,
 But heid of meid, that sweit and scho me flo,
 In quhois trest alhaill my lyking lyiss.

5

My soir regrait my e hes mait for euir,
 And I no can, as marrit man, dissauer;
 Nor quho is he to se that wald nocth plene,
 For febill plyt, yit cuth I nyt her neuir,
 Nor for no trust of luf, nor lust to luuir,¹
 And for all this I wiss will scho dedene.

10

15

[*Finis.*]

CCXIII.

[*O, wrechit, infernall, crewall Element.*]

OWRECHIT, infernall, crewall element,
 Depairting ground and rut of euery wo,
 Weill aucht thir luvaris cry that thow be schent,
 For till thair eiss thow bene eternall fo;
 And sen on neid thow makis me now to go,

Fol. 227.a.

5

¹ This word might be read *lumin*.

I tak my leif heir at my lady fre ;
How evir I fair, fair hairt, go, fair weill ye.

How fuld I say, go, fair weill, and tak my leif?
Allace, that wurd inpersit throw my haire,
For but your sycht on na wayis may I leif; 10
My cairis ar kene, my panis ar scherp and smart,
All fuld me eifs is travers turnit outward;
Yit go, fairweill, quhill oft I on yow se;
How evir I fair, fair hairt, go, fair weill ye.

Your fair visage apairet and gudly cheyir, 15
Your bewteis mustir and fyn continans,
Your myld haifing, your womanlie maneir,
Your ene cumlie, quhillk bene all my plesans,
So perfyt hes bene in my haire remmembrans,
I ma nocht leif and fra your prefens be; 20
How evir I fair, fair hairt, go, fair weill ye.

And mervell is the pairting fuld confus,
My wrechit hairt is set in sic distrefs,
Sen I wes nevir in grace, bot quyt refus
With yow, my fouerane lady and maistref; 25
Than fuld your pairting be anis, I ges,
Be verra kynd, nocht leastand so with me;
How evir I fair, fair hairt, go, fair weill ye.

Go, fair weill, most desyrit lyvis fo,
A thowsand syifs, go, fair weill, lady myne; 30
Go, fair weill, erdlie joy, for euir mo,
Go, fair weill, haire and cure of medecyne;
Go, fair weill, quha at no mercy ma ryne;
I can nocht say, quhill courtlie I de;
How evir I fair, fair hairt, go, fair weill ye. 35

Finis.

CCXIV.

[*Flour of all Fairheid, gif I fall found the fra.*]

FLOUR of all fairheid, gif I fall found the fra,
 All gammis ar me queid, so neir to grund I ga;
 I may no mirthis ma, for sorrow my self I fla;
 Thus wirkis scho me wa, that wlonkaft is in weid,
 That is bayth freind and fa, and farest flour to feid. 5

So fair wes nevir fygour, no fame on flud so quhyt,
 So proper of portratour, fa pairt no fa perfyt,
 Hir lyre is lilly lyk, plesand forowttin plyt,
 In bouri is no so brycht beriall, no blench flour,
 As is that hendly hycht menskyt with all honour. 10 Fol. 227.b.

I aw hir honour ay, to scherue hir bayth lait and air,
 With all the mirth I may, for now and evir mair,
 The confort of my cair, the faisir of my fair;
 Quhair evir I found or fair, scho is formest in fay,
 With hir I wald I wair durand quhill domisday. 15

Thair wes nevir day that dew, nor dyamont fa deir,
 Na stane fa haill of hew, as is the hyd of heir;
 Hir ene as cristall cleir, with luslie lawchand cheir,
 Hir pawpis till perle ar peir, perfyt and poleist new,
 And I may nych hir neir, than gon wer neuir my glew. 20

Vnglaid I gloir as gleid, fen my gud luf was gone,
 For neir witless I weid, I luf bot hir allone,
 That hes my hairt ichone, als trew as turtill on stone;
 I luf bot hir allone, of all that levis on leid,
 Thus lykis me my leman, the flour of all fairheid. 25

Finis.

CCXV.

[*O, Maistres myld, haif Mynd on me.*]

O, MAISTRES myld, haif mynd on me,
Sen that I am your prefoneir,
And lat me nocht in dolour de,
Sen ye may be my medicineir.
Ye may me saif frome all dengeir,
And sett me at full libertie
Owt of this lyfe that dois me deir,
Thairfoir, sueit hairt, haif mynd on me.

5

My mynd is plungit in distres,
That day or nycht I may nocht rest,
Without your help remedeleis,
My hairt is fair, it may nocht left.
For every day I do bot de,
Me think that deid wer for me best,
In dowbill pane sen I am dreft,
Thairfoir, sueit hairt, haif mynd on me.

10

15

Thocht I haif lost all my plesour,
Yit will I to your mynd apply;
On yow my hairt is fixit fur,
And evir falbe ful faythfully.
I dar nocht beir yow cumpany,
For tratling tungis that ay will le,
Bot think on me, your luvar trew,
My awin sueit hairt, haif mynd on me.

20

I pray yow be nocht variable,
Bot think on me, your luvar trew,
That is for yow fa lamentable,
Sen to your scheruice I did perfew.

25

My ioy agane ye may renew,
 Do ye nocht swa, I say for me,
 Allace the tyme that I yow knew,
 Thairfoir, sueit hairt, haif mynd on me.

Fol. 228.a.

30

This is ane endles pane, allace,
 That haill luvaris fuld be forlorne,
 As it is hapnit now the caifs,
 It wer for bettir be vnborne;
 For than my joyis wer to me beforne,
 Quhilk I haif previt and will nocht be,
 That garris me syche bayth evin and morne,
 Thairfoir, sueit hairt, haif mynd on me.

35

40

And thus fals fortoun is my fo,
 Befoir to vthiris as scho hes bene,
 Scho dois my hairt sic pane and wo,
 I say no moir, I may besene.
 The blenkyne of hir bewtie schene
 Sall gar me mvse quhill that I de,
 And sych full mony tymes betueue,
 Thairfoir, sueit hairt, haif mynd on me.

45

Finis.

CCXVI.

[*Haif Hairt in Hairt, ye Hairt of Hairtis haill.*]

HAIF hairt in hairt, ye hairt of hairtis haill,
 Trewly, sweit hairt, your hairt my hairt fal haif;
 Expell, deir hairt, my havy hairtis baill,
 Praying yow, hairt, quhilk hes my hairt in graif,

Sen ye, sweit hairt, my hairt may fla and saif,
Lat nocht, deir hairt, my leill hairt be forloir,
Excelland hairt of every hairtis gloir.

5

Glaid is my hairt with yow, sueit hairt, to rest,
And serue yow, hairt, with hairtis obseruance;
Sen ye ar hairt, with bayth our hairtis possest,
My hairt is in your hairtis gouirnance;
Do with my hairt, your hairtis fweit plesance,
For is my hairt thrall your hairt vntill,
I haif no hairt contrair your hairtis will.

10

Sen ye haif, hairt, my faythfull hairt in cure,
Vphald the hairt quhilk is your hairtis awin;
Gif my hairt be your hairtis scheruiture,
How may ye thoill your trew hairt be ourthrawin?
Quhairfoir, sweit hairt, nocht suffer so be knawin,
Bot ye be, hairt, my hairtis reiosing,
As ye ar hairt of hairtis conforting.

15

20

Finis. The anschuer heirof is in the clxvij¹ leif.

CCXVII.

[*Wald my gud Ladye that I luif.*]

WA LD my gud ladye that I luif
Luiff me best for ay,
I fuld gar mak for hir behuif
Ane garmond gude and gay.

Fol. 228.b.

Off vertew fuld hir hude be wrocht,
The garnising of grace,

5

¹ A marginal note says “*The answeir heirof in the 235 leif.*”

To gyde hir weill in deid and thocht,
Fra cryme in ony caifs.

Poleist with plefand portratour,
With diamandis of discretioune,
The chafrone sett with fyne favour,
And rubeis of rycht reffoun.

Ane targate of trewth hingand thairat,
Weill culprit with confitans,
Off humbilnes¹ fuld be hir hatt,
Hir teppett of temperans.

Hir sark fuld be of sobirnes,
Weill sentit with gude fame,
The semis fewit with sacreitnes,
With nurtour and gude name.

Hir collare fuld be of considerans,
Quhair wiſdome may be fene,
Rubanit with riche remembrans.
And beidis of bountie betwene.

Hir kirtill fuld be of compacieſce,
Off the puir to have pietie,
Weill watit with benevolence,
Lynit with liberalitie;

Mailyeit with maneris and meſour.
Weill laſit with luifſumnes,
Toukit with trew luif, the trefour;
Hir ſtomok of ſtedfaſtnes.

Hir goune fuld be of all guidnes.
Begareit with fresche bewtie,
Buit² with rubanis of richtuuſnes,
And perſewit with proſperitie.

¹ MS. has *humblenes*. ² This word is doubtful.

Hir lewes fuld be of sueit semblans,
 Wanit with womanlie maneir,
 Weill cuffit with continewance,
 In vertew and wit but weir.

40

Hir paitlat fuld be of hie prudence,
 Weill furrit with fair affere,
 With peirlit prenis of pacience,
 For hir wirschop to weir.

Hir belt fuld be of bowsumnes,
 Meit to hir middill small,
 Baith heid and pendes with hartlines,
 Inem mellit weill with all.

45

Hir chemye fuld be of chaistetie,
 About hir halfs so quhyte,
 Hir halfs peirlis of pudicitie,
 Rycht plesand and perfyte.

50

Hir clock fuld be of clene consciens,
 Weill lynit with lawlines,
 Denudit of all negligence.
 And borderit weill with besines.

55

Off grene youth fuld hir gluiffis be,
 For hir fair fingaris quhyte,
 Bervit¹ with kyndnes but creweltye,
 Our ringis of delyte.

60

Hir hoifs of honest hamelines,
 Na proudnes to pretend,
 Hir pantonis of persewerans,
 In honour till hir end.

This haif I cled my luif rycht weill,
 Na weid will cum hir better,

65

¹ This word is doubtful.

Nor this garmond fa haif I seill,
Nor halff so weill will fett hir.

Finis.

CCXVIII.

[*Support your Scheruand, peirles Paramour.*]

SUPPORT your scheruand, peirles paramour,
Or dreidfull deth and dolour me devoir
Sen thair is nan may schaw no succour,
To my pur haire oursett with sicing soir.
Allace, allace, fuet desy, most decoir,
Will ye nocht help me of my hevines,
Sen of my haire ye ar the cheif maistref?

5

The arting of your ene angelicall
So spedely my spreit hes perforate
Vnto my haire, and causd it to be thrall
To yow, the flour of womanheid, I wate,
Quhairsoir I pray your he excellent estate,
To kyth on me sum confort in this caifs,
Sen of my haire ye ar the cheif maistref.

10

Thaire wes nevir in to no woman wrocht,
Bot planelie in to your perfone dois appeir,
Except petic and thocht I find it nocht,
Dame Esperans helpis me out of weir;
That scho and lady Mercy both in feir
Sall in your haire graif baythly pety and grace,
Sen of my haire ye ar the cheif maistrecc.

15

20

[*Finis.*]

CCXIX.

[*Quhen Tayis Bank wes blumyt brycht.*]

QUHEN Tayis bank wes blumyt brycht,
With blofomes blycht and bred,
Be that rever ran I doun rycht,
Vndir the ryſ I red.
The merle melit with all hir mycht,¹ 5
And mirth in mornyng maid,
Throw solace found and semely ficht,
Alſwth a fang I said.

Fol. 229.a

Vndir that bank quhair blifs had bene,
I bownit me to abyde,
Ane holene, hevinly hewit grene,
Rycht heyndlly did me hyd.
The fone schyne our the schawis schene,
Full semely me befyd,
In bed of blumes bricht befene,
A fleip cowth me ourflyd. 15

10

15

About all blomet wes my bour,
With blofummes broun and blew,
Ourfret with mony fair fresch flour,
Helfum of hevinly hew.
With schakeris of the schene dew schour,
Schynnyng my courtenis schew,
Arrayit with a rich vardour,
Of natouris werkis new. 20

20

Rasing the birdis fra thair rest,
The reid fone raifs with rawis,
The lark fang lowd, quhill lycht mycht left,
A lay of luvis lawis. 25

25

¹ Originally written *mirth* and now *mijcht*.

The nythingall woik of hir nest,
 Singing, The day vpdawis;
 The mirthfull maveiss mirrieſt
 Schill ſchowttit throw the ſchawis.

30

All flouris grew that firth within,
 That man cowth haif in mynd,
 And in that flud all fische with fyn,
 That creat wer be kynd.
 Vndir the rife the ra did ryn
 Our ron, our rute, our rynd,
 The dvn deir dansit with a dyn,
 And herdis of hairt and hynd.

35

40

Wod Winter, with his wallowand wynd,
 But weir away wes went,
 Brasit about with wyld wodbynd
 Wer bewis on the bent.
 Allone vnder the lusty lynd,
 I faw ane lufum lent,
 That fairly war fo fare to fynd
 Vndir the firmament.

45

Scho wes the lustiest on lyve,
 Allone lent on a land,
 And fareſt figour be ſic fyve,
 That evir in firth I fand.
 Hir cumly culour to diſcryve
 I dar nocht tak on hand,
 Moir womanly borne of a wyfe
 Wes neuir, I dar warrand.

50

55

To creature that wes in cair,
 Or cauld of crewelty,
 A blicht blenk of hir vesage bair
 Of baill his bute mycht be.

60

Hir hyd, hir hew, hir hevinly hair
 Mycht havy hairtis vphie;
 So angelik vndir the air
 Neuir wicht I saw with e.

The blosummes that wer blycht and brycht

65

By hir wer blacht and blew,
 Scho gladit all the foul of flicht,
 That in the forrest flew.

Scho mycht haif confort king or knyght,
 That euir in cuntrie I knew,
 As waiil and well of warldly wicht,
 In womanly vertew.

70

Hir culour cleir, hir countinance,
 Hir cumly cristall ene,
 Hir portratour of most plesance,
 All pictour did prevene.
 Off every vertew to avance,
 Quhen ladeis prafit bene,
 Rychttest in my remmembrance
 That rose is rutit grene.

75

80

This myld, meik, mansuet Mergrit,
 This perle polist most quhyt,
 Dame Natouris deir dochter discreit,
 The dyamant of delyt,
 Neuir formit wes to found on feit
 Ane figour moir perfyte,
 Nor non on mold that did hir meit
 Mycht mend hir wirth a myte.

85

This myrthfull maid to meit I ment,
 And merkit furth on mold,
 Bot sone within a wane scho went,
 Most hevinly to behold.

90

The bricht sone with his bemys blent
 Vpoun the bertis bold,
 Farest under the firmament
 That formit wes on fold.

95

As parradyce that place but peir
 Wes plesand to my sicht,
 Of forrest and of fresch reveir,
 Of firth and fowl of flicht,
 Of birdis bay on bonk and breir,
 With blumes brekand bricht,
 As hevin, in to this erd doun heir,
 Hertis to hald on hicht.

100

So went this womanly away
 Amang thir woddis wyd,
 And I to heir thir birdis gay
 Did in a bonk abyd,
 Quhair ron and ryfs raifs in aray,
 Endlang the reuir syd.
 This hapnit me in a tyme in May,
 In till a morning tyd.

105

Fol. 229. b.

110

The rever throw the ryse cowth rowt,
 And roferis raiffis on raw,
 The schene birdis full schill cowth schowt
 Into that femly schaw.
 Joy wes within and joy without,
 Vnder that vnlonkest waw,
 Quhair Tay ran doun with stremis stout,
 Full strecht vndir Stobschaw.

115

120

Finis.

CCXX.

[*O lusty May, with Flora Quene.*]

OLUSTY May, with Flora quene,
The balmy dropis frome Phebus schene,
Preluciand benies befoir the day,
Be that Diana growis grene,
Throwch glaidnes of this lusty May.

5

Than Esperus, that is fo bricht,
Till wofull hairtis castis his lycht,
With bankis that blumes on every bray, (*bis*)
And schuris ar fched furth of thair ficht,
Thruch glaidnes of this lusty May.

10

Birdis on bewis of every birth,
Reiosing nottis makand thair mirth,
Ryght plefandly vpoun the spray,
With fflurissingis our feild and firth,
Thruch glaidnes of this lusty May.

15

All luvaris that ar in cair
To thair ladeis thay do repair,
In fresch mornyngis befoir the day,
And ar in mirth ay mair and mair,
Thruch glaidnes of this lusty May.

20

Finis.

CCXXI.

[*All for Ane is my Mane.*]

ALL for ane is my mane,
Bot ane I can lufe;
War fcho gane, than war nane
My name to remuse.
That I am tane, with sic ane,
I thank God abufe,
And bot that ane, will I nane,
Quhat panis I prufe.

5

Finis.

CCXXII.

[*Be glaid alye that Luvaris bene.*]

BE glaid alye that luvaris bene,
For now hes May depaynt with grenc
The hillis, valis and the medis,
And flouris lustely vpfpreidis.
Awalk out of your fluggairdy,
To heir the birdis melody,
Quhois suggourit nottis, loud and cleir,
Is now ane parradice to heir.
Go walk vpoun sum rever fair,
Go tak the fresch and holsum air,
Go luke vpoun the flurist fell,
Go feill the herbis plefand smell,
Quhilk will your comfort gar incres,
And all avoyd your havines.

5

10

The new cled purpour hevin aspy;
Behald the lark now in the sky,
With besy wyng scho clymis on hicht,
For grit joy of the dayis licht.
Behald the verdour fresch of hew,
Powdderit with grene, quhyt, and blew,
Quhairwith dame Flora, in this May,
Dois richely all the feild array;
And how Aurora, with visage pale,
Inbalmes with hir cristall hale
The grene and tendir pylis yng,
Of every grefs that dois vpspryng;
And with hir beriall droppis bricht
Makis the grefys gleme of licht.
Luk on the faufir firmament,
And on the annammellit orient;
Luke or Phebus put vp his heid,
As he dois raifs his baneris reid;
He dois the eist so bricht attyre,
That all semis birnyng in a fyre;
Quhilk confort dois to every thing,
Man, bird, beift, and flurissing.
Quhairfar, luvaris, be glaid and lycht,
For schort is your havy nycht,
And lenthit is your myrry day,
Thairfoir ye velcum new this May.
And, birdis, do your haill plesance,
With mirry fong and obseruance,
This May to velcum at your mycht,
At fresch Phebus vprysing bricht;
And all ye flouris that dois spreid
Lay furth your levis vpoun breid,
And welcum May with benyng cheir,
The quene of euery moneth cleir.
And every man thank in his mynd

The God of natur and of kynd,
 Quhilk ordanit all for our behuse,
 The erd vndir, the air abufe,
 Bird, beift, flour, tyme, day and nycht,
 The planeitis for to gif ws licht.

50

Finis.

CCXXIII.

[*Gif ye wald lufe and luvit be.*]

GIF ye wald lufe and luvit be,
 In mynd keip weill thir thingis thre,
 And sadly in thy breift imprint;
 Be secreit, trew, and pacient.

Fol. 230.a.

For he that pacience can nocht leir,
 He fall displefance haif perqueir,
 Thocht he had all this woldis rent;
 Be secreit, trew, and pacient.

5

For quha that secreit can nocht be,
 Him all gud falloschip fall fle,
 And credence nane fall him be lent;
 Be secreit, trew, and pacient.

10

And he that is of hait vntrew,
 Fra he be kend, fair weill, adew,
 Fy on him, fy, his famc is went;
 Be secreit, trew, and pacient.

15

Thus he that wantis ane of thir thre,
 Ane luvar glaid may neuir be,

Bot ay in sumthing discontent;
Be secreit, trew, and pacient.

20

Nocht with thi toung thy self discure
The thingis that thow hes of nature,
For gif thow dois thow¹ fuld repent;
Be secreit, trew, and pacient.

Finis.

CCXXIV.

The Song of Troyelus.

GIFE no lufe is, O God, quhat feill I so?
And gif lufe is, quhat thing and quhicke is he?
Gife lufe be gud, from quhence cummrys my wo?
Gife it be wicke, a wondir thinketh me,
Quhan euerry turment and aduersite,
That cumineth of him, may to me sauery think,
For ay thrust I the more, that iche it drink.

5

And gif that at myne awin lust I brenne,
Frome whench cummrys my waling and my playnt,
Gife harme agreve me, quhairto plene I thane,
I not ne quhy vnwery that I faynt.
O, quyck deth, O, sicut harme fo queynt,
How may of the in me be suche quantete,
Bot gif that I consent that it fo be?

10

And gif I consent, I wrongfully
Complene ywis; thus posset to and fro,
All stearles within a bot am I
Amyd the fe, atuixin wondis two,

15

¹ MS. has *tho.*

That incontrair standen euer mo.
Allafs, quihat is this wondir maledye?
For heit of cold, for cold of heit I dye.

20

And to the god of lufe thus said he,
With pitous voce, O lord, no youris is
My spreit quhiche that aucht youris be,
Yow thank I, lord, that haif me brocht to this;
Bot quhithir goddefis or woman ywifs,
Scho be, I not, wiche that ye do me scherue,
Bot as hir man I woll ay lene¹ and ferue.

Fol. 230. b.

25

Ye standyн in hir ene mychtele,
As in a place to your vertew digne;
Quhairfoir, lord, gife my scheruice, or I
May lykin yow to be to me benigne;
For my estait royll heir I resigne
In to hir hand, and, with hummill cheir,
Become hir man, as to my lady deir.

30

35

[*Finis*] quod Chauseir of Troyelus.

CCXXV.

[*As Phebus bricht in Speir merediane.*]

AS Phebus bricht in speir merediane,
AE of the wrold and lamp etheriall,
Passis the licht, that cleipit is Dyane,
Quhen scho is lucent² round as ony ball,
And Lucifair all vthir sternis fmall,
My lady so in bewty dois abound,
Aboif all vthir ladeis on the ground.

5

¹ This might be read *leue*. ² Afterwards altered to *lusent*.

Hir hair displayit as the goldin wyrc,
 Aboif hir heid, with bemys radient,
 Is lyk ane bus that birnys in the fyre,
 With flammys reid but fumys clevant.
 War nocth scho is sum thing to variant,
 I mycht of resfone say, that dame Nature
 Formit nevir in erd so fair a creature.

10

My haire, that nevir wes thirlit vnto wicht,
 In deidly dwalmys sowpit is for evir,
 For lufe of hir that is my lady bricht,
 Quhois plesant hals is quhytter than the evir,
 Or fnaw but spot, that fallis in the revir;
 The fragrant balme of odour confortatyve
 May nocth for sueitnes with hir lippis stryve.

15

20

Thow drery goft, that dwynnys in dispair,
 Pass with this bill vnto my lady sueit,
 And in to prefens of hir visage fair,
 Vpone thy kneis thow fall befoir hir feit;
 Askand hir mercy, with thy cheikis weit,
 To confort me of my woundis smert,
 Quhome dart of lufe hefs persit throw the hert.

25

Sen Athropos my fatell threid hes worne,
 In plenyng foir and rewthfull womenting,
 And that asperans is non vnto the morne,
 Of my pure haire dyand in lang vyfing,
 Thow bury my corps but ony tareing;
 For A^cteon wes flatit at the well,
 Be wreth of Dyane, with his awin houndis fell.

Fol. 231.a.

30

35

O thunderane boir, in thy most awfull rege,
 Quhy will thow nocth me with thy tuskis ryve?
 Sen no thing may my grevous pane assuage,
 Bot scho, quhilk is the revar of my lyve,

With sichis foir and cairis pungetyve; 40
 Quhairthrow my blude resoluit is in teiris,
 And yit no rewth in to hir hairt appeiris.

God gife it wer my fatell aventure,
 To fecht aganis hir fayis to the deid,
 With speir and scheild, and all that I micht fure, 45
 To pruve hir flour and well of womanheid;
 Howbeit it wer nocth to my lyfe remeid,
 It wald me fuzzyiss, sen that scho hes no maik,
 Till end my lyfe in battell for hir faik.

Yit I beseik hir for the grit delyte, 50
 That semyt in hir bewty naturall,
 With rewthfull prefens of hir visage quhyt,
 Scho wald decoir my feistis funerall;
 That luvaris mycht espy in generall,
 Gife that hir ene for weping mycht indure, 55
 To luk vpoun my rewthfull sepulture.

Finis quod Bannatyne.

CCXXVI.

[*My Hairt is heich aboif, my Body is full of Bliss.*]

MY hairt is heich aboif, my body is full of blifs,
 For I am sett in luse, als weill as I wald wiſſ;
 I lufe my lady pure, and scho luvis me agane,
 I am hir ſcheruiture, scho is my fouerane;
 Scho is my verry harte, I am hir howp and heill, 5
 Scho is my joy invart, I am hir luvar leill;
 I am hir bound and thrall, scho is at my command,

I am perpetuall hir man, both fute and hand;
 The thing that may hir pleifs, my body fall fulfill,
 Quhat evir hir deseis, it dois my body ill. 10
 My bird, my bony ane, my tendir bab venust,
 My lufe, my lyfe allane, my liking and my lust;
 We interchange our hairtis, in vthiris armis soft,
 Spreitlefs we twa depairtis, vfand our luvis oft;
 We murnequhen licht day dawis, we pleneth nychtis chort, 15 Fol. 231. b.
 We cursis the cok that crawis, that hinderis our disport.
 I glowffin vp agast, quhen I hir myfs on nycht,
 And in my oxster fast I find the bowster richt;
 Than langour on me lyifs, lyk Morpheus the mair,
 Quhillk caussis me vpryfs, and to my fuceit repair; 20
 And than is all the forrow furth of remembrance,
 That evir I hed a forrow in luvis observance.
 Thus nevir I do rest, so lusty a lyfe I leid,
 Quhen that I lift to test the well of womanheid.
 Luvaris in pane, I pray God send yow sic remeid,
 As I haif nycht and day, yow to defend frome deid; 25
 Thairfoir be evir trew vnto your ladeis fre,
 And thay will on yow rew, as myne hes done on me.

Finis.

CCXXVII.

[*Lait, lait on Sleip, as I wes laid.*]

LAIT, lait on sleip, as I wes laid
 This hindir nycht, my rest to tak,
 To me in sleip appeird a maid,
 And gudly wordis to me fcho fpak.

Scho bad that I fuld confort mak,
For I am fcho that help yow may;
Gudly in my armis I did hir tak,
Bot quhen I walknyt fcho wes away.

5

Quhat garmond come fcho in, trest ye?
In till ane mantill of lusty blew;
It sett hir weill, as femit me,
Sayand fcho wes ane luvar trew.
Scho said to me, as I fay yow,
Quhat war the wordis I did yow pray?
That lufe for lufe fcho wald renew,
Bot quhen I walknyt fcho wes away.

10

15

Hir hair wes lyk the oppynnit fillk,
Ane mantill of luve our me fcho spred,
And with hir body quhyt as milk,
Vnto my bed fcho maid a braid.
Softly talkand to me fcho said,
Be ye on fleip? and I said nay;
Hir chirry lippis to me fcho laid,
Bot quhen I walknyt fcho wes away.

20

Than in my armes I did hir brace;
With gudly wordis fcho said to me,
O, schir, how lyk ye this folace,
Content ye this, tell me? quod sche.
I said, maistres, yis verrelie,
No thing to pleifs me bettir may,
Nor with your perfone evir to be,
Bot quhen I walknyt fcho wes away.

25

30

Scho sayis, God keip yow, now I go;
Than I kif hir, allace, me thocht;
Than vp fcho raifs and went me fro,¹

35

¹This piece is imperfect, ending abruptly at the foot of folio 231b, while folios 232 and 233 are wanting. They probably contained several pieces, but only one is noted in the original index at the end of the MS., "Being overwhelmed with dolor and with cair," 232.

CCXXVIII.

[*No woundir is althocht my Hairet be thrall.*]

NO woundir is althocht my hairet be thrall
To yow, I wifs, the flour of courtesy;
For quhy? your name and fame so spreidis our all,
That ye ar held to be the a per fe,
In vertew, meiknes, trewth and equitie;
And eik to this your proper persoun fair
Is so weill maid in all maner degré,
That non to me falbe so singulare.

Fol. 234.a.

5

Heirfoir I will ryght humly yow imploir,
To lat sum stremys of grace on me distill,
For non bot ye my glaidnes may restoir,
Becaus both lyfe and deth lyis in your will;
For as ye list ye may me faif or spill,
With your on wird so stand I in your cure;
Sen I thairfoir am subiect yow vntill,
Latt me nocht fuerf, your faythfull scheruiture.

10

15

For my grene yewth is lyk the withering hay,
So foir I am oursett with fichingis feir,
My rosy lippis ar woxin paill and blay,
Thruch only thocht of yow, my lady deir;
And thair is non may be my medfoneir,
Bot your favour, quhilk, gif I do obtene,
I fall revert, as dois the reid roseir,
Freschest of hew in somer sesoun grene.

20

And sen I am so trublit in my thocht,
Lat nocht deley be ane occasioun,
To place dispair quhair howp and trust hes wrocht,
Bot grant with speid sum consolatioun;

25

That pety having dominatioun
 Within your breist, I may sum grace purchesfs
 Off my murnyng and lamentatioun,
 Quhilkis I sustene for yow, my fair maistress.

30

No thing of ryght I ask, my lady fair,
 Bot of fre will and mercy me to saif;
 Your willis your awin, as ressoun wald it ware,
 Thairfoir of grace, and nocht of ryght, I craif
 Of yow mercy, as ye wald mercy haif
 Off God our Lord, quhois mercyis infeneit
 Gois befoir all his werkis, we may perfaif,
 To thame quhois hairtis with mercy ar repleit.

35

40

And gif that I be fund to yow vntrew,
 Wilfull, heichty, or eik in ony wayifs
 Jeloufs, vnkynnd, or chengeing for ane new,
 A vane wantour, rebelling to your scheruyifs,
 As tratouris fals hes bene befoir oft fyifs,
 Quhois vntrew hairtis garris trew folkis leif in wo,
 Than for my gilt no torment culd fuffyifs,
 Bot I prayfs God it standis nocht with me fo.

45

Fol.234.b

Now to conclude with wordis compendious;
 Wald God my tong wald to my will respond,
 And eik my speich wer fo facundiousfs,
 That I wer full of rethore termys jocond;
 Than fuld my lufe at moir lenth be expond,
 Than my cunnyng can to yow heir declair;
 For this my style, inornetly compond,
 Eschamys my pen your eiris to truble mair.

50

55

Nocht ellis thairfoir I wryt to yow, my sueit,
 Bot with meik hairt, and quaking pen and hand,
 Prostratis my scheruice law doun at your feit,
 Both nycht and day, quhill I may gang or stand;

60

Praying the Lord of pety excelland,
 To plant in yow ane petifull haire and mynd,
 Conducting yow to joy everlestand,
 Both now and ay, and so I mak ane end.

Go to my deir with hummill reuerence, 65
 Thow bony bill, both rude and imperfyte,
 Go nocht with forgot flattery to hir presence,
 As is of falset the custome, vfe and ryte;
 Causis me nocht ban that evir I the indyte,
 Na tyne my travell, turnyng all in vane,¹ 70
 Bot, with ane faithfull haire in wurd and wryte,
 Declair my mynd, and bring me joy agane.

My name quha lift to knaw, lat him tak tent,
 Vnsto this littill verss nixt prefedent.

Finis.

CCXXIX.

[*My Trewth is plicht unto my Lufe benyng.*]

MY trewth is plicht vnto my lufe benyng,
 That meit and sleip is quyt bereft me fro,
 With luvaris mo of murnyng I may sing,
 Without glaidnes quhair evir I ryd or go;
 And I hir freind, quhy fuld scho be my fo? 5
 Do as scho lift, I do me in hir cure,
 On to the deid to be hir scheruiture.

And thocht I dar nocht daly do prefent
 Hir for to serf for hurting of hir name,

¹ Another hand has written *Bannatyne* on the margin of line 70.

I dreid the serpent sklander do hir schent;
 Bot nevirtheles hir honour and hir fame
 I fall keip in armis and in game,
 Vnto the tyme that Tropus the threid
 Sall cute of lyfe, bayth in word and deid.

10

Fol. 235.a.

O Cupeid, king, thyn eiris now inclyne,
 And perfs my lady inward to the haire,
 With that ilk dart that thow hes perfis myne,
 And causis hir so that scho to me rewarde,
 For to haif mercy vnto my pane and smarte,
 Or feill the pyne that faythfull luvaris haif.
 For but hir lufe I graith me to my graif.

15

20

Explicit quod Fethy.

CCXXX.

[*Lanterne of Lufe, and Lady fair of Hew.*]

LANTERNE of lufe, and lady fair of hew,
 O, perle of prycce, most precius and preclair,
 O, dasy dulfs, gayest that evir grew,
 Off every wicht most fueit and singulare,
 O, flour delyce, most flurisand and fair,
 Vnto this taill, fueit turtor, thow attend,
 My thirlit haire so law in to dispair
 Vnto thy mercy I meikly me commend.

5

O, jem of joy, inionit in my haire,
 O, plant of prys, most plefand and perfyte,
 The ryght remeid of all my panis smarte,
 My spreit is rest to fe thy culour quyte,

10

Dewoyd of wo, of forrow and of fyte,
 Quhois bewteis all no hairt may comprehend;
 My visage wan, O, lady of delyte,
 Vnto thy mercy I meikly me commend. 15

Sen thow art scho that hes my hairt in cure,
 My liowp, my heill, my weill and eik my wo,
 Lat me nocth fuerf, your hummill scheruiture,
 For but remeid my hairt will brift in two. 20
 Now, lady fair, my freind and eik my fo,
 Quhom on but dowt all vertew dois depend,
 My hairt and mynd, quhair evir I ryd or go,
 Vnto thi mercy meikly I me commend.

[*Finis*] quod Steill.

CCXXXI.

[*Hence, Hairt, with hir that most depairte.*]

HENCE, hairt, with hir that most depairte,
 And hald the with thy souerane,
 For I had lever want ainc harte,
 Nor haif the haire that dois me pane.
 Thairfoir, go, with thy lufe remane, 5
 And lat me leif thus vnmoleft,
 And fe that thow cum nocth agane,
 Bot byd with hir thow luvis best.

Sen scho that I haif scheruit lang
 Is to depairt so fuddanly,
 Addres the now, for thow fall gang
 And beir thy lady company. Fol. 235. b.
10

Fra scho be gon hairtles am I,
For quhy? thow art with hir posseft;
Thairfoir, my hairt, go hence in hy,
And byd with hir thow luvis best.

15

Thocht this belappit body heir
Be bound to scheruiteude and thrall,
My fathfull hairt is fre intair
And mynd to serf my lady at all.
Wald God that I wer perigall,
Vnder that redolent ross to rest,
Yit at the leift, my hairt, thow fall
Abyd with hir thow luvis best.

20

Sen in your garth the lilly quhyte
May nocht remane amang the laif.
Adew the flour of haill delyte,
Adew the succour that ma me fais.
Adew the fragrant balmie suaif,
And lamp of ladeis lustiest,
My faythfull hairt scho fall it haif,
To byd with hir it luvis best,

25

Deploir, ye ladeis cleir of hew,
Hir absence, sen scho most depairete.
And specialy, yc luvaris trew,
That woundit bene with luvis darte.
For sum of yow fall want ane harte
Alsweill as I; thairfoir at last
Do go with myn, with mynd inward,
And byd with hir thow luvis best.

30

35

40

[*Finis*] quod Scott.

CCXXXII.

The Anschir to Hairtis.

The Anfuer to
the Ballat of
Hairtis in the
228 leiff.

CONSIDDIR, hairt, my trew intent,
Suppois I am nocht eloquent
To wryt yow anschir responsyve,
Your fcedull is so excellent,
It passis far my wittis fyve.

5

For quhy? it is so full of hairtis,
That myne within my bosum staitris,
Quhen I behald it ryght till end;
And for ilk hairt, ane hundreth dertis
Outthrow my hairt to yow I fend.

10

This woundit hairt, sweiit hairt, reffaif,
Quhilk is, deir hairt, abone the laif;
Your faythfull hairt with trew intent,
Ane trewar hairt may noman haif,
Nor yit ane hairt moir permanent.

Fol. 236. a.

15

Ane hairt it is without diffait,
It is the hairt to quhome ye wret
The misseif full of hairtis feir;
It is ane hairt bayth air and lait,
That is your hairtis prefoneir.

20

It is ane hairt full of distres,
Ane cairfull hairt all confortles,
Ane penseve hairt in dule and dolour,
Ane hairt of wo and havines,
Ane mirthles hairt without mesfour.

5

It is ane hairt bayth firme and stabill,
Ane hairt without fenyeyt fabill,

Ane constant hairt bayth trest and trew,
Ane sure hairt set in to fabill,
Ane wosfull hairt bot gif ye rew.

30

It is ane hairt that your hairt servis,
Ane hairt for luse of your hairt stervis,
Ane hairt that nevir yow offendit,
Ane hairt of youris bayth vane and nervis,
Ane hairt but solace bot gif ye fend it.

35

It is na gravit hairt in stone,
In siluer, gold nor evir bone,
Nor yit ane payntit symlitud,
Bot this fame verry hairt allone,
Within my breist of flesch and blude.

40

Thairfoir, sueit hairt, fend me the hairt,
That is in to your breist inward,
And nocht thir writtin hairtis in vane,
Bot your hairt to my hairt rewert,
And fend me hairt for hairt agane.

45

[*Finis*] quod Scott.

CCXXXIII.

[*Quha is perfyte to put in Wryt.*]

QUHA is perfyte to put in wryt
The inward murnyng and mischance,
Or to indyte the grit delyte
Of lustie lufis obscherwance;
Bot he that may certane patiently suffir pane,
To wyn his fouerane, in recompance.

5

Albeid I knew of luvis law
 The plefour and the panis smart,
 Yit I stand aw for to furthschaw
 The quyest secreitis of my harte;
 For it may fortoun raith, to do hir body skaith,
 Quhilk wait that of thame baith, I am expert.

10
Fol. 236. b.

Scho wait my wo that is ago,
 Scho wait my weifair and remeid,
 Scho wait also I lufe no mo,
 Bot hir the well of womanheid;
 Schio wait withouttin faill, I am hir luvar laill,
 Schio hes my haift alhaill, till I be deid.

15

That bird of blifs in bewty is
 In erd the only a per fe,
 Quhais mowth to kifs is worth, I wifs,
 The warld full of gold to me;
 Is nocht in erd I cure, bot pleifs my lady pure,
 Syne be hir scheruiture, vnto I de.

20

Scho is¹ my lufe, at hir behufe
 My haift is subiect, bound and thrall,
 For scho dois moif my haift aboif,
 To fe hir proper persoun small;
 Sen scho is wrocht at will, that natur may fulfill,
 Glaidly I gif hir till, body and all.

25

30

Thair is nocht wie² can estimie
 My sorrow and my fichingis fair,
 For I am so done fathfullie,
 In favouris with my lady fair,
 That baith our haiftis ar aine, luknyt in luvis chene,
 And evirilk greif is gane, for evir mair.

35

[*Finis*] *quod* Scott.

¹ Altered to *hes*. ² Originally *wicht*, but deleted and *wie* written above.

CCXXXIV.

[*It cumis yow Luvaris to be laill.*]

IT cumis yow luvaris to be laill,
Off body, hairt and mynd alhaill,
And thocht ye with your ladyis daill,
Reffoun,
Bot and your faith and lawty faill,
Treffoun.

5

Ye may with honesty perfew,
Gif ye be constant, trest and trew,
Thocht than vnrycht thay on yow rew,
Reffoun,
Bot be ye fund dowbill, adew,
Treffoun.

10

Your hummill scheruice first resing thame,
For that to your intent fall bring thame,
With leif of ladeis thocht ye thing thame,
Reffoun,
Bot cftirwart and ye maling thame,
Treffoun.

15

Do nevir the deid that ma diseifs thame,
Bot wirk with all your mynd to meifs thame;
To tak your plesour quhen it pleifs thame,
Resoun,
Bot with vntrewhth and ye betraifs thame,
Treffoun.

20

Defend thair fame quha evir fyle thame,
And ay with honest havingis ftyle thame,
To Venus, als suppois ye wyle thame,
Reffoun,

25

Fol. 237.a.

Bot be ye frawdfull and begyle thame,
Treffoun.

30

Ye fuld confiddir or ye taik thame,
That littill scheruice will nocht staik thame,
Get ye ane goldin hour to glak thame,
Reffoun,

Bot be ye frawdfull and forfaik thame,
Treffoun.

35

Be secreit, trew and plane allwey,
Defend thair fame baith nycht and day.
In prevy place suppois ye play,
Reffoun,

40

Bot be ye ane¹ clattrer, harmisay,
Treffoun.

Be courtas in your cumpany,
For that fall causfs thame to apply,
Thocht that thay lat yow with thame ly,
Reffoun,

45

Bot be ye fund vnfaithfull, fy,
Treffoun.

Wey weill thir verfis that I wryt yow,
Do your devior quhen that thay lat yow;
To lufe your ladeis quho can wyt yow,
Reffoun,

50

Do ye the contrair, heir I quyt yow,
Treffoun.

[*Finis*] quod Scott.

¹ MS. has *and*.

CCXXXV.

[*Absent I am ryght soir aganis my Will.*]

ABSENT I am ryght soir aganis my will,
 My lang absens caussis me mekle wo,
 My lang absens dois my body kill,
 My lang absens hes turnit me to wo,
 My lang absens hes rest the spreit me fro,
 My lang absens caussit this to indyte,
 Makand yow fur I am nocht in the wyte.

5

Ryght weill I fe, within your breist ingrawit,
 The hiest vertew that clippit is constans,
 Quhilk be your havingis, it may be weill persauit,
 That ye ar nothing gevin to varians;
 Thairfoir I fall do quhat evir I chans,
 Abyd faythfull quhair I haif bene befoir,
 With hir that is my lufe, and fall do evirmoir.

10

Adew, most trew of erdryl creaturis,
 Adew, ye hairet of hairtis consolatioun,
 My thocht forwrocht within my breist conburis;
 Trewly, sueit hairt, my hairtis habitatioun,
 Condign, sueit thing, of hevinly conuersatioun,
 Imprent most gent that for your lufe is pynd,
 Consaif my inwart thocht within your mynd.

15

2

Finis [quod] Steill.¹

¹ The author's name has been written afterwards, and perhaps by a different hand.

CCXXXVI.

[*I wilbe plane, and Lufe affane.*]

I WILBE plane, and lufe affane, for as I mene, so tak me; Gif I refranc, for wo or pane, your lufe certane, foirfaik me; Gif trew report, to yow resort, of my gud port, so tak me; Gif I exort, in evill fort, without confort, forfaik me.

Gif diligens, in your presens, schaw my pretens, so tak me; 5
Gif negligens, in my absens, schaw my offens, forfaik me;
Youris and no mo, quhair evir I go, gif I so do, so tak me;
Gif I fle fro, and dois nocth so, evin as your fo, foirfaik me.

Gif I do prufe, that I yow luf, nixt God abufe, so taik me; Gif I remufe, fra your behufe, without excus, foirfaik me; 10
Be land or fe, quhair evir I be, as ye fynd me, so tak me;
And gif I le, and from yow fle, ay quhill I de, forfaik me.

It is bot waist, mo wirdis to taist, ye haif my laist, so tak me;
Gif ye our cast, my lyf is past, ewin at the last, forfaik me;
My deir, adew, most cleir of hew, now on me rew, and so tak me; 15
Gif I perfew, and beis nocth trew, cheifsyeane new, and forfaik me.

[*Finis*] quod Scott.

CCXXXVII.

[*Only to yow in Erd that I lufe best.*]

ONLY to yow, in erd that I lufe best,
I me commend ane hundredth thowsand syiss,

Exorting yow, with pensyfe haire opprest,
 As ye ar scho quhom in my confort lyifs,
 Gif I misyse my pen or done dispysfs,
 Ocht at this tyme, will God, I fall amend,
 Protesting this ballat ye attend.

5

Sum luvaris thame delytis till indyte
 Fair facound speich, blandit with eloquence,
 And vthir sum dois sett thair wit perfyte,
 To pleis thair ladeis with all thair diligens;
 Sum luffaris wantis, throw thair negligens,
 For falt of speich, the lufe of his maistres,
 Without hir witting in distrefs.

10

As to my pairte, my lusty lady schene,
 Throw laik of speich, I thoill rycht grit distrefs,
 Bayth nyght and day, hard perfis to the splene,
 With deidly dert, and can find no redrefs;
 Thus me behuffis my panis to expres,
 Or than knaw rycht weill, but wirdis moir,
 That crewell dert outhrow my hart wald boir.

15

20

Rathir nor smart, I mon my harme reweill
 To yow, my haire, quha ma my baillis beit,
 For, and ye start, adew all warldly weill;
 Will ye rewart, my cairis ar compleit;
 Tuiching your pairte, I prey yow be discreit,
 For eftirwart, gif ye vpoun me rew,
 Quhill deid depairete my lyfe, I falbe trew.

25

Fol. 238.a.

Secreit alswa, in every maner sort,
 For weill nor wa, fall ony knaw our mynd,
 Than be nocth thra, your scherwand to confort,
 Sum anschir ma, as ye ar gud and kynd,
 That may me fra my langour appeill that is pynd,

30

And to fla me throw your negligence;
This I yow pra, for your he excellens.

35

Adew, ryght trew, adew, my deirest haire,
Fairest of hew, for this tyme haif gud nyght;
Remord and rew, and pondir weill my pairte,
Sen I persew nathing of yow bot ryght;
Quhilk gif ye knew my mynd as it is plicht,
Ye wald subdew your inward thocht and mynd,
And me reskew, quhilk for your lufe is pynd.

40

[*Finis*] *quod Scott.*

CCXXXVIII.

[*My dullit Corss dois hairtly recommend.*]

MY dullit cors dois hairtly recommend
My faythfull scheruice vnto my lady bricht,
Quhais haire baid stille, quhen I did wend
Hir for to serf both day and nyght.
Sen that I am hir faythfull wicht,
And luvis hir best and evir fall,
Till haif my haire scho hes most ryght,
Quhill deth fall cum and for me call.

5

Sen first the tyme I did hir se,
Away fra me my hart it went
Hir for to serf baith day and nyght,
Sen that the body micht nocht be prescnt.
Thairfoir, my hairtly laidy gent,
I yow beseik for conforting,

10

Quhilk hes bene deid, ay sen I went
Out of your prefens, my awin sueit thing.

15

Sen that I may your prefens nocth obtene,
Nowdir be day nor yit by nicht,
My dolouris dowbillis, my woundis ar grene,
In absens of the fairest wicht,
That evir in erd wes to my ficht;
Sen Tisby flane wes at the well,
In bonty, bewty and culour bricht,
Aboif all vthir ye do precell.

20

Quhairsoir at laft, my fouerrane lady deir,
I yow beseik, with hairet affectousfly,
To wey thir wordis that I haif wruttin heir,
As wordis of wecht and nocth of wanitie.
Sen that ye ma me satisfie
Of all my panis and me recure,
Frome dulfull deth deliuuer me,
Or I be brocht in sepulture.

25

Fol. 238.b.

30

Finis.

CCXXXIX.

[*O, lusty Flour of Yowth, benyng and bricht.*]

O, LUSTY flour of yowth, benyng and bricht,
Fresch blome of bewty, blythfull, brycht and schene,
Fair, lufsum lady, gentill and discret,
Yung brekand blofum, yit on the stalkis grene,
Delytfsum lilly, lusty for to be fene,
Be glaid in hairet, and expell havinefs;

5

Exyll all sichand, on thy scherwand rew;
Dewoyd langour and lef in lustinefs.

.45

Finis.

CCXL.

[*Sueit Hairt, sen I your Freind only wes ay.*]

SUEIT hairt, sen I your freind only wes ay,
I windir quhy fo fremmitly your say
Frome me away ye do attray fo tyte;
I wald apply, quhen ye mercy wald pray;
Your grace for thy I fall humily affey,
Gif ye delay, and with ane ney me quyt;
Of all my fyt on yow I ley me till affay.
It is your pley, perfyte.

Fol. 239.a.

5

Explicit.

CCXLI.

[*My Hairt, repoiss the and the rest.*]

MY hairt, repoiss the and the rest,
In dolour be na langer dreft;
Sen thow hes it thou luvis best,
To beit thy baill,
Quhilk is ane grund the gudliest,
With littill daill.

5

It passis far my wittis fyve,
 Hir proper perfoun to discryve,
 Bot the publict superlatyve,
 To tell this taill;
 Scho is the lustiest on lyve,
 With littill daill.

10

Hir pulchritud maist to pryifs,
 For fortoun hir no thing denyifs,
 In hir the fame of ladeis lyifs,
 Withouttin faill;
 Ane doucer thing may non devyifs,
 With littill daill.

15

Quhair I wes wont for lufe to sterue,
 Quhilk did my hairt in pecis kerve,
 And perfs throw every vane and nerve,
 Now I appeill;
 For now but pane my lufe I serue,
 With littill deill.

20

For hir this lychtfull lyfe I leid,
 Sen hir sa courtly natur maid,
 That weill I wait of womanheid,
 Scho beiris the bell;
 I fall hir lufe till I be deid,
 With littill daill.

25

30

Scho is of ladeis principall,
 That is or wes or yit be fall;
 Ladeis reffaif originall,
 Of hir alhaill,
 That scho is gud and best of all,
 With littill daill.

35

That souerane lady is so fueit,
 Scho is the solace of my spreit,
 Scho is my joy evin compleit,
 I lufe hir weill;
 I think this dasy most discreit,
 With littill daill.

40

Beaus I fand hir ay so swaif,
 Sic favour to that fueit I gaif,
 That ay I fall hir honour saif,
 And schame conseill;
 And for hir sake lufe all the laif,
 With littill deill.

45

Finis.

CCXLII.

[*Ryght as the Glass bene thirlit thrucht with Bemis.*]

RYCHT as the glas bene thirlit thrucht with bemis
 Off Phebus fair prefulgent visage bricht;
 Or hornit Dyane, with hir paly glemis,
 Perffis the cluddis fabill in the nicht;
 And as the kocatrice keilis with hir sicht,
 Ryght so the bewty of my lady stoundis
 Outthrowcht my breist, vnto my haire redoundis.

Fol. 239.b.

Behaile how far cristall or diamant,
 Jassink, jasp, ruby, jem or crifelleit,
 Carbunkile, emmerauld, perle or athamant,
 Turcas, topas, marbill or margareit,
 Exceidis the barrat stonis in the streit;

5

10

In lyk wayis dois hir bewty vndegraigd
Transcend all vthiris, wylfe, wedow or maid.

Espe richt to how far the rosy gowlis
Pallis the wallowit weidis in the vaill;
Or found of lark aboif the revenous fowlis,
And sonefday the nichtis biemall;
Or as aue galay gayest vndir fall
Bene plesandar nor taikles boitis small;
So is my lady lufliest of all.

15

20

[*Finis*] quod Scott.

Followis the Ballat of the Prayis of Wemen.

CCXLIII.

[*I marvell of thir vane, fantaslik Men.*]

I MARVELL of thir vane, fantaslik men,
The quhilke haldis wemen in abominationoun,
The veritie and trewth they do misken,
Thruch thair obdurat obstinationoun;
Devulgant thair intoxicatt blasphematioun,
To dimerat fair wemenis honest lyfe,
To quhom God hes schawin lufe superlatyfe.

5

Ane woman till aue man is sop and feill,
Aue woman is the confort of his spreit,
Ane woman is till him baith welth and weill,
Ane woman is his helth and joy compleit;
Wemen to men as lyk the succour sueit;

10

And he that sayis of wemen only mis,
Ar nocht cordigne to half the hevynous blis.

I can nocht wryt nor ye can I reherce
The noble holy wemen that her bore,
The quilklykis in every vertes did conserue
As in to divers volumes may be fone
Marteris, virginis and many holy querkis,
As in the Golden Legend men may red,
And al Plutarcus rehercys of thair ded.

Quha was mair noble nor Penthesille,
That riche tryumphand queene of Aresoun,
To Troy who brocht ane pleasantryality
Of fair laden armis frome ta to crois,
To revenge Hector, that gnt campions,
With ane hor turquish diversit Grekes, and sois
Synne flane be Pirrus, fone to ferk Achillis.

And Samarus, the queene of Iulis,
His fone wast Iane be Cress, that red
Betwix t' a hill, i. the hill Cress, that day,
Synne past his hert in ane pipe full of blood,
Sayard till it Drynk, gif thou thirkis it good,
For of meins blod thou had evir ane grethurt
Therefore thou may drink now quilklyknesse.

Off Cassandra quhat fall I speicle?
Off fair laddis who was the fons of Troy,
Scho was wycet and expert in profecy,
Sayard that Helene, quilklyk was her bretter,
That her curding fra Grecie wald breid gote no,
And al the Trojans wald wane and murke,
Nor gif agair to Grecie that scho redde.

And fair Constan, the quilklyk was bornis in Crete
Was reft be Corvis, be perrettis of the le-

Siclyk Hippo of Greice, that lady fweit;
 Than the briggandis pretendit haftallie,
 To spulye thame of thair virginitie,
 Bot thay lap baith to the fe grund in deid,
 To saif thair honour and thair womanheid.

45

Penelope, quhilk was Vlixes wyfe,
 May be ane perle and mirrour in ilk land;
 Scho was oft manneist for to losf hir lyfe,
 Or ellis consent to tak hir ane husband,
 That tyme Vlixes was in prefone band;
 Yit prudentlie scho keipit weill hir fame,
 Quhill that hir lord Vlixes wes cum hame.

50

Off Lucrefs to tell the pvdicitie;
 Quhen Sextus Torquene violat hir be forfs,
 Than for hir husband Collatyne fend sche,
 And for hir freyndis, quha come on fute and horsf,
 In quhais prefens scho straik thrucht hir corsf
 Ane scherp dagar, quhilk scho had at that tymef,
 To schaw hir clene of Tarquynis desolut crymef.

60

Fol. 240. b.

Ane fervent luve had the chest Julia,
 Quhilk was the spowfit wyfe of grit Pompie,
 Quhen scho beheld the blude rob on ane da,
 Off hir husband that was flane crewalie,
 In till Egipt be yung King Ptholomye,
 The bludy ficht gart hir paift with quick chyldf,
 And instantlie fell doun deid on the feild.

65

70

And Hipscratis fuld nocht be foryett;
 Off Ponho scho was ane excellent quene;
 Pompeyus vincuft hir lord Medredett,
 Quha fled away for he durst nocht be sene;
 Than scho cled hir in armour brycht and schene,
 And raid on horsbak lyk ane velyiant knycht,
 For to defend hir husband day and nicht.

75

And Semeramis quene of Serrie,
Scho facht in battell lyk ane campione,
In menis clething and harness cled was sche,
To deffend hir yung fone Deminone;
Scho conqueist the grit toun of Babilone,
And ane pairt of Ethiopia and Ynd,
Thairfoir scho was bayth velyiant, wyse and kynd.

80

Fair Portia, quhilk was Brutus wyfe,
Hir nobilnes was but comparefone;
Quhen scho hard tell hir husband lost his lyfe,
And flane was on the feildis of Macedone,
To tell hir wo it is confusione,
Scho patt in till hir mowth hett coilis of fyre,
For Brutus faik scho brunt hir bane and lyre.

85

90

In humane lettres quha wes mair expert
Nor Nicostratt dochтир of Jouyus;
And fair Sapho in poetre and art
Quha did compyle vercis compendius;
And Afpacia, scho was rycht curius
In to philosaphe in Athanes,
Within the achademia of Socrates.

95

And nane was moir expert in poetre
Nor was Amasia and Affrainia;
Tha twa in Rome had grit awtoritie
Befoir the senat to plead every day,
In grit materis contendand to and fray;
The ciuill lawis thay ladeis had perqueir,
And in prettik thay had no maik nor peir.

100

105

Arthemesia, dochтир of Mowfalus,
Scho weipit foir the deid of hir husband,
Spyfand his flesche with droggis delicius,
And brak his bonis in pulder small as fand,

Fol. 241. a.

Of quhilk scho pat ane portioun with hir hand,
Within ane glas to drink quhill it mycht last,
In remembrance of hir lord that was past.

110

And Alcestes, quhilk was Admetus wyfe,
And dochtir of Perill of Thefalie;
Appollo said hir lord wald losf his lyfe,
And but remeid richt haistaly wald de,
Bot gif sum of his freyndis fa kynd wald be,
To de for him or ellis none was remeid;
Than Alceft for his saik reffauit the deid.

115

And vthiris, als hes bene innvmerable,
Of holy ladeis of grit grawetie;
The ten Cibillis, prophetis honerable;
And Cornelia full of abilitie;
The fervent kyndnes of Ypsiphilie,
Quhen that scho saiffit hir fader fra the deid;
And Hepoleit that conqueist mony steid.

120

Medusa, Dido and fair Argia;
And Orchia in battellis that was bold;
And of Colquhos the riche quene Medea,
The quhilk gart Jasone win the fleisch of gold;
And Camilla, non fairar on the mold;
And als the holy vestall Claudea;
With Mercia, Lena and Sulpicia.

125

And in the Bybill may be red and fene
Diuerss holy wemen honerable;
The wyfe of Noy, moir just thair hes non bene;
And Sara was baith meik and cheretable;
And Lia was mansweit and affable;
And Rebecca to God was richt plesand;
And chest Sufan that brak nocht Godis command.

130

135

140

Off Raab, Estir and of Denora;
And pudis Cathrye, of faith lamp and lycht;
Margaret Cecill and Sanct Barbara;
With holy virgynis quhilk to deid wes dicht.
Allace, men ar fals blindit in thair ficht,
Quhen thay haif contrair wemen purchest feid,
Sen wemen ar to men supreme and heid.

145

Bot sum mifcheoufs men, but law or richt,
Be maleifs fell thay do le and bakbytt,
Detractand honest wemen day and nicht,
Be diuers fortis of injureis and dispyt;
Callumnyand that wemen had the wytt
Off all the grittest crymes that hes bene done,
Sen God creat the warlde, lift, fone and mone.

Fol. 241. b.

150

And for probatioun of thair argument,
Thay first allege ane fryvoll vanitie;
How Medea of ane crewale intent
Hir twa childryne with hir handis gart dc;
And Dauid, thruch counsale of Berfabie,
In battell gart Vries loss his lyfe;
And Sanct Johine flane thruch counsale of Herrodis wyfe.

155

160

And Hercules poysonit be Deianyra;
And Helene brocht on Troy distractioun;
And Sampfone betrasit be Dalida;
And the idolatre of Salamoun,
Proceidit of wemenis perfwasioun;
And Sarra, as the Scriptour vndirstandis,
Was caufs of the deid of hir sevin husbandids.

165

Allace, this is ane strenge and piteous cace,
Of thir detrakkaris mast abhominable;
How fra the trewth thay throw the richt face,
Be ane fals glofs, vyle and detestable,

170

For to defame fair ladeis honerable;
 Bot yit the trewth will ay remane perfyt,
 Quhilk will devulgat wicket menis dispyt.

175

First quhair thay mak ane allegatioun,
 How the twa sonis of Medea war flane;
 Medea had ane honest excusatioun,
 For fals Jasone was the caufs for certanc,
 Quha did repud and lichtly hir in plane;
 Than to revenge hir on his crewaltie,
 His twa yung sonis with hir handis scho gart de.

180

And quhair that men allegis tyme and tyd,
 That Vrias was flane thrucht Barfabie,
 King Dauid gart commit that homicyd,
 For to fulfill his lust of lichery;
 And as to Hercules that was gart de,
 Addultre was tynfall of his lyfe,
 With Yolee, quhilk was nocth his awin wyfe.

185

Sampfone, that was betrasit as thay fa,
 The caufs of it was thruch his lust maist vyle,
 He sowld nocth haif gevin trest to Dalyda,
 Becaufs scho wes ay of ane vicius style;
 Thairfoir I think scho did him nocth begyle;
 Howbeit that cryme procedit of hir mynd,
 For dowtleſſ huris dois no thing bot thair kynd.

190

Fol. 242.a.

Off holy Sarra na man sowld speik evill,
 Howbeit hir sevin husbandis war all flane,
 For that mischeif procedit of the devill,
 For thair awin synnis, as the Bybill makis plane;
 And as to Salamone, that king of mane,
 Wemen causit nocth his ydolatre,
 Bot rathir it was his vyle lichery.

195

All thir exampillis ar experiens,
That wemen ar nocht caufs of sic fowlly crymis, 205
Bot rathir men, be blynd intelligens,
Abbusit hes thame self at diuersf tymis;
Than for dispyt thay conpyle prose and rymis,
Accusand wemen of thair womanheid,
For till excuse thame self of thair vyle deid. 210

And fa wemen ar lyk the fillie scheip
Among the wolffis, quhilk dois thame kill and bytt,
Thairfoir thay haif grit caufs to myrne and weip,
Becaus ill men dois thame schame and dispyt;
Bot cowld gud wemen fett furth bukis and wryt, 215
Thay could excuse thair innocens and fame,
And als thay could accuse men to thair schame.

Quhat can we of thame speik bot gud and weil,
For without thame we wald haif nevir bene borne;
Wemen till ws is succour, fence and feill, 220
And for our faikis oft tymes thay suffir scorne;
War nocht thair birth the warld had bene forlorne,
Thairfoir all men fowld fett thair haill intent,
To be to wemen ay obedient.

Had I the riches of king Darius, 225
Or of king Midas had I half the gold,
Or half the tressour of king Tantalus,
Or half the landis that Alexander did hold,
Or war I in to battell half so bald,
As Goddefred or valycant Anniball, 230
Or Scipio quhilk Affrik conquest all;

Than I fowld be all wemenis campione,
To be defendar of thair womanheid,
And pafs, thrucht mony vncowth regione,
To Holy Land, quhair Cryft was quick and deid, 235

To flay thame that hes contrair wemen feid;
 And on my speir, in takin of grit lufe,
 I fowld gar hing ane womanis richt hand gluve.

Fol. 242. b.

Finis, quod Weddirburne.

CCXLIV.

[*Vp, helfum Hairt, thy Rutis rais and lowp.*]

VP, helfum hairt, thy rutis rais and lowp,
 Exalt and clym within my breist in staige;
 Art thou nocht wantoun, haill and in gud howp,
 Fermit in grace and free of all thirlaige,
 Bathing in bliss and sett in hie curaige? 5
 Braisit in joy, no falt may the affray,
 Having thy ladeis hart as heretaige,
 In blenche ferme for ane fallat every May:
 So neidis thou nocht now fussy, fytt nor sorrow,
 Sen thou art fure of follace evin and morrow. 10

5

10

Thow, Cupeid, rewardit me with this,
 I am thy awin rew liege without treffone;
 Thair levis no man in moir eiss, welth and blifs;
 I knew no fisching, sadnes nor yit soun,
 Walking, thocht, langour, lamentatioun, 15
 Dolor, dispair, weiping nor jelosye:
 My breist is woyd and purgit of puffoun,
 I feill no pane, I haif no purgatorye,
 Bot peirles, perfytt paradisall plesour,
 With mirry hairt and mirthfulnes but mesoure. 20

15

20

My lady, lord, thow gaif me for to hird,
 Within myne armes I nureifs on the nycht,
 Kissing, I say, my bab, my tendir bird,
 Sweit maistres, lady luffe and lusty wicht,
 Steir, rewll and gyder of my senssis richt.

25

My voice furmontis the saphair cludis hie,
 Thanking grit God of that tressour and micht;
 I coft hir deir, bot scho fer derrer me,
 Quhilk hasard honor, fame, in aventeur,
 Committing clene hir corse to me in cure.

30

In oxteris cloifs we kifs, and coffis hairtis,
 Brynt in desyre of amouris play and sport;
 Meittand oure lustis, spreitles we twa depairtis.
 Prolong with lasar, lord, I the exhort,
 Sic tyme that we may boith tak our confort,
 First for to sleip, syne walk without espypis;
 I blame the cok, I plene the nicht is schort;
 Away I went, my wache the cuschett cryis,
 Wiffing all luvaris leill to haif sic chance,
 That thay may haif ws in remembrance.

Fol. 243.a.

35

40

[*Finis*] quod Scott.

CCXLV.

[*Quhair Luve is kendlit confortles.*]

QUHAIR luve is kendlit confortles,
 Thair is no fever half so fell;
 Fra Cupeid keft¹ his dert be gefs,
 I had na hap to saif my fell;

¹ Originally *kafθ*.

Lyik as my wofull haire can tell
 My invart panis and ficing fair,
 For weill I watt the panis of hell
 Vnto my pane is nocht compair.

5

For ony mellady ye ma ken,
 Except peuir lufe or than stark deid,
 Help may be had fra handis of men,
 Throw meddecynis to mak remeid ;
 For harmes of body, handis and heid,
 The pottingaris will purge the panis,
 Bot all the membraris ar at feid,
 Quhair that the law of lufe remanis.

10

As Tantalus in water standis,
 To stanche his thirsty appetyte,
 Bevaling body, heid and handis,
 The revar flyis him in dispyte;
 So dois my lusty lady quhyte,
 Scho flyis the place quhair I repair;
 To hungry men is small delyte,
 To twiche the meit and eit na mair.

15

The nar the flamb the hettar fyre,
 The moir I pyne yit I perfew;
 The moir enkendillis my defyre,
 Fra I behawld hir hevinly hew.
 Peuir Piramus him self he flew,
 Maid fawle and body to diffaver,
 He dyit bot anis, fairweill, adew,
 I dayly de, and dyis never.

20

30

Yit Jafone did inioy Medea,
 And Theseus gat Adriane,
 Dido diffavid was with Enea,
 And Demophon to his lady wan.

Fol. 243.b.

35

Gif wemen trowid sic tratouris than,
 For till enjoy the fructs of lufe,
 Quhy wald ye flay your saikles man,
 Quha myndis nevir for to remwfe?

40

The fers Achill, ane wirthy knicht,
 Was flane for lufe, the fwth to say;
 Leander, on ane stormy nicht,
 Dyt feittand the fludis gray.
 Trew Troyallus, he langorit ay,
 Still waitand for his luvis returne,
 Had nocht sic pyne, it was bot play,
 As daylie dois my body burne.

45

As Poill to pyllattis dois appeir,
 Moir brichttar than the starris abowt,
 So dois your visage schyne als cleir,
 As rose amang the raschell rowt.
 War Pariss levand now, no dowt,
 And had the goldin ball to serve,
 I wait he wald sone waill yow owt,
 And leif baith Venus and Minerve.

50

Now paper pas and at hir speir,
 Gif pleifs hir prudence to impreinttit;
 My faithfull hairt I fend it heir,
 In signe of paper I presenttit.
 Wald God my body war formenttit,
 That I micht serve hir grace but glammer;
 To be hir knaif I am contenttit,
 Or smallest varlet in hir chammer.

60

*Finis.**L'Invoy.*

The hairt did think, the hand did frem,
 The body fend to yow the fam.

65

[*Finis.*]

CCXLVI.

[*Gife Langour makis Men licht.*]

GIFE langour makis men licht,
Or dolour thame decoir,
In erth thair is no wicht
May me compair in gloir.
Gif cairfull thoftis restoir
My havy haire frome forrow,
I am for evirmoir
In joy, both evin and morrow.

Fol. 244.a.

5

Gif pleffour be to pance,
I playnt me nocht opprest,
Or absence micht awance,
My haire is haill possest.
Gif want of quiet rest
Frome cairis micht me convoy,
My mynd is nocht mollest,
Bot evirmoir in joy.

10

15

Thocht that I pance in pane,
In passing to and fro,
I laubor all in vane,
For so hes mony mo,
That hes nocht scheruit so,
In suting of thair fueit;
The nar the fyre I go,
The grittar is my heit.

20

The turtour for hir maik
Mair dule may nocht indure,

25

Nor I do for hir faik;
 Evin hir quha hes in cure
 My hart, quhilk falbe sure,
 And fcheruice to the deid,
 Vnto that lady pure,
 The well of womanheid.

30

Schaw schedull to that sueit,
 My paift fo permanent,
 That no mirth quhill we meit
 Sall caufis me be content;
 Bot still my hait lament,
 In forrowfull fiching foir,
 Till tyme fcho be present;
 Fairweill, I say no moir.

35

40

Finis quod King Harry Stewart.

CCXLVII.

[*How fuld my febill Body fure?*]

HOW fuld my febill body fure,
 The dowlble dolour I indure?
 The mornyng and the grit mallure
 Can nane devyne,
 Quhilk garris my bailfull breifst conbure,
 To fe ane vthir haif the cure,
 That fuld be¹ myne.

Fol. 244. b.

5

For weill I wait wes nevir wicht
 Wald fa inforsis his mynd and mycht,
 To lufe and serf his lady bricht,
 And want hir fyne;

10

¹ MS. has *by.*

As I do martir¹ day and nyght,
 Without the only thing of rycht,
 That fuld be myne.

War I of piffans for to prufe
 My lawty and my hairtly lufe,
 I fuld hir mynd to mercy mufe,
 With sic propyne;
 War all the warld at my behuse,
 Scho fuld it haif, be God abufe,
 That fuld be myne.

Now quhome to fall I mak my mone,
 Sen trewth and constans fynd I none?
 For all the fathfull lufe is gone,
 Of femenene;
 It wald vprofs ane hart of stone,
 To se me lost for lufe of one,
 That fuld be myne.

Quha fuld my dullit spreitis raifs,
 Sen for no lufe my lady gaifs,
 Bot and gud scheruice mycht hir maifs,
 Scho fuld inclyne?
 I dre the dollour and diseifs,
 Quhen vthiris hes hir as thay pleifs,
 That fuld be myne.

I may perfaif that weill be this,
 That all the blythnes, joy and blifs,
 The lusty, wantoun lyfe, I wifs,
 Of lufe is hyne;
 And no remeid sen fo it ifs,
 Bot paciens suppoifs I miss,
 That fuld be myne.

¹ Originally *And dois me martir.*

For nobillis hes nocht ay renown,
Nor gentillis ay the gayest goun;
Thay cary victuallis to the toun,
That werft dois dyne;
Sa biffely to busk I boun,
Ane vthir eitis the berry doun,
That fuld be myn.

45

Quha wald the rege of yowtheid dant,
Lat thame the court of luvaris hant,
And than as Venus subiect grant,
And keip hir tryme;
Perchance thay fall find freindschip skant,
And abill thair reward to want,
As I did myne.

50

55

[*Finis*] quod Scott.

CCXLVIII.

[*Ane Laid may lufe ane Leddy of Estait.*]

ANE laid may lufe ane leddy of estait,
Ane lord ane lafs; lufe hes no vdir law.
Quha can vndo that is predestinat?
Oft syifs for lufe the lynnage lichtis law,
Rycht as the fone schynis on the fudly schaw,
And eik the rane vpoun the ryell rofs,
Sa aft tymis lufe cheifis ane vnlyk choifs.

5

Finis.

CCXLIX.

[*Marvilling in Mynd, quhat ailis Fortoun at me.*]

MARVILLING in mynd, quhatailis fortoun at me,
And I ane fcherwand trew both day and nycht; Fol. 245.a.
I am bot deid sic dolour for to dre,
So fuddanly exylit frome hir sycht.
In all this warld thair is no erdry wycht 5
Moir fre, moir fremmit, moir trest and eik moir trew;
Sen I mon de, adew, luvaris, adew.

Dame Natur, I the wyt of all my pane,
That formit hes this flour so fair but feir;
All vertew in hir visage dois remane, 10
Bot merciles I go from yeir to yeir.
Scho is allon of price withouttin peir;
This ryall ross will nocth vpoun me rew;
Sen I mon de, adew, luvaris, adew.

My dullit hairt but dout may nocth indure,
My pane but peir, it perffis throw my hairt;
My lady fair of me scho takis no cure,
Bot thoillis me to de in panis smart.
O, Venus, quene, thow caufs hir mynd rewart, 15
For be the graue first lufe in to me grew;
Sen I mon de, adew, luvaris, adew.

Now lat my¹ lady do quhat evir scho will,
Baith trest and trew my hairt fall nevir felye;
Small honor is hir fcherwand for to spill,
Sen that my deth to hir may nocth awailye. 20
Ane blenk of hir but dout wald mak me haill;
My hairt is gon, my face is paill of hew;
Sen I mon de, adew, luvaris, adew.

¹ MS. has *me.*

Addew, addew, my dule and my delyte;
 Adew, fair weill, my freind and eik my fo;
 Adew, my pane and plesans most perfyte;
 Addew, addew, my weill and eik my wo.
 Fairweill, for now for euirmoir I go;
 Fairweill, I will my sepultur perfew;
 Sen I mon de, addew, luvaris, adew.

30

35

[*Finis*] quod Scott.

CCL.

[*Pansing in Hairt with Spreit opprest.*]

PANSING in hairt with spreit opprest,
 This hindirnycht bygon,
 My corps for walking wes moleft,
 For lufe only of on.
 Allace, quhome to fuld I mak mon,
 Sen this come to lait?
 Cauld, cauld culis the lufe,
 That kendillis our het.

5

Hir bewty and hir maikles maik,
 Dois reif my spreit me fro,
 And cauffis me no rest to tak,
 Bot tumlyng to and fro.
 My curage than is hence ago,
 Sen I may nocht hir gett;
 Cauld, cauld culis the lufe,
 That kendillis our hett.

10

15

Hir first to luf quhen I began,
 I trowd scho luyit me,

Bot I, allace, wes nocth the man,
 That best pleisit hir e.
 Thairfoir will I lat dolour be,
 And gang ane vthir gett;
 Cauld, cauld culis the lufe,
 That kendillis our hett.

Fol. 245. b.

20

First quhen I keft my fantefy,
 Thair fermly did I stand,
 And howpit weill that scho fuld be
 All haill at my command.
 Bot fuddanly scho did ganestand,
 And contrair maid debait;
 Cauld, cauld culis the lufe,
 That kendillis our hett.

25

30

Hir proper makdome fo perfyt,
 Hir visage cleir of hew,
 Scho raifsis on me sic appetyte,
 And cauffsis me hir perfew.
 Allace, scho will nocth on me rew,
 Nor gre with myne estait;
 Cauld, cauld culis the lufe,
 That kendillis our hett.

35

40

Sen scho hes left me in distref,
 In dolour and in cair,
 Without I get sum vthir grace,
 My lyfe will left no mair.
 Scho is our proper, trym and fair,
 Ane trew haire to oursett;
 Cauld, cauld culis the lufe,
 That kendillis our hett.

45

Suld I ly doun in havinefs,
 I think it is bot vane,

50

I will get vp with mirrines,
 And cheifs alfs gud agane.
 Foir I will maik to yow plane,
 My hairt it is oursett;
 Cauld, cauld culis the lufe,
 That kendillis our hett.

55

No, no, I will nocht trow as yit,
 That scho will leif me fo,
 Nor yit that scho will chenge or flit,
 As thocht scho be my fo.
 Thairfair will I lat dolour go,
 And gang ane vthir gait;
 Cauld, cauld culis the lufe,
 That kendlis our haitt.

60

[*Finis*] *quod Fethe.*

CCLI.

[*Depairte, depairte, depairte.*]

DEPAIRTE, depairte, depairte,
 Allace, I most depairte
 Frome her that hes my hart,
 With hairt full foir,
 Aganis my will in deid,
 And can find no remeid;
 I wait the panis of deid
 Can do no moir.

5

Now most I go, allace,
 Frome ficht of hir sueit face,
 The grund of all my grace,
 And fouserane;

10

Quhat chanſſ that may fall me
 Sall I nevir mirry be,
 Vnto the tyme I fe
 My sweit agane.¹⁵

I go, and wait nocht quhair,
 I wandir heir and thair,
 I weip and sichis rycht fair,
 With panis fmart:
 Now most I pafs away, away,
 In wildirness and wilsum way;
 Allace, this wofull day
 We fuld depairte.²⁰

My spreit dois quaik for dreid,
 My thirlit hairt dois bleid,
 My panis dois exceid;
 Quhat fuld I say?
 I, wofull wycht, allone,
 Makand ane petouſſ mone;
 Allace, my hairt is gone,
 For evir and ay.²⁵

Throw langour of my fueit,
 So thirlit is my spreit,
 My dayis ar most compleit,
 Throw hir absence:
 Chryſt, fen ſcho knew my fmert,
 Ingrawit in my hairt,
 Becaus I moſt depairte
 Frome hir prefens.³⁰

Adew, my awin fueit thing,
 My joy and conforting,
 My mirth and follesing
 Of erdry gloir:³⁵

Fair weill, my lady bricht,
And my remembrance rycht;
Fair weill and haif gud nycht;
I say no moir.

45

[*Finis*] quod Scott off the Maistir of Erskyn.

CCLII.

[*That evir I luvit, allace thairfoir.*]

THAT evir I luvit, allace thairfoir,
This to be pynit with panis foir,
Thirlit throw every vane and boir,
Without offendis;
Chryst send remeid, I say no moir,
Bot paciens.

5

Griffal was nevir so pacient,
As I am for my lady gent,
For in my mynd I so imprent
Hir excellens,
That of my deid I am content,
With paciens.

10

How lang fall I this lyfe inleid,
That for hir saik to suffer deid,
But confort of hir gudly heid,
Or yit prefens;
I say no moir, Chryst send remeid
With paciens.

15

On paciens I mon perfors,
Sen that I go frome weill to worfs,

20

Exorting Chryſt ſend hir remorſs,
 Of conſciens,
 Sa crewaly hes keild my corſs,
 But paciens.

Paciens ourcumis all,
 And is ane vertew principall;
 Sen I am bund to leif in thrall,
 With inſolens,
 I mon fufene quhat fo befall,
 With paciens.

But paciens, I yow affure,
 Nane may the panis of lufe indure,
 Nor yit in to that lufly boure
 Mak refidens,
 Without thay preif baith fueit and four,
 With paciens.

Lufe is maid of ſic ane kynd,
 That be na forſs it may be fynd,
 Bot only be of hummill mynd,
 With permanens,
 To thoill ſuppois the hairt be pynd,
 With paciens.

Finis quod Scott.

CCLIII.

[*So fremmit is my Fortoun and my Werd.*]

SO fremmit is my fortoun and my werd,
 That all my lyfe I leif in diſplefour,

My cairfull corps can tak no rest in erd;
 How fuld I leif or yit my lyfe indure,
 For lufe of on my hairet hes no recure?
 I am forlorne without scho me redres;
 Mercy I cry on my fweite lady pure,
 For to haif mynd on my wofull distres.

5

Thair is no ransoun may me lowfs nor bynd,
 Nor yit no confort may expell my wo,
 Seikand remeid quhair nane that I can fynd
 Of hir my freind and eik my fremmit fo.
 Langour I haif, quhair evir I ryd or go;
 Hairtles I am, for flewth twichis me fo;
 My wofull hairet, quhy briftis thow nocth in two,
 And makis ane end of my mischevous wo?

10

Fol.246.b.

Quhair is the swerd that persit Piramus,
 In absens of his lady Tisby?
 Mair wo, I wait, dreid nevir Troyelus,
 Nor I for hir quhilk cauffis me to de.
 O crewall swerd, O scherp aduersitie,
 Cum perfs me throw, sen I can nocth abstene;
 My lament cauffis my wofull distany,
 My woundis ar awld and daly waxis grene.

20

My sorrowfull ene ar blyndit with my teiris,
 Throw ardent lufe of my fweite cheif maistres,
 Yit in hir hart no signe of rewth appeiris,
 Bot wilfull will bandit with crewalnes;
 And yit my hart ourfett with havines
 Sall fermly stand with hir in all maneir;
 In weill, in wo, in mirth and in distres,
 I fall thus end hir wofull presoncir.

25

30

O Atrapus, quhilk hes my threid neir worn,
 Cum schort my lyfe and end my grevous pane;

Sen that my deid remedyles is sworn,
On to I de in wo quotidian,
Cum cutt my threid and lat me nocht remane,
Sen of my lyfe I irk throw displesur:
Chryst, sen my corps that nyght and day is fane
Seisit wer fur in to my sepultur.

35

40

Finis.

CCLIV.

[*Oppressit Hairt indure.*]

OPPRESSIT hairt indure
In dolour and distres,
Wappit without recure
In wo remidleſſ;
Sen ſcho is mercileſſ,
And cauſſis all thy finert,
Quhilk fuld thy dolour drefſ;
Indure, oppreſſit hairt.

5

Perforſ tak paciens,
And dre thy destany,
To lufe but recompens
Is grit perplexitie;
Of thyne aduersitie
Wyt thy ſelf and no mo,
For quhen that thou wes fre
Thow wald nocht hald the fo.

10

15

Thow langit ay to prufe
The strenth of luvis lair,
And quhat kin thing wes lufe,
Quhilk now settis the fo fair;

20

Off all thy wo and cair
 It mendis the nocht to mene,
 Howbeid thow fuld forfair,
 Thy self the causis hes bene.

Quhen thow wes weill at cifs,
 And subicct to no wicht,
 Thow hir for lufe did cheifs,
 Quhilk settis thy lufe at licht;
 And thocht thow knew hir flicht,
 Yit wald thow [nocht¹] refrane,
 Thairfoir it is bot rycht
 That thow indure the pane.

25 Fol. 247.a.

30

Bot yit my corpsfs, allace,
 Is wranguly opprest
 Be the in to this cace,
 And brocht to grit wanrest.
 Quhy fuld it so be drest
 Be the and daly pynd,
 Quhilk still it ay detest
 Thy wantoun folich mynd?

35

40

The blenkyne of ane e
 Ay gart the guf² and glaik,
 My body bad lat be,
 And of thy ficing flaik;
 Thow wald nocht rest bot raik,
 And lair the in the myre,
 Yit felyeit thow to faik
 That thow did maist defyre.

45

Thocht thow do murn and weip,
 With inwart spreit opprest,
 Quhen vthir men takis fleip,
 Thow wantis the nyctis rest;

50

¹ *Nocht* evidently omitted in MS. ² Might be read *goif*.

Scho quhome thou luvis best
 Off the takis littill thocht,
 Thy wo and grit wanrest
 And cair scho countis nocth.

55

Thairfoir go hens in haist
 My langour to lament,
 Do nocth my body waist,
 Quhilk nevir did consent;
 And thocht thou wald repent
 That thou hir hes perfewit,
 Yit man thou stand content,
 And drynk that thou hes brewit.

60

[*Finis*] quod Scott.

CCLV.

[*Leif Luve, and lat me leif allone.*]

LEIF luve, and lat me leif allone
 At libertie, subiect to none,
 For it may weill be fene vpone
 My bludleſſ blaiknit ble,
 The tormenting in tyme bygon,
 That skers hes left bot skin and bon,
 Throw fremitness of the.

5

For thruch thy feid I fynd expresſ
 My only lady mercileſſ,
 Sa doggitleſſ scho did me dresſ,
 With wo and misery;

10

Quhen scho had welth and wantounes,
I had bot dollour and distrefes,
Throw fremmitnes of the.

To confort hir thow wes inclynd,
And hald my murnyng in my mynd,
I fand hir of ane staffage kynd,
Bath staitly, strange and he;
Scho wes vncurtas and vnykyned,
It wes hir play to see me pynd,
Throw fremmitnes of the.

Thow held hir curage he on loft,
And ted my tendir haire lyk toft,
I knew how costly I wes coft,
Quhen scho yeid frankand fre;
Thow sufferit hir to fleip full soft,
Quhair mirthles I wes marterit oft,
Throw fremitnes of the.

Cupeid, thow kennis I burd to knaw
The langfum leving in thy law,
Bot this is nocth the firſt ourthraw,
That thow hes done to me;
Bot of the now I stand nocth aw,
Sen reſſoun dois my benner blaw
Aganis the feid of the.

This lady is fo gud ane gyd,
Scho lassis me nevir gang on fyde,
Bot teichis me both tyme and tyd,
Retent¹ befoir myne e,
Quhome in to lippin and confyd;
I ſlip and lassis all ourflyd
Aganis the feid of the.

[*Finis*] quod Scott.

¹ This word may be read *Recent*.

CCLVI.

[*Thocht I in grit Distress.*]

THOCHT I in grit distres
Suld de in to dispair,
I can get no redres
Of yow my lady fair;
Howbeit my tyme I wair,
Alhaill in your scherwyce,
Ye compt nocth of my cair,
I fynd yow ay so nyce.

It dois yow ay delyt
To wit me in distres,
Sic is your haill dispyt,
And grit vnfathfulnes;
The mair I do me dres
To be at your devyce,
My guerdoun is the les,
I find yow ay so nyfs.

Ay tresting for to speid,
I haif my harte ourset,
Quhair that I fynd bot feid
My langour for to lett;
I feik the watter hett,
In vndir the cauld yce,
Quhair na regaird I gett,
I fynd yow ay so nyfs.

Belevand ay for grace,
I hald my hart on loft,
Bot now I fay allace
That evir I it socht;

5

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I fynd your fenyeyit thocht
 Vncertane as the dyce,
 Thairfair I compt it nocht,
 I fynd yow ay so nyce.

30

Lang tyme ye haif me pruffit,
 And evir fund me trew,
 Bot now that I haif luvit,
 Rycht fair I may it rew;
 First quhen I did persew,
 I wont ye had bene wyfs,
 Bot now fair weill, adew,
 I fynd yow ay so nyfs.

35

40

[*Finis*] *quod Scott.*

CCLVII.

[*Quhat art thow, Lufe, for till allow.*]

QUHAT art thow, Lufe, for till allow
 Hes brocht me now in to this pane and wo,
 Or yit awow hes gart me trow,
 And reft my dow and daliance me fro;
 Fly on the lord of lufe, sett me so heich aboif,
 And als, but rest or rufe, hes gart me go.

Fol. 248.a

5

Paris of Troy had nocht moir joy,
 Bot till convoy fair Helene, fresch and ying;
 Now haif I nowy me to distroy,
 As than at Troy had Menelaus king;
 Sen lost is my delyte, and pastyme most perfyte,
 All earthly solace quyte heir I refing.

10

For till discus I wes I wifs,
As Troyelus with Cresseid trew to tell;
Now am I thusfs, as Piramus
Most dolorus, with Tisby at the well;
So is becum my caifs, as Orpheus did, allais,
Seikand Euridicefs from hevin to hell.

15

Quhair fuld I go now to or fro,
To feik hir so, my vñquhile lufe allone?
Than freind, now fo, than weill, now wo,
Than myrth but mo, now is scho past and gon;
Than howp, now in distres, than joy, now confortles,
Than welth and wantones, allace, haif I none.

20

Was nevir wicht moir plesour mycht,
Both day and nycht, with mirthis monyfald;
With hairet on hicht, ¹ scho in licht,
All willit ryght, as I culd wifs or wald;
And now ¹ all growis gray wes grene,
And I am cassin clene in cairis cald.

25

30

O, luvaris all, to lufe bene thrall,
Now latt ws fall befoir the godis feit,
To clip and call in generall,
Both grit and small that may our baillis beit;
O, Venus, fouserane, haif pety on my pane,
And grant me now agane my lady fueit.

35

Agane and nocht lat it be thocht,
That scho for ocht will anys returne to me,
Sen chance² hes focht and werd hes wrocht,
That scho is brocht, quhair scho may byd and be;
Sen forfs is I man wanthur, grit glaidnes Godmotgrant hir, Fol. 248.b.
And send me alfs gud anter. Amen, quod he.

*Finis.*¹ Left blank in MS. ² MS. has *chane*.

CCLVIII.

[*Lamenting soir my Weird and bissy Cure.*]

LAMENTING soir my weird and bissy cure
 In luvis loir, and langour that me leidis,
 The pane exceidis, and dolour I indure,
 And no thing fure, gif pety in hir breidis.
 My hairt fair dreidis quhen scho me superceidis, 5
 And furth me feidis, with flatterand speikingis fair,
 That I most neidis, bewail my fatell threidis,
 Quhen auld done deidis scho dois foryet thaim clair.

The tyme heff bene, and yit may cum agane,
 We ma convene to talk in gudlinefs, 10
 Thocht in distress ye leif me in grit pane,
 I may complane yit to your lawlinefs.
 Vnto your pefs to tak my sympilnes,
 It wald incress your honour evir mair;
 Na bissness to lufe fall gar me sefs, 15
 Thocht auld kyndnesf ye haif foryettin clair.

Thocht ye be strange, and can your will refrene,
 I can nocht chenge, bot I fall ay be trew;
 Your lusty hew my curage dois constrenc,
 With mycht and mene your scheruice to ensew. 20
 And to no new my self I will subdew,
 Gif ye will rew on me that sichis fair;
 Gif ye eschew, and will nocht do your dew,
 I may say trew ye haif foryet me clair.

Sen I haif bene your scherwand thusf of auld,
 On me ye mene, and als be trew me till;
 Sen nevir ill I wrocht bot as ye wauld,
 Lat nevir be cauld, nor yit to breve in bill. 25

That I fuld spill, for lak of your gud will,
 Ye may fulfil to bring me frome all cair;
 It war grit skill my dolour anis fuld dill,
 Gif ye nocht will ye haif foryet me clair.

30

Thus may I nocht bot pray vnto yow schene
 Is maist in thocht, and falbe day and nyght;
 My self throw fycyt thusſt caufyt me to mene,
 Your lusty ene hes revit me vnyrcht.
 Sen I had licht to leif I had no micht,
 Bot with yow wicht in bandoun to remane;
 Bill, go with flicht, quhill thow cum to hir sicht,
 Bid hir of ryght releif me of my pane.

35

40

Finis.

CCLIX.

[*In to the Nyght, quhen to ilk Wicht, Natur derekis Rest.*]

Fol. 249.a.
IN to the nyght, quhen to ilk wicht natur derekis rest,
 I walk allone, makand my mone, with luvis pane opprest;
 Was nevir man, sen luve began, that luvit moir trewly;
 Then I wifs, suppois I mis the lufe of my lady,
 In luvis dance, sic is my chance, to luve vnlovit agane; 5
 Heirfoir, allace! my cairfull cace, quhome to fall I complane;
 Sall I me mene to Venus quene, or to hir fone Cupyde,
 That with his dart thirlis my harte with wondis warkand wyde?
 Or for support fall I exort Mars, god armipotent,
 To faif my lyfe in to this ftryfe, or sorrow do me schent? 10
 For thocht I cry on my lady my dolour to redrefis,
 For all my trewth scho hes no rewth on my daly distrefis;
 It is hir joy to wirk me noy, hir weill to wirk me wo;

5

10

It is hir will that I lyk ill. Allaifs, quhy dois scho fo?
 It is hir cure to do plesure to him feling no pane, 15
 And latt me go lamenting so with sichis and sorrowis flane.
 Moir mirreit war to hir be far to cure the feik from cair,
 Than to propyne him medecyne that nevir felt no fair;
 Bot mony man wyse sayis that the gyse of lufe is evir fway,
 To fla the trew and on him rew that falsast is of fay. 20
 O, nymphis thre, haif mynd on me, and cut my fatell threid,
 Sen in this erd ye gaif me werd nevir in lufe to speid.

Finis.

CCLX.

[*The moir I luve and serf at all my Mycht.*]

THE moir I luve and serf at all my mycht,
 The langar I find your denger and offens;
 The grittar defyre I haif vnto your sycht,
 The lefs I get your language and prefens;
 The nerrer the sycht the ferrer frome audiens; 5
 The bisyar to pleiss the moir of joy all quyt;
 The hevear cure the lefs is my creddens,
 And nane bot fortoun dar I blame nor quyt.

The trewar I be, bayth in werk and thocht,
 The laither to greif yow I am in word or deid; 10
 The rather I se the lefs of me ye rocht,
 With fremmit cheir suche guerdoun is me queid;
 My hairt in breift I feill salt teiris bleid;
 The farar I sych the sadlyar I indyte,
 For to my harmes ye list nocth to tak heid, 15
 And nane bot fortoun dar I blame or wyte.

The faster I be bundin in your cheny,
 The lefs ye cair quhider I de or leif,
 The lefs pety ye haif to heir me plenye,
 The strangest wordis ye can devyfs ye geif; 20
 The luk of yow, that fuld my haitreleif,
 Is he extreme denegeir and dispyte;
 Off my remeid I haif no moir beleif,
 And nane bot fortoun dar I blame nor wyt.

Finis.

CCLXI.

[*Quhen Phebus fair with Bemis bricht.*]

Q UHEN Phebus fair with bemis bricht
 In to the west at mornynge makis repair,
 Makand his coursfs in to array full ryght,
 Vnto the eist schutand his schaftis schare,
 At morn fall ryfs out of his coursfs to care 5
 Norward doun in to the famyn degré,
 Than will my reuerend lady rew on me.

Fol. 249.b.

Quhen Lawdiane Law for luve hes left the land,
 And Forth is fleitit to France, that fair cuntre,
 And euery woman is also obediand; 10
 Quhen men fall find no wattir in the fe,
 And falsheid flymit and euery man fund trew,
 Than will my reuerend lady on me rew.

Quhen all the grund is groun our with gold,
 And euery ryver rynnys vpward wyne, 15

15

In somer quhen thair growis na flour on fold,
 In wontir quhen thair fallis na frost ryme,
 Quhen everilk man will till vthiris inclyne,
 In May quhen that the holyne changis hew,
 Than will my reueren[d] lady on me rew.

20

Quhen Falkland fair is farit our the ferry,
 And Sulway sand is brocht attour the fe,
 And Arthour fait is brocht to Salis berry,
 And euerilk man hes conqueist kuirikis thre,
 Than mon thay realmes ring in ryalte;
 Quhen clerkis will na banifice perfew,
 Than will my reuerend lady on me rew.

25

Quhen that Dumbar is brocht vnto the Bas,
 And all the fissh ar fled vp in the air,
 Quhen that northward no watteris will doun paf,
 And men so rich that thay defyr no mair,
 And leill luvaris forleitis luvis lair,
 And walx is wrocht withouttin byk or be,
 Than will my reuerend lady rew on me.

30

Quhen schippis off tour and ballingeris of weir,
 Be throwsand sailis ryght swiftly ondir faill,
 Thair mastis of gold and all thair vdir geir,
 The west wond wappand in thair taill,
 Takand thair cours with mony how and haill,
 Pulland doun sailis and landand at Eildoun tre,
 Than will my reuerend lady rew on me.

40

Finis.

*Ballatis of Remedy of Luve as followis:
and to the Reproche of evill Wemen.*

CCLXII.

Remeidis of Luve.

Fol. 250.a.

SO prayis me as ye think caus quhy,
And lufe me as yow lykis best,
As pleisis yow so pleisit am I,
Gif nocht I fynd of nocht I traist.

Gif ye be trew I wilbe just,
Gife ye be fals flattery is fre,
All tymes and houris evin as ye lust
For me till vse als weill as ye.

Gif ye do^{mok} I will bot play,
Gif ye do lawch I will nocht weip,
Evin as ye list, think, do or fay,
Sic law ye mak sic law I keip.

Schaw fathfull lufe, luve fall ye haif,
Schaw dowbilnes, I fall yow quyt,
Ye can nocht vse nor no ways craif,
Bot evin that fame is my delyt.

Bot gif ye wald be trew and plane,
Ye wald me pleifs and best content,
And gif ye will nocht so remane,
As I haif said so am I lent.

Awyfs yow as ye think to do,
And vse me as ye list to fynd;
Quhat neidis lang talking thairto,
For as I am ye knew my mynd?

5

10

15

20

Bewar thairfoir and tak gud heid
Quhat is the fentens of this bill,
For and ye beir me ocht at feid,
I fall yow hald ay at evill w[ill].

25

Thairfoir be trew but variens,
And I falbe as of befoir,
Vthirwayis generis discrepans;
Content yow this ye get no moir.

30

Finis.

CCLXIII.

[*I am as I am and so will I be.*]

I AM as I am and so will I be,
Bot how that I am nane knawis trewlie;
Be it evill be it weill, be I bund be I fre,
I am as I am and so will I be.

I leid my lyse indifferently,
I mene na thing bot honesty,
And thocht men juge diuerfly,
I am as I am and so will I be.

5 Fol. 250. b.

I do nocht rew nor yit complane,
Baith mirth and sadnes I do refrane,
And vse the folkis that can nocht fane;
I am as I am be it plefour or pane.

10

Diuers do juge as thay trow,
Sum of plefour and sum of wo,
Yit for all that no thing thay knew;
I am as I am quhair evir I go.

15

Bot fen that jugeris do tak that wey,
 Lat every man his judgement fay,
 I will it tak in sport and pley,
 For I am as I am quha evir sa nay.

20

Quha jugeis weill, weill God him fend,
 Quha jugeis evill, God thame amend,
 To juge the best thairfoir intend;
 I am as I am and so will I end.

Yit sum thair be that takis delyt
 To juge folkis thocht for inwy and spyt,
 Bot quhiddir thay juge me wrang or ryt,
 I am as I am and so will I wryt.

25

Praying yow all that this dois reid,
 To trest it as ye do your creid,
 And nocht to think that I chenge my weid,
 I am as I am how evir I speid.

30

Bot how that is I leif to yow,
 Juge as ye list owdir fals or trew,
 Ye knew no moir than afoir ye knew;
 I am as I am quhat evir eschew.

35

And frome this mynd I will nocht fle,
 Bot to yow all that misiugeis me,
 I do protest as ye may fe,
 That I am as I am and so will I be.

40

Finis.



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